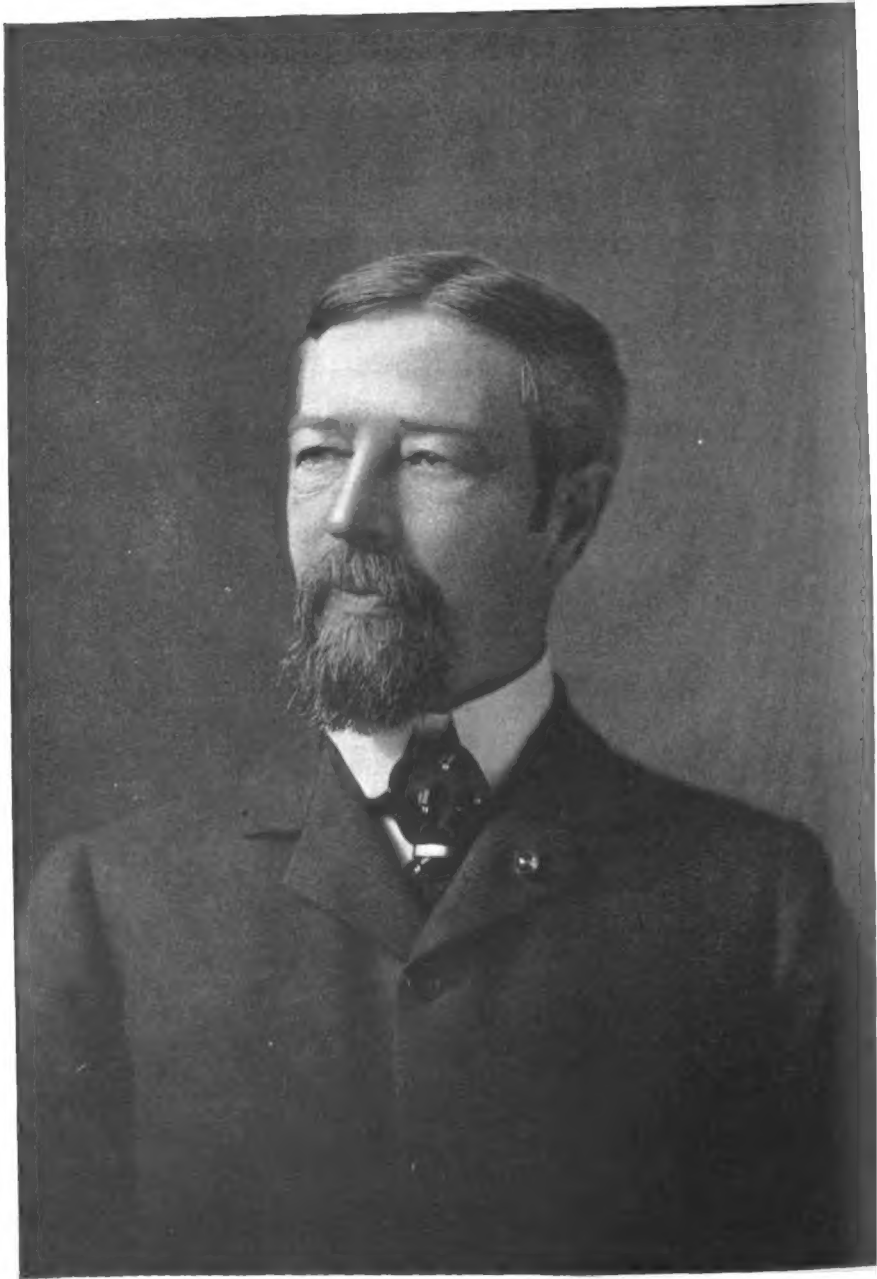






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GEORGE FRANKLIN BAER, HEAD OF THE COAL TRUST.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1906.

No. 4.

The Coal Trust, the Labor Trust, and the People Who Pay

By HARTLEY DAVIS

Illustrated with Photographs

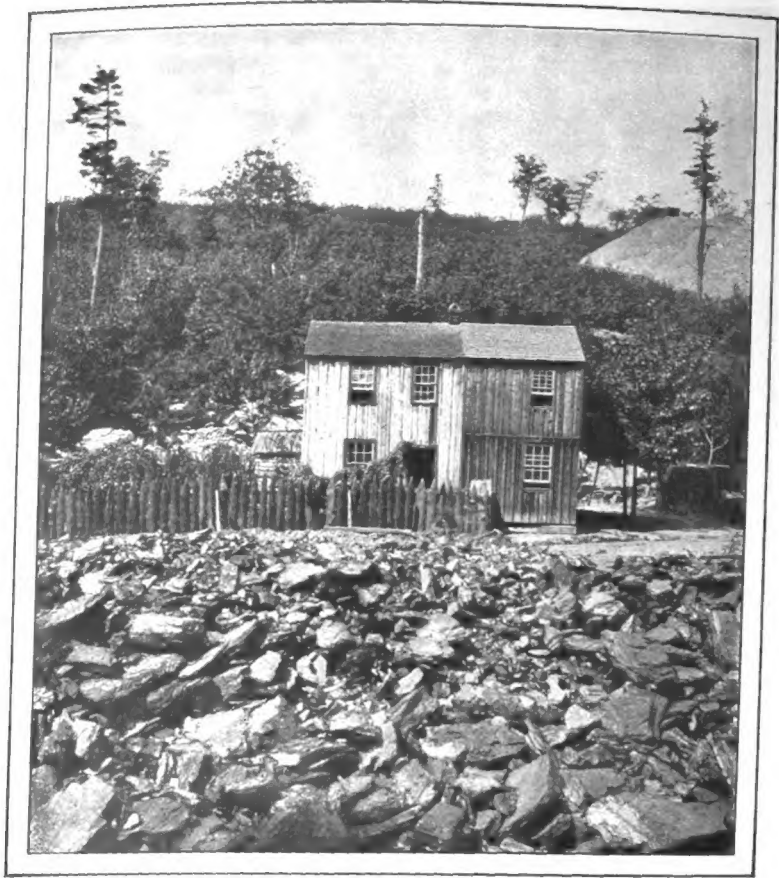
EDITOR'S NOTE.—The first of two articles on the Coal Trust. Believing that the steady advance in the price of hard coal constituted a real public affliction, we began to study the conditions in the coal trade. Even the Standard Oil is not impregnable, and we presumed that here likewise some relief from the extortionate tax being laid upon the people might be disclosed. Investigation forces the conclusion that the only relief in sight lies in the tendency toward Government supervision of public utilities, of which President Roosevelt is the foremost champion. Our research has laid bare the most perfect of all monopolies. The Coal Trust controls the hard-coal supply of the world. It owns the railways that transport it and holds in the hollow of its hand the dealers who distribute it to the consumer. In the brief period of its existence its extortions represent a profit of eighty millions, and the only present limit to its power to mulct the public further is the public's capacity to pay. Thus far no trust-buster has been strong enough to make an inroad on its iron-clad organization. To say that there is not a fighting chance ahead would be an admission that neither right nor justice shall prevail in this country. The facts are stated here, and you can judge for yourselves what the issue will be. It is a story of tremendous dramatic interest and of practically universal import—this evolution of the strongest trust in the world.

IN a strip of land in northeastern Pennsylvania, 125 miles long and 35 miles wide—an area of 500 square miles—is the anthracite coal supply of the whole world. This country of green-clad hills, of lovely, fertile valleys has been transformed into a Land of Perpetual Shadow. The smiling face of nature has been scarred by gaping wounds, disfigured by the huge excrescences of culm-piles.

The gold-mines of the whole earth are of lesser value than the brittle carbon that some cosmic caprice once thrust beneath the surface

of this narrow little stretch of mountain country. Statisticians will tell you that in 1904 the world produced a gold supply of 350 millions—but each year coal is torn from the heart of the anthracite country to the value of 360 millions. The results of a single financier's obtaining control of all the sources of the gold supply are almost beyond conjecture. Yet this is what has already happened to the coal industry, which is now under absolute one-man rule. The Gold Trust has as yet a grotesque sound to our slow-learning ears. But there openly exists a Coal Trust, and to-

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Photograph by Rau, Philadelphia.

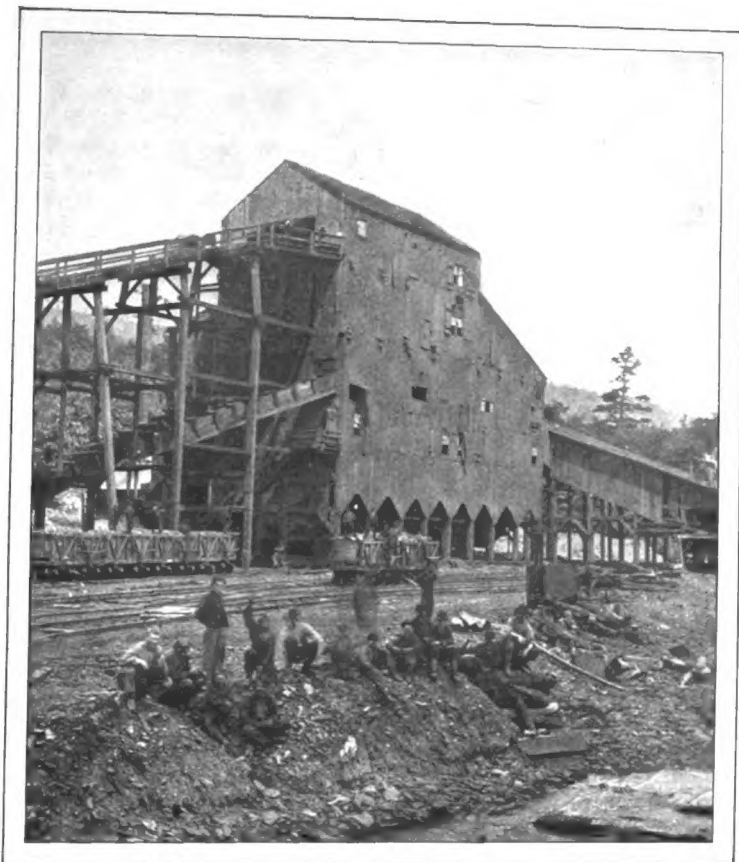
MINER'S HOME AT MAHANOID CITY: TYPICAL LABORER'S DWELLING
UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS.

day our country shelters—and legally protects—no more formidable force.

A curious dispensation of nature which placed one of the world's most valuable sources of wealth where a handful of men could possess it has made of the hard-coal region "a limited natural monopoly." The Coal Trust which has seized upon this great natural opportunity is an unlimited commercial monopoly, the most nearly perfect, the most secure, that ever has existed. Its foundations are half a mile deep in the bowels of the earth. It is so firmly grounded that it has little to fear save its own greed and the remote possibility of government ownership.

The Coal Trust is a scant half-dozen years old. Yet it owns eighty-three per cent. of the coal in the ground, and controls ninety-eight per cent.; it owns a perpetual franchise to mine and distribute; it owns the labor of thou-

sands of men and boys; it owns the men who used to be known as "independent operators," then as "operators" merely; it owns the railroads that transport the coal; it owns the selling machinery. It decides how much coal shall be taken from the ground, where it shall be shipped and how, what the carrying charges shall be, and the selling price. It can foretell what the minimum price will be five years from now in New York or at a way station in Minnesota. The maximum price it would not predict, for that depends upon "economic conditions"; meaning, in this instance, the ability of the public to pay. Actually the trust has perfected a system whereby the price of a million tons delivered in New York or half a wagon-load sold a farmer from an elevator at a way station on the prairies of North Dakota is fixed with equal certainty and rigidity. It determines the exact profit both of the New York whole-



Photograph by Kaut, Philadelphia.

THE COAL-BREAKER IS THE DISTINGUISHING MARK
OF THE ANTHRACITE COUNTRY.

salers and of the little retailer in the smallest community. It knows every item of cost down to the fraction of a cent, from the mine to the consumer's coal bin. Those poor, ignorant dealers who labored under the foolish delusion that they had a right to do business as they saw fit, and who sought to augment their total profits by cutting prices to increase sales, have swiftly been shown the error of their ways. The monopoly has simply cut off their supply of coal and driven them out of business. Already this gigantic trust has taken from the people eighty millions of dollars more than could have been collected had the combination not been effective.

The Coal Trust, which owns outright more than four-fifths of all the unmined coal and controls all but two per cent. of it through the coal-purchase contracts, is made up of nine railroads that enter the anthracite coal fields. The Reading Company, a holding

corporation, leases the Lehigh Valley Railroad and owns the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey, in addition to great operating properties like the Philadelphia Coal & Iron Company. The Reading, under the direction of George F. Baer, dominates the situation. It owns sixty-three per cent. of all the hard coal. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad is a powerful factor in the situation. After thirty years of bitter fighting it has come into the combination, its president, W. H. Truesdale, being in perfect accord with Mr. Baer. There is a bond of union between the Reading and the Erie, which owns the New York, Susquehanna & Western and which is the third important factor in the trust, in J. Pierpont Morgan, who has enormous interests in both companies. The Pennsylvania Railroad has acted in concert with the Reading in all hard-coal matters for



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FRANKLIN B. GOWEN, WHO OVERTHREW THE MOLLY MAGUIRES AND FIRST CONCEIVED THE COAL TRUST.

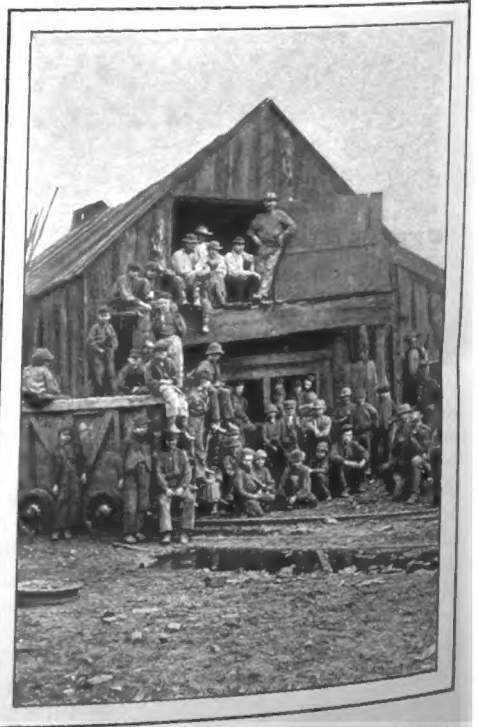
a quarter of a century and has never had to meet the competition the others have fought. The Delaware & Hudson, strong in its prosperity, has always been most conservatively managed, and it gladly embraced the trust plan. The New York, Ontario & Western, now owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and least important of the hard-coal carriers, completes the list of the immediate interests in the Coal Trust.

The concentration of the anthracite industry under a single control represents the inevitable working out of the economic forces that for half a century have been dominant in American life. It is the old story, in a new setting, of the downfall of the warring feudal barons and the rise of the central power of the king. The subjugation of the independent operators and the bringing of the railroads under a single control have made for economy, for system, and for peace, but they have vastly and dangerously increased the power of one man, George Franklin Baer, who is the center of a powerful group.

This present unanimity, so smoothly harmonious, so tremendously profitable, so unjustly legal, came forth only after the most

frightful travail. For half a century the combat has endured. Rights and wrongs—who shall distinguish them?—have been in incessant conflict. Those who could understand have seen labor fighting, not always wisely, for the right to organize, to withstand oppression, and to receive fair pay; mine owners, complacently rapacious, fighting to build up private fortunes by "business" methods; railroads, with fervor worthy a heroic cause, fighting for illegitimate distention of profits; and Wall Street finally stepping in like a giant to seize a plum cake from squabbling children—and then, with a sanctimonious leer, to eat it himself.

But the Coal Trust has irresistibly forced its way forward: it has eliminated not only immediate competition but the very possibility of competition—a step infinitely in advance of any other existing



Photograph by Rau, Philadelphia.
GROUP OF SLATE PICKERS OR "BREAKER BOYS" IN A BREAKER AT MAUCH CHUNK.

monopoly. It has even made itself a legal institution while absolutely nullifying the spirit of the law, which means that the society upon which it preys has to support its effort to collect an unfair tax.

Thus completely entrenched, the Coal Trust no longer worries over the legitimacy of its pretensions. Day by day its mailed hand grasps more firmly the symbol of its might. But in opposition to its omnipotence another force has recently arisen. The down-trodden miners, chief sufferers in the long-drawn-out warfare between operators and railroads, have at last learned the power of combination, and now, organized under a great leader, are themselves a trust. Confident in the ordered strength of their numbers, they dare confront the Coal Trust with their demands and force that despotism to treat with them as with an equal power.

To comprehend the conditions that exist in the coal world to-day, it is necessary to recapitulate certain salient facts that contributed to their making.

The anthracite region was originally given over to farming. The best coal lands were the best farming lands. At first, coal was taken from the ground at comparatively little expense. Thrifty farmers turned from tilling the soil to the more profitable business of wrestling the black diamonds from it. Sometimes it was only necessary to remove the surface soil to uncover great deposits, a process known as stripping. Others tunneled and took out coal from the grass roots. Men who had learned of the wealth of the region from working in the mines secured options on lands adjoining, and with these as security procured money to work them. There were veins seventy feet thick waiting to be tapped, veins of the finest coal. It is of record that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth were taken from an area of a few acres. In those early days the great demand was for lump coal, coal in huge pieces just as it is taken from the ground; this was used for making steel and on steamboats.

Early in the history of the industry the custom of leasing coal lands on royalty was gener-

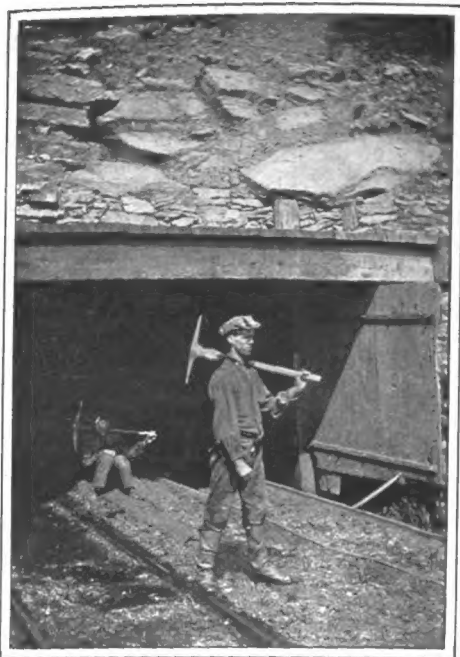
ally favored. This was because those anxious to operate mines often lacked capital and were disinclined to buy property when they were not sure about the amount of coal available. Another reason was the thrift of the owners of the property, for leasing land on royalty seemed to insure larger returns than operating the mines. In scores of instances,



JOHN MITCHELL, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA, PERHAPS THE MOST ABLE LABOR LEADER IN THE WORLD.

landowners saved their royalties to open mines themselves, thus becoming operators; and the necessity for gaining practical knowledge with possession induced them to offer miners opportunities to come in on a partnership basis.

The great firm of Cox & Co., which was the strongest of the independent operators and which owned its own railroad, had its foundation in the ownership of big farms under which were vast deposits of coal. The elder Cox leased a part of his land. With an eye to the future he sent his sons to Germany for a fine technical education. On their return the sons decided that it would be far more profitable to operate mines than to lease them, and they grew into great power and wealth.



Photograph by Rau, Philadelphia.

LABORERS AT THE ENTRANCE TO A COAL MINE AT MAUCH CHUNK.

We must for a moment revert to the period when there were no railroads whatever in the anthracite field. At that time it was merely a land of farms, of forests and steep hills, and even after the wealth that lay beneath the surface was disclosed, it was difficult to get carriers to come into the region. The Union Canal, the first of these, was thirty-seven years in the building, and some twenty-six lottery schemes were employed to raise the necessary funds. The Delaware & Hudson Canal came next. But hard coal had developed slowly; it was difficult to educate people to the point of using it. By 1840, however, the shipments reached a million tons, and the magic of a million provoked an orgy of construction so furious that by 1847 there were no fewer than twenty common carriers in the field, with not enough coal being shipped to support half of them. And from that time dates the conflict that has continued with greater or less violence for fifty years.

No sooner did a railroad tap a field with a large output than it exacted the highest rates it could collect. This proceeding would attract a rival, and there being insufficient tonnage to support two railroads, one had to be driven to the wall. Over and over again this stupid and brutal battle was fought. The enor-

mous profit that the high tonnage rates made possible was ever an irresistible lure. Even those roads that had to meet competition were sure of rich returns. Extortion was the rule, as it is still.

The attitude of coal-carrying roads was clearly shown in the statement made by the president of the Philadelphia & Reading as far back as 1869. He told an inquiring Pennsylvania legislative committee that his road had a perfect right to charge \$2.43 a ton for a haul of ninety-three miles and that it would be justified in charging twice or three times as much if it could get it, an attitude that prevails to this day. When it is recalled that the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western during a considerable period charged and collected \$2 a ton for a haul of nine miles, the claim made by the earlier financier seems modest enough.

Great financial disasters were of course during all this time the inevitable accompaniment of fortune-building. As new roads forced themselves into the field and the established ones penetrated each other's territory, they fought it out in dog-eat-dog fashion. The weaker roads, living from hand to mouth, had to have traffic, which meant coal, for there was no other freight. The easiest way to get it was by cutting rates, starting a struggle that ended when the weaker road was forced to sell out to its rival or go into bankruptcy. Not infrequently both were made bankrupt and a third railroad gobbled them up. The victorious carrier straightway tried to recoup by demanding extortionate rates, thus inviting repetition of familiar disaster.

The consequences of this cutthroat warfare are clearly shown by the fact that of the twenty-five or thirty railroad lines entering the hard-coal region, only three escaped absorption or bankruptcy, and two of the three roads which are now most powerful in the trust were themselves bankrupt a large part of the time.

Perhaps nothing can be said in defense of the course of these competing railroads except that, sportsmanlike, they consciously ran a great risk. But the operators, who played a mighty important part in these struggles and were piling up fabulous treasures in their own private coffers, did so at no risk whatever. By no possibility could their supply, their labor, or their market fail them. No easier way of "making money," none more pusillanimously safe, could be imagined. And they were responsible to no one. Even

though coal was often sold under what was believed to be the actual cost of mining and transporting it, the operator's profit was inviolate and secure. And this was brought about in the following fashion:

It was the operators' practise, at which the railroads loudly protested, to maintain an output largely in excess of the demand. It is true that the railroads, in their greed for tonnage, virtually encouraged a maximum output; but it is also true that the operators needed no such encouragement. For the substantial bulk of their profit was made from cheerful robbery of the mine workers, who were the only factor in this titanic struggle that had at this time no adequate weapons of defense. The other contestants on this grimy battle-field fought, adroitly, cruelly, for wealth and power; the mine workers fought, crudely, blindly, for life itself. It was a strife of pitiful inequalities—but the public economic conscience was then in embryo. Nobody protested that the miners were paid cruelly low wages; or that these wages were afterward dexterously withdrawn by such devices as the "company store" and the "company house."

The wage rate of miners was always the smallest amount on which they could live, until the big strike of 1900. This was practically because the men who labored in the anthracite mines were foreigners—Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and English in the old days; Slavs at present—and the standard of wages was a European standard. The workers rebelled against the exactions and tyranny of their employers with great regularity. Even up to 1861 there had been some fifty-six strikes, as a general result of which the miners managed to get as much as \$6.48 a week. Organization was attempted time and again, but there was no cohesion, and the operators laughed at the miners' failures. It was only when the idea was evolved of transforming the Workmen's Benevolent Association into a secret society, that the toilers gathered power to themselves. In all ages the secret society has had a peculiar fascination for primitive people; and it was this, quite as much as the hope of bettering the intolerable conditions in which they were forced to live, that drew the workers into the society which became infamous as the "Molly Maguires."

For fifteen years, from 1861 to 1876, the Molly Maguires' reign of terror lasted. It was a criminally unjust retribution, even for

the wrongs that capital had inflicted; and it made the situation of labor far worse in the end. By a flawless system of intimidation, the sovereign "Mollies" practically dictated labor matters throughout the anthracite region. In many cases they were able to triple wages; they regulated the amount of labor; and they appointed or deposed men at pleasure, either by threats, injury, or assassination. Every "Molly" stood ready to murder if his superiors so ordered. Warning, it is true, was usually sent to the intended victim in the form of a crude drawing of a coffin, with the printed legend, "This is your house"; but there was no evading the sure and stealthy vengeance of the "Mollies' " too experienced weapons. And so completely under cover were their entire proceedings that in the famous trial in 1876, when nineteen ringleaders were condemned to death, the extent of the association's power and depravity became known to a horrified public for the first time.

Of such significance in the coal story is this memorable series of crimes that it could not well be passed over, but it is also notable as throwing into relief two striking figures, those of Franklin B. Gowen and James McParlan. Mr. Gowen, a man of distinct genius and irresistible personality, began life as a cub reporter on a Philadelphia newspaper. Later he became famous as a lawyer, and while still a young man was made president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. With a singular disinterestedness, the young railroad president assumed the leadership of the fight against the Molly Maguires. His first act was to persuade other railroads to join his own in support of the operators against their common enemy—the only instance of such an alliance. Second, although he had discontinued the practise of the law, he resumed it in order personally to conduct the prosecution of the accused men. The young man's brilliant eloquence and personal bravery, in a position of great danger and delicacy, have become a national tradition.

Inseparable from the memorable court scenes which were a feature of these trials is the dauntless figure of James McParlan, the young Irish detective who, at unimaginable risk, had lived for two years among the "Mollies," penetrated to the bottom of their infamies, become a leader in their councils, and now came forward to offer an amazing volume of evidence. If McParlan had failed, the league of murderers would have remained immune.

Shortly before the extinction of the Molly Maguires a blow was dealt to ambitious mine workers by a fresh importation of cheap and ignorant labor. It had occurred to a Hungarian named Kubich, superintendent for Coxe Bros. & Co., to urge large numbers of his countrymen to emigrate in order to work in the mines. The response to his effort was so prompt that by 1880 more than a hundred thousand Slavs were at work in the field. These men, as had been foreseen, were content with starvation wages and thus greatly lowered the wage rates. This, in turn, stimulated production, so that in 1880 more than twenty-three million tons of hard coal were mined.

And this is only a fragmentary view of a situation that was to present various significant phases. The Hungarians had come to stay. Slavs, ignorant, easily handled, comprehending little, were from this time on to constitute a vast share of the mine workers. They made absolutely no claim beyond their meager wages. And if a Hungarian more or less, too frightened or stupid to understand the mine regulations, got stifled or crushed to death, the occurrence was always taken with philosophical lightness. It was indeed the large proportion of these ignorant men that helped the operators to maintain, by the use of methods beside which those of the high-wayman appear decent and respectable, their notorious tax upon labor. This tax took three forms, all abolished within the past few years—"company houses," "company stores," and the compulsory sale of powder.

Remnants of these once flourishing institutions are still to be seen, however, in the anthracite country. Wherever a great swarthy "breaker" and its near-by culm-pile indicate a local center of the vast industry, you will find, not far away, groups of crumbling, coal-blackened hovels, the most miserable, God-forsaken dwellings in the whole land. Not all company houses may be thus described, but the greater number were without sanitation, protection from rain, provision for the barest comfort. And for

these the miners were charged a rental that yielded twenty per cent. This, at least, was the best face the operators could put upon it before a Pennsylvania legislative committee. The actual returns were probably greatly in excess of this.

The company store, now almost wholly abolished by the force of public opinion, was a still greater source of graft. In principle it is an enlightened cooperative measure, for if honestly conducted the company store would prove a great benefit to the workers. In practise, however, it was usually an instrument for downright theft and oppression. Miners were compelled to buy everything they needed from their employers at prices which often yielded a profit of fifty per cent. When the company's able bookkeeping had subtracted from the worker's monthly wage his house rent, his bill for provisions, and the tax exacted by the "company doctor," he was left practically nothing on which to nourish a feeling of independence; and if a poor, misguided creature was willing to starve himself that he might know the feel of the money he earned, the error of his ways was swiftly brought home to him. If he did not lose his job, his work was changed so that his income was decreased. There were exceptions of course, but in most collieries there were distributed a hundred "snake" tickets to one containing actual cash.

Even more outrageous, although not accompanied by so much persecution, was the robbery in the sale of powder. About the close of the Civil War, when powder was exceedingly high, the operators arranged to sell it to their workmen at a price slightly under that prevailing in the open market. That price (fixed in 1865 or 1866) endured until the strike of 1900, of which it was the chief cause, put an end to the extortion. For years previous the miners were compelled to buy powder from their employers and to pay \$3 a keg for it when it could be bought in the

open market for \$1.25. From 1881 until 1890 the actual profit to the operators from the sale of powder was \$34,500,000, every penny

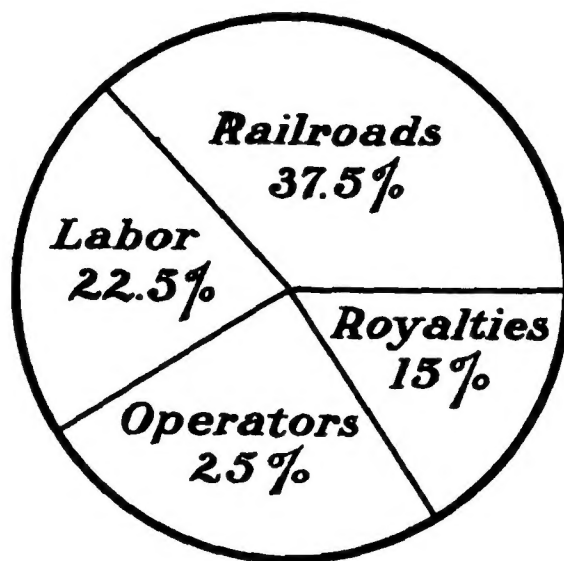
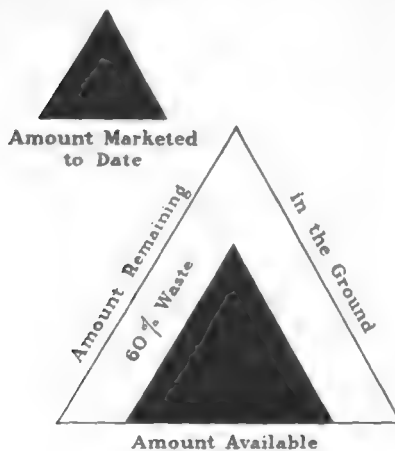
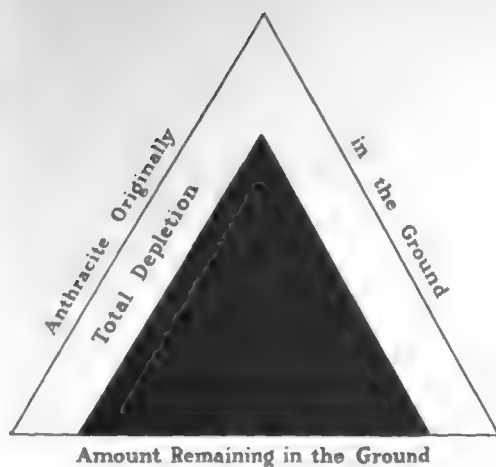


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DIVISION OF PROFITS.

This was the division of profits, according to government statistics, up to the time when the Coal Trust gained control of the industry.



Anthracite originally in the ground.....	19,500,000,000 tons
Total depletion	4,000,000,000 tons
Amount remaining in the ground.....	15,500,000,000 tons
Marketed to date.....	2,480,000,000 tons
Amount available (basis of 40 per cent. recovery).....	6,200,000,000 tons

Active mining of anthracite has continued.....	50 years
Estimated life of fields at present rate.....	100 years

These figures are taken from the Department of Mines of Pennsylvania and the United States Geological Survey. Under the present methods of mining, for every ton of coal taken from the mines, a ton and a half is lost, part of it being left in the mine in the form of pillars to support the workings and part of it being waste

of which came out of the miners. When this showing was made the operators protested that the real profit was not nearly so great as these figures indicated, because certain expenses were charged against that account.

It is evident from these conditions that the independent operators were more interested in keeping their miners at work than in regulating their output to meet market conditions. There were lean years, as, for instance, when coke was first substituted for hard coal in making steel, and after the opening up of the Pocahontas fields in West Virginia, which, for a time, decreased the consumption of anthracite. It was then their practise to cut wages, and the subsequent strike invariably reduced the surplus stocks. As the miners invariably lost, the operators suffered little. These were the tactics of the majority.

It was Franklin B. Gowen, already shown to be a man of mark in the coal country, who made the next important move in this history, and who is, after all, responsible for the Coal Trust of to-day. Men now say of Gowen that he was fifty years ahead of his time. In his conception of the power of consolidation he was undoubtedly a pioneer; and in the matter of an immaculate integrity and patriotism, he had much in common with the practical,

persistent man who later adopted and perfected his views. By buying valuable coal lands and operating the mines themselves, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western and the Delaware & Hudson had already laid a foundation for permanent prosperity when President Gowen, in 1871, united thirteen different properties in the Philadelphia Coal & Iron Company. But whereas the two railroads had had no other idea than of lending stability to their own interests, President Gowen's action, taken in the face of strong opposition from his associates, was the expression of a vast impersonal ambition. The later supremacy of the Philadelphia & Reading far more than justified him; and to-day this road now owns outright more than sixty-three per cent. of the unmined anthracite.

It is a curious commentary on the later development of finance that this early move of the coal-trust pioneer should be noted by the railroad men of to-day, not only for its wisdom but for what they consider its Quixotic honesty. Forty millions was the price paid by Gowen for his coal properties, and he turned them over to his railroad for precisely what they cost him. Yet when J. P. Morgan bought the Pennsylvania Coal Company for the Erie, of which he was one of three trus-

tees, for \$32,000,000, he retained for himself a profit of \$2,700,000, and it was held to be only a fair commission.

While President Gowen's mind and energies remained absorbed in the development of his trust, it occurred to the State of Pennsylvania that it was dangerous for railroads to go into the coal-mining business, and the constitution adopted in 1874 specifically prohibited it (Sec. 5, Art. 17). But the law did not prohibit railroad companies from buying a controlling interest in the stock of an operating company. And they did this to an extent not warranted by their financial condition.

The most effective weapon of the railroads in the upbuilding of the Coal Trust and the subjugation of the independent operators fighting it was the coal-purchase contract. This was invented away back in the sixties. It had its origin in the natural desire of the railroads to protect themselves when they built a line to open a new colliery. It was an agreement whereby the operator turned over all the coal that he mined for a certain percentage—in the early days only forty per cent., later sixty per cent.—of the selling price at tide. Desirable as they knew this arrangement to be, it was not until the small sizes of hard coal were placed upon the market that the railroads realized its enormous value to themselves, both financially and as a club for beating rebellious "independents" into submission. Until 1890 forty per cent. of the mined coal was piled up in the monstrous culm banks. When the small or steam sizes of hard coal, which come into direct competition with bituminous coal and must be sold for practically the same price, were first placed on the market, the railroads charged the independents just as much for carrying it as for carrying the domestic sizes. Thus, at a time when the freight rate was \$1.50 and the selling price \$2 a ton, the independent operator, after paying all minor charges, was left with a margin of only five cents. Meanwhile, according to the provisions of the coal-purchase contract, the contract operator received sixty per cent. of \$2, or, \$1.20, for this same coal—a contrast eloquent of trust methods.

Until the great strike of 1902 there never was a time when the coal-purchase contract was not a rebate in effect and in practise, because the operators working under it got more for their coal than the independent operators did. The difference had to come

out of the freight charges. The terminal and selling charges on hard coal are never less than fifteen cents a ton. If this is added to the amount received by the operators one can arrive at the sum left to the railroads for carrying the coal; and from this it is easy to determine the rebate at any given time.* Yet this was not the old-fashioned direct rebate, but an impersonal and automatic improvement. It was entirely legal; and there was no discrimination, because any operator could enter the contract.

No sooner had the railroads mastered the advantages of this system than they began to browbeat the independent operators with the idea of bringing them under its beneficent influence. The railroad bully had abundant methods of coercion at his command, such as refusing to furnish cars, and delaying shipments in transit. These were all employed.

A new phase of inter-railroad rivalry, perhaps more bitter than any that had preceded it, had thus developed. Each new contract secured made some triumphant railroad more powerful, and more eager to attack its rivals. As the warfare narrowed down to fewer roads with greater resources, the struggle naturally increased in intensity and bitterness. Yet it was never conducted in the open, and in endeavoring to mask their jealousy by insincere compacts of peace, railroad agreements became a target for public derision, a Wall Street byword for instability.

But while the "coal barons," feudal fashion, were carrying on their unscrupulous and violent warfare, and while labor, 150,000 strong, stood waiting to throw off the rusty shackles forged fifty long years before—there stood apart from the profitless conflict a man with a powerful mind, a supreme knowledge of the coal industry, and a vast plan whose time of maturity he believed to be thrillingly near at hand. This man was George Franklin Baer, whose work has proven him the greatest of all trust generals.

*It is difficult to present exact figures without going into complicated and confusing details. There is a variation in the tariff of different railroads, due to the length of haul, the maximum being five cents. Then, too, the constant fluctuation in the price at tide must be considered. Evidence taken before the Interstate Commerce Commission showed that in 1867 the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad received, under coal-purchase contracts, an average of \$1.35 a ton for transporting the domestic sizes of hard coal when the published tariff was \$1.60 a ton. In 1868 the average received under the coal-purchase contracts was \$1.24, and in 1900 it was \$1.32 a ton, the tariff in each instance remaining the same, and the difference shows the amount of the rebate. In some months all that the railroad received for carrying the coal was \$1.08 a ton, which made the rebate amount to fifty-two cents a ton.

In the May number of "Everybody's," Mr. Davis will tell about Mr. Baer: how he brought about the Trust, how he turned the labor troubles to its advantage; and the remedy for the evils of the Trust.



IT WASN'T SUCH A BAD PORTRAIT

The Heights of Art

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Partners of the Tide," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

THE sun was falling, heavy and round and red, like a gob of paint spilled from some mammoth bucket, into the gummy and rainbow-hued sea of paint beneath it. A lone schooner, with sails newly whitewashed and ropes and hull japanned a deadly black, was apparently stuck fast in the paint just this side of the horizon. A strip of yellow beach, ornamented with bright green grass and a kal-somined lighthouse, was strung like a clothes-line across the middle distance. Against it the "breaking paint dashed high" in gluey, woolly billows.

Joash Kenney, the chef engaged in preparing this artistic omelet, dipped his brush into the emerald puddle on the tin plate that served him for a palette, and carefully planted another clump of grass spikes on the yellow beach by the white lighthouse. Then he raised his eyes from the canvas and looked

at the real sun setting behind Half-Moon Neck. From the orb of day to the orb of paint he glanced. Then he sighed—the sigh of one who looks upon his work and knows that it is good.

From the lonely shanty behind him came a hail. "Joe! Joe! Where be you?"

The artist answered without turning his head. "Here I be, Eph," he shouted.

His chum, Ephraim Atwood, long-legged and sunburned, came striding over the sand dunes toward him. "Well, Joe," he said cheerfully; "at it agin, hey? How's she headin' this trip? Judas! that's great, ain't it!"

Mr. Kenney blushed, grinned, and modestly admitted that he thought it "pretty fair."

"Pretty fair? Be still! How you talk! Look at that beach-grass. Ain't no grass ever growed was greener'n that. And that



"DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT THAT FLAP-EARED HOSS-THIEF IS ME?"

lighthouse! Say, you'll have to show Edmunds that picter; he's been talkin' nothin' for a month but what a job 'twas to whitewash that light. And look at that schooner! She *is* a schooner, she is. Why, I see one of them artist fellers over to the Beach Hotel last fall and he was makin' a drawin' of Samson Snow's old quahaug junk. 'Look here,' I says, 'what in time are you paintin' that slab-sided derelict for? If you want to paint schooners,' says I, 'you go over to Provincetown and heave alongside of Emulous Newcomb's new Bank boat. She's wuth paintin',' says I. 'Brand-new, clipper-rigged, and so on and so forth.' 'Aw, pshaw!' says he, 'she wouldn't be picturesque like this one.' That made me mad. 'Picturesque!' I says. 'If you'd been fo'mast hand aboard of them blasted fore-and-afters, same's I have, picturesque ain't ha'f what you'd call 'em.' But he didn't care; jest went ahead drawin' that quahaug hulk with her ropes all skew-angled. And he called himself an artist! All right, wait till you hear what they call *you* some of these days, Joe."

Thus, in the speech of Mr. Eph Atwood, did Wellmouth Neck voice its opinion of Art

and Art's disciples. Men with white umbrellas and camel's-hair brushes had roamed its sands each summer since the Beach Hotel was built, but for these and for the things they painted Wellmouth Neck had naught save criticism and scoffing. In the person of Joash Kenney, longshoreman, substitute lifesaver, and artist, centered a genius that the Neck could and did appreciate. When Joash portrayed a fishing-craft, that craft was lined and rigged and canvased as a seagoing-craft should be. When Joash turned to portraiture, his were not likenesses of ancient and disreputable mariners seated smoking on overturned mackerel kegs. No, indeed! the Kenney portraits were "crayon enlargements" of men and women who had been photographed in their Sunday clothes, and they were stiff and staid and respectable, as became portraits hung in shuttered best parlors. In cases of fatal illness Wellmouth Neck's procedure was, first the doctor, then the undertaker, and then Joash Kenney to bear away for "crayon enlargement" the last photograph of the deceased.

But though people died in Wellmouth Neck, that was about the only exciting thing they did.

and even deaths were few and far between. The income from crayon enlargements—to say nothing of the lengthy term of credit involved—was, therefore, extremely limited and scarcely paid for working materials. It was Art for Art's sake with Joash, and he dug clams and tended quahaug beds and substituted at the life-saving station in order to live.

But with his whole soul he yearned to grow great in his beloved profession. To "study abroad," as the city artists told him they had

to the two-room shanty where they lived during the summer season when the life-saving crew was off duty. Eph proceeded to get supper, and the two sat down to eat it.

"What's the news over to the Port, Eph?" asked Joash, his mouth full of baked beans.

"Nawthin' much. It's the season for city boarders and moskeeters, and they're gittin' thicker all the time. The Old Home House is pretty nigh full-up with both, so Cap'n Jonadab tells me. Oh, yes! there *is* some news over to the Old Home. They're ex-



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE LOONY? DON'T HE LIKE IT?"

done, was his dream. Unfortunately, to study abroad costs money, and he was a penniless orphan.

He picked up his canvas, the tin palette, his paint and brushes, and followed his chum

pectin' a big bug from the West fust of next month. Feller that was raised here in Well-mouth and had sense enough to clear out when he was young and go where he could make a livin'. Wuth a grillion dollars more

or less now, and he's comin' back here so's to git gladder than ever that he cleared out when he did, I cal'late. What anybody wants to come back to this hole for, after they've once crawled out of it, is more'n I can see, but I never lived in Santy Fé, so——"

"Santy Fé? Does this man live in Santy Fé? What's his name?"

"Now you've got me. Jonadab told it, but I've got the best mem'ry for forgittin' that ever was, I jedge. You see I figgered that there wa'n't none of the grillion comin' to me, so——"

"'Twa'n't Abednego Doane, was it?" Mr. Kenney was evidently excited.

"That's just what it was. You'd think a feller could manage to hang on to the fust ha'f mile or so of a name like Abednego, wouldn't you? But I couldn't; the whole business went over my rail soon's the cap'n unloaded it on to me. How'd you guess it? Somebody tell you?"

"No. Soon's you said Santy Fé, I would have bet 'twas Abednego Doane. Why, Eph, that man's relation to me. His wife was my grandfather's nephew—no, sister, I mean."

It was Mr. Atwood's turn to become excited. He dropped his loaded knife on the table.

"Judas!" he cried. "Is that so? Why, then he's your—your great-uncle, ain't he?"

The artist pondered. "I shouldn't wonder," he replied slowly. "Somethin' like that, I guess likely."

"Your great-uncle! And wuth a million of money! Why, you— See here, Joe! I thought you said you hadn't a relation in the world that wa'n't poorer'n Job's turkey."

"Well, I forgot this one. He don't count for nawthin', anyway. All I remember is grandmarm tellin' somethin' about him and another Wellmouth feller named Henry Clemmons goin' to where New Mexico is now, when she was a girl, and makin' barrels of money. Seems to me him and grandfather had some kind of a row too. Doane wouldn't know me from a salt pollock, and wouldn't own me if he did. He cut loose from all his relations years ago."

"But why ain't you written to him? A feller with talent like you, and only needin' money to fertilize it with, so's to speak, and——"

"What's the use of me writin' to him? He don't know I'm on earth, I tell you."

Ephraim pounded the table. "Don't talk

so foolish!" he shouted. "A great-uncle and wuth a million! Well, by Judas, he'd have known I was on earth a consider'ble spell ago and wouldn't have had a chance to fergit nuther, if 'twas nawthin' but payin' extry postage on letters that reminded him. And now he's comin' to this very town! Joe, you're a made man."

But his chum refused to become enthusiastic. Abednego Doane and his fortune did not appeal to him as possibilities. He declined to discuss the subject, and rose, in the middle of the conversation, to clear off the table. Soon afterward he went to bed, leaving Mr. Atwood in the rocker, deep in meditation.

Ephraim thought and smoked and smoked and thought. The clock struck nine, then ten. Joash slept soundly and with a more or less musical accompaniment. Suddenly Mr. Atwood threw down his pipe, sprang from the rocker, and, striding into the next room, seized the sleeper by the shoulder.

"Joash!" he shouted. "Wake up! All hands on deck!"

Mr. Kenney groaned, grunted, and sat up.

"What's the matter?" he gasped. "House on fire?"

"No. I've got an idea."

"Idea! Nice time to have ideas—middle of the night! Clear out and leave me alone." He flopped disgustedly down on the pillow.

"I won't nuther. It's an idea about that uncle of yours. I know how you can stand in with him. Wake up, or I'll haul you out of bed."

As he forthwith set about carrying out his threat, the artist, still protesting, rose to a sitting posture once more and blinked at him.

"I've been thinkin' how you could hook that Abednego critter," began Ephraim, speaking very fast. "'Cordin' to your tell 'twouldn't be no use to go to him and say, 'I'm your grandnephew and I'm hard up.' He——"

"Aw, hush up! If that's all you've got to say, I——"

"'Tain't. No, I could see that wouldn't do. But, thinks I, 'If Joash could s'prise him with somethin' that would tickle him ha'f to death, and then spring the hard-up-and-ought-to-study game on him, why—' See? Well, I tell you what you do. You paint his picter."

"His picter? What kind of talk's that! What was you cal'latin' to do? Grab him and hold him while I painted it?"

"Course not. But he must have had a tin-

type or somethin' took some time or 'nother. We'll git that and you make an enlargement of it. We'll keep her a secret, frame her up grand and gorgeous, and then you take her to him at the hotel. He'll see right off you've got the gift and——"

"What'll he care for a picter of himself? He's got money enough to buy a cargo of 'em if he wants to."

"That ain't nawthin' to do with it. Abel Peters's widder had money in the bank, but when you done that enlargement of her old man she was more tickled than if she'd had a chance to marry again. And there's others jest the same. It's the s'prise of it and the work itself that gits 'em. You try it—jest try it, that's all."

"Where you goin' to git the photograph?"

"Oh, we'll git it! That's to be thought out. Will you do it if we do git it?—that's the thing."

Mr. Kenney hesitated, and his chum pleaded. At last the artist agreed to think it over in the morning. Ephraim turned in, satisfied that he had laid a corner-stone.

Next morning, after breakfast, he went out on the flats to dig a bucket of clams. When he returned to the shanty he found Joash seated on the floor with an old hair trunk open before him. Beside it there was a heap of brown paper envelopes, each with writing on its face.

"It's grandmarm's trunk," explained Mr. Kenney. "The old woman was the fussiest critter about her property that ever was. When she once got her grip on a thing she never let go; saved it up and buried it like a tame crow. See them envelopes? There's a daguerreotype in every one and the name's on the envelope. I remembered they was in this trunk 'cause ma used to let us children look at 'em sometimes if we was good. More of a punishment than anything else, I'd call it now."

"Well?" queried Ephraim impatiently.

"Well," said Joash, "I found that. Look at it and be glad you're made as you be."

He passed over one of the envelopes. On it was written: "Abednego Doane. Taken December 11, A.D. 1850. Aged 20 years."

"What's A.D. stand for?" asked Ephraim.

"Oh, I see; Abednego Doane."

"No, no. Stands for *Anti Domino*, 'year of the Lord,' or somethin' like that. You'll say it ought to be 'N. G.' when you look at the image inside."

Mr. Atwood opened the envelope and ex-

tracted a faded velvet frame, opened this, and was confronted by a daguerreotype likeness of a young man in a tremendous choker and a gorgeous stock and with ears like fans.

"Judas!" he exclaimed. "Is that him?"

"That's him, 'cordin' to grandmarm. What would *you* say if somebody dug a thing like that up and sprung it on you, hintin' 'twas the way you used to look? I wouldn't say nawthin'—I'd *do*."

Ephraim gazed at the daguerreotype. "He is a kind of—of an outrage, ain't he?" he admitted, with reluctance. "Still, I don't know—you see— Yes, by Judas, I b'lieve it makes it all the better."

"All the better? Are you crazy?"

"No, I ain't crazy. Look here! This uncle of your ma's is what they call a self-made man. What makes a self-made man prouder'n anything else? Why, to think what he was once and what he's made himself into. And the wuss he used to be the bigger the glory and credit. Here's Uncle 'Bedny, a big man out West, richer'n dock-mud and all that. You take and give him this—this image. What does he say? Why, he says to his messmates, openin' champagne: 'Boys, look at that. That's what I used to be. *Now* look at me!' Joe, you take my advice and start in on the enlargement."

But Mr. Kenney was skeptical. "I know what I'd do in a case like that," he grumbled. "I'd kill the feller that made the picter."

"That's 'cause you ain't self-made, Joe—not yit," said Ephraim. "Some day you'll be glad to remember you lived in this dug-out and et beans. You hear *me*."

It took all of that day to convince Joash that there was anything but foolishness in his chum's great scheme. By night, however, he had agreed to begin on the enlargement, "jest for practise, anyhow," he said. In a week he had sketched in the outlines, and the enthusiasm of the true artist had seized upon him. Slowly the portrait grew upon the drawing-board.

It wasn't such a bad portrait; that is to say, it was a fairly good copy of the daguerreotype. But the enlarging process brought out its details with pitiless exactness. The little eyes, close together, the big ears, the stubborn, mean mouth and chin, the loud, "country" Sunday clothes—all were there and all just a bit exaggerated, owing to Joash's intense desire to "catch the likeness."

When, at last, the thing was done, a stranger, judging Abednego Doane by the crayon en-

largement, would have left his watch and money at home before calling on that gentleman.

But Joash, blinded by interest in his work, saw none of these things, and Eph Atwood, worshiping and trustful, deemed them trifles of no importance.

"Great!" was his final comment. "Joe, your uncle wouldn't take a million dollars for that picter. He'll hand it down to his children, if he's got any, so's they can see how their dad looked when he was a poor boy way off on Cape Cod."

They sent to Boston for the frame, spending all their spare cash in its acquirement. It was a splendid affair of glittering gilt, scrolled and flowered to the very edge. Then the partners spent three evenings composing an address which was to accompany the presentation. This speech was in itself a work of art, for Eph insisted that it must not be too long and yet must contain all the artist's pride in his distinguished relative, with copious hints at his own need of money in order to advance in the profession for which—see sample—he was so eminently fitted.

On the day preceding Mr. Doane's arrival at the Old Home House, Joash walked up and down the beach for hours committing that speech to memory. It must have been a strenuous task, for he returned home as wet with perspiration as with rain. That night he developed chills and fever. The following morning came the doctor, who announced that the artist was to remain in bed for at least a week.*

Here was an unexpected setback. A week or ten days was the limit of Mr. Doane's stay in Wellmouth. Joash announced that he should get up and go over to the hotel. His chum, backed by the doctor, insisted that he shouldn't. The worry and disappointment were bad for the patient and he did not gain as he ought. By Friday he was able to sit up, but that was all. That evening Mr. Atwood made proclamation.

"By Judas!" he observed, his mind being made up; "you jest simply mustn't lose this chance, Joe. You ain't fit to go out of that door yourself and won't be for three or four days yit. It's no use; I've got to take that picter round myself."

"What?" cried Joash, leaning forward in his chair.

"That's what," affirmed Ephraim, nodding solemnly. "I've been thinkin' it over. 'Course I can't do it as well as you, but I've

learned that speech by hearin' you say it, and I cal'late I can change it so's it'll sound all right. I'll say how you slaved and worked over the picter jest to please him and made yourself down sick on account of it. Either that great-uncle of yours ain't ha'f a man or else he'll trot down to see you without wastin' a minute. I'll go to-morrow forenoon."

And go he did, bearing the portrait carefully wrapped in newspapers, and encouraged by the grateful thanks of the invalid.

Mr. Abednego Doane, "sheep king" and millionaire landowner, had come to Cape Cod because his physician said a change and rest were what he needed. In prescribing these the man of medicine was not entirely free from selfish motives. A rest might benefit his patient, but he was certain that a respite from the latter's society would benefit him. Mr. Doane had money, but he also had dyspepsia and a very short temper. As for the "sheep king," being ordered to go somewhere, he had selected Wellmouth, not for any love he bore his birthplace, but because he remembered it as quiet and not fashionable.

In these latter qualities Wellmouth had disappointed him. The Old Home House was filled with summer boarders, most of whom dressed for dinner and talked gossip on the verandas between meals. The meals themselves, however, were good and of the "shore" variety. Mr. Doane ate fried clams and lobster, and his dyspeptic stomach reminded him of the fact. By the end of the week he was in a state of mind where a first-class row would have been a godsend. On Saturday morning arrived Mr. Atwood and the crayon enlargement.

Ephraim entered the hotel lobby and begged to be shown to Mr. Doane's room. The clerk demurred. Would the gentleman send up his name? Mr. Atwood sent it up accompanied by the announcement that he wanted to see the "sheep king" on mighty important business concerning one of the latter's relations. The answer, brought down-stairs by a frightened bell-boy, was to the effect that the relation and the business could go to blazes; Mr. Doane wouldn't see any one. Ephraim meditated concerning this message and then sat down in an armchair to await developments.

Twelve o'clock came, and the guests began to pour into the dining-room for lunch. Ephraim took up his position by the door and eyed every one who passed.



"ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DREAM?"

"Has Mr. Abednego Doane gone in to grub yit, mister?" he asked the waiter at the door.

"Not yet. You don't want to see him, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do. What's more, he wants to see me."

"Oh, well; then I guess you can wait. But if he doesn't expect you, you take my advice and— Here he comes now."

Ephraim looked and saw a big, white-haired man, with a square jaw and a scowl, descending the stairs. He carried a heavy cane, but did not lean on it. It was now or never for Mr. Atwood. He stepped forward.

"Excuse me," he said, "but be you Mr. Abednego Doane?"

"Yes," snapped the "sheep king." "Who in thunder are you?"

"My name's Ephraim Zenas Atwood, but that ain't nawthin' to do with what I come

for. Mr. Doane, in your success and—and all the rest of it"—Ephraim was trying to remember the wonderful address of presentation, but found it hard work—"in your, in your—what I was sayin'," he went on hurriedly, "you've prob'ly forgot Wellmouth Neck and the days of your youth. But Wellmouth Neck ain't forgot you. No, sir! Blood's thicker than water, and you've got a relation in this town who's always remembered you and looked up to you—and so on. His name's Joash Kenney, and he's an artist; that is, he would be if he had money enough. This ain't exactly what I wanted to say, but never mind. He wanted to please you, so he hunted up an old tintype you had took once and——"

"What in the devil?" broke in the amazed Westerner. A number of guests, blocked from the door of the dining-room by Doane

and his visitor, stopped to stare and listen. Others were hurrying to join the crowd. Over their heads Mr. Atwood caught sight of Captain Jonadab Wixon, one of the proprietors of the hotel, frantically pushing to the front. Eph thought it best to forget the remainder of the address and reach the dénouement.

"So Joash—he's your grandnephew, you understand—he takes your tintype and makes a fast-rate crayon enlargement jest for a present to you. I've got it here. We hope—he hopes it'll be a pleasant remembrance to you of what you was afore you got your money. Here 'tis, Mr. Doane. There! What do you think of *that*?"

With one triumphant sweep of his hand he tore away the newspaper wrappings. The crayon enlargement stood revealed. The gilt frame shone resplendent. So did the plate with "Abednego Doane, Aged 20" engraved upon it. The crowd gasped. Men covered their mouths with their hands. From somewhere in the background came a trill of irrepressible feminine laughter.

The "sheep king" gazed open-mouthed at the portrait. He seemed to be in a kind of trance. Captain Jonadab had reached the front by this time.

"Come right away, Eph," he panted. "What in the nation are you thinkin' of? Mr. Doane, I hope——"

"Shut up!" roared the millionaire. "Look here, you!" he shouted, turning to Ephraim and pointing a big and shaking forefinger at the portrait, "do you mean to say that that flap-eared hoss-thief you've branded with my name is *me*? By the great and holy! Who put you up to this? I've seen men lynched for a darn sight less! Let go of me! Where's my gun?"

From the midst of the laughing, struggling crowd which was endeavoring to hold the frantic Abednego did Captain Jonadab Wixon and his partner, Barzilla Wingate, "snake" the bewildered Ephraim by the collar and coat-sleeve. They rushed him down the back steps of the hotel and around the corner.

"Now run, run like fury afore he gits here, or there'll be murder done," cried Captain Jonadab wildly. "He comes from a country where they'd jest as soon kill one man as another."

"Yes, and ruther," added Mr. Wingate. "Run."

"But what's the matter with him? Is he loony? Don't he like it?" stammered Eph,

to whom the idea of a sane man's not liking that portrait was an utter impossibility.

"*Like* it? Run! He's comin'!"

Mr. Atwood was no coward, generally speaking, but now his world was upside down. He ran until he reached the top of the hill. Then he turned and looked back. On the steps of the hotel danced a black-coated figure brandishing a cane.

Next morning the artist and his chum sat gloomily by the open door of the shanty, looking out at the rain. Both were downcast and silent. Suddenly, rocking down the double string of gullies that was complimented by the name of road, appeared a covered carriage drawn by a white horse.

"That's an Old Home horse," observed Joash, "and it's an Old Home covered wagon too. And there's an Old Home man drivin' it. Where do you s'pose he's bound?"

The equipage turned from the road and came lurching across the field. It pulled up, and the driver sprang to open the door. First appeared one of the hotel servants carrying a large brown-paper parcel. And then descended Mr. Abednego Doane. Eph Atwood darted into the back room and returned with a clam hoe. Thus armed, he entrenched himself behind the table and waited.

The servant entered and placed the parcel on the table. Then he withdrew. Mr. Doane entered and, without removing his broad-brimmed felt hat, looked at the pair before him.

"Are you the chap who is my grandmother or grandnephew or grand something or other?" he demanded suddenly, pointing at Joash.

"I—I—don't know's I know who you—" began Mr. Kenney.

"Yes, he is," declared Ephraim, defiantly interrupting.

"Humph!" grunted the visitor. Then he stepped to the table and ripped the brown paper from the parcel. There lay the crayon enlargement in all its glory.

"Are you responsible for this dream?" he inquired, rapping with his knuckles on the glass of the portrait.

Again it was Ephraim who answered, after shifting the clam hoe to his right hand. "Mr. Joash Kenney painted that picter," said Eph. "and I want to say right here that——"

The "sheep king" held up his hand. "You needn't," he said. "I'll say it myself." He looked down at the enlargement and a grim



"BY JUDAS! JOE, IT'S HOMELIER AND MEANER THAN THE OTHER ONE."

smile spread across his face. "Well, Joash," he went on—"Thunder, what a name! I thought they'd used up all the locoed names on the Cape when they glued Abednego on me, but I reckon there must have been some left—well, Joash, I don't bet high on relations, as the cards run, but I'm going to gamble on you. This libel in the tin frame here is a mighty poor picture of me, but it's the dead ringer of Hank Clemmons, the son of a gun that left these diggings when I did and went West and swindled me out of my last cent on the first deal we went into. I've been waiting all these years to get square with Hank, and this panorama of yours gives me the chance."

"But that ain't Clemmons," burst forth Joash. "It can't be, 'cause——"

"That's Hank Clemmons, pig eyes, flap ears, and meanness all complete. I don't know where you corralled him, but that's Hank, just as he used to be and a little worse. I'm obliged to you for that picture. Part with it? I wouldn't swap it for a gold-mine. I'll hang that in my main office with Hank's name on it in letters a foot high and let his friends see it when they drop in. Lord! Lord! but it's a wonder!" And he chuckled aloud.

"But Mr. Doane—" began Ephraim.

"Johanna—I should say Joash," went on the visitor, "you're coming West with me. Yes, you are. *You* can come, too, if you want to," he added, turning to Mr. Atwood. "I reckon there's a job for you somewhere round the place, and I owe you that much for wanting to lynch you yesterday before I sized

up the real beauty of that chromo. But as for you, Jonah—Joash, I mean—you've got to come. Darn the expense! A feller that can just naturally shovel meanness on to paper the way you can is too good to lose. Why, man alive!" he cried, raising his voice, "there's a dozen more hoss-thieves of my acquaintance that you've got to paint."

After he had gone away Mr. Kenney turned to the hair trunk. From it he resurrected the daguerreotype envelopes and selected one marked "Henry Clemmons."

"Humph!" he grunted. "I bet I know what's the matter. When us children played

with these things we mixed 'em up an' got Hank and Abednego in each other's envelope. Yes, sir! that's it. There's the reel Abednego Doane."

Ephraim took the daguerreotype and looked at it intently.

"By Judas!" he ejaculated. "Joe, it's homelier and meaner than the other one. See here! If that crazy great-uncle of yours should take a notion into his head to fire you and me after he gits us way out to Santy Fé, you jest show him this and tell him you're cal'latin' to crayon-enlarge it. Hang on to it for the land's sake! While we've got a-holt of that thing you and me's got a job for life."



My Friend Pierrot

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

Author of "In the Dwellings of the Wilderness"

Illustrations by Hamilton King



"MY dance, I think, Miss Irving!" said Billy, coming up. His collar was a wilted wreck; his face was unbecomingly flushed with his exertions; his red hair lay plastered damply on his forehead—the outward and visible signs, these, that he was having a "simply ripping time."

He stood planted squarely before Miss Irving, his blue eyes challenging her to deny him his rights, his broad shoulders blocking the entrance of the palm-screened bower wherein Miss Irving and her attendant cavalier had ensconced themselves. In his evening clothes he looked about as much out of place as a bull in a gingham apron. They fitted him, but he did not fit them. In his appearance was something of the grotesque, for which it was hard to condemn any one feature. His hair was of a painful red, but it was soft and well kempt; his face was blunt and homely, but there was no coarseness in it; his eyes were small and palely blue, but they were steady and kind. His hands were preternaturally big, but they were the hands of a gentleman; and his figure, boasting no elegance of outline, was deep-chested and rough-hewn, and built for rugged strength.

"Oh, you, Billy Buttinsky!" jibed Frailey with good-humored, easy patronage. He was Miss Irving's attendant cavalier, a dapper elegant whom Billy could have punished with one hand tied behind him. Every one jibed Billy—just why, no one stopped to think. "It's the fashion—he doesn't mind. He never knows we're guying him, he's such a clown—always playing monkey for the crowd," Frailey would have said.

Miss Irving looked up at Billy, towering above her, thick-set, rumped, awkward with his untutored strength. She was a slim slip of a girl, cool-eyed, flower-faced, dark-haired; and Billy's eyes on her were hungry.

"Really?" she said demurely. "Then I suppose I'll have to give it to you, won't I?" She had acquired to perfection the latest fashionable lisp; the fascination of it in her red mouth had long since been Billy's undoing. She rose, with a little *moue* over her shoulder at Frailey, to intimate that as she had promised so she must perform, however hard the duty. It was meant for Frailey alone, but Billy caught it, and misunderstood it, and his heavy face flushed. Such sensitiveness on his part, he knew, was foolish; let "the crowd"

once suspect that their pin-pricks went home, and his life would not be worth living.

"It would be ice-cream and cake for them if they knew the truth," he thought rather hopelessly, as he followed his captive into the dancing-room.

Here were lights, many voices, the perfume of flowers and women's laces; over all the strains of the "Valse Bleu." On the polished floor half a hundred couples slid and glided and galloped; white shoulders gleamed against black coats; gauzy skirts swirled and slippers twinkled. Billy shouldered a way through the group of men at the doorway, and turned to receive his partner. In the full glare of the lights he looked redder and hotter than ever. Miss Irving gathered her skirts daintily in one hand, held out the other to him, and suffered his embrace. At the touch of her his head whirled; so it was always when he danced with her; exquisite bliss to hold her actually in his arms, exquisite pain to know that it was probably the only way he could ever get her there. He took delight in intricate turns and slidings through the crowd, for the mere pleasure of feeling her yielding to him, guided by his strength. Billy himself hated dancing viciously, for he was not a good dancer—but it had its compensations, and if he could hold his heart's delight by no other means, he would cheerfully have danced all night.

He bumped her into the band stand, and into as many couples as he could find; he caromed against a thin man and a fat woman; he was punched in the back and prodded in the ribs and his toes were stepped on, but he was in the heights of idiotic bliss until Miss Irving, nearly torn from his arms by the onslaught of a furiously whirling couple, gasped and said in exasperation:

"Oh, Billy, why *are* you so big!"

So it was all spoiled; he was a great, clumsy clown, fit only to be laughed at, and she was having an awful time. The light went out of his hot and eager face; he stopped so suddenly that Miss Irving nearly fell.

"I'm sorry!" he stammered in anxious contrition. "I'm nothing but a clumsy lummock, anyhow. Let's go into the conservatory and cool off."

He had his way, for Miss Irving was left with no breath for objections.

The conservatory was dark and quiet and delightfully cool. Billy mopped his heated brow with a silk handkerchief a half size or so smaller than a table-cloth, found a seat for Miss Irving, and set himself to the task of entertaining her. His chance had come—the first time he had been alone with her for a week. What he wished to say he had prepared in a neat speech, carefully rehearsed. He knew what he would say and do; he had figured out carefully what she would do and say. She might weep; he had an uneasy notion that girls wept when they were proposed to, but he must be prepared for that. She would be shy, of course, and very likely hold him off; he must be very gentle with her and not frighten her with his pleadings. Here he realized with a shock that the speech



WHITE SHOULDERS GLEAMED
AGAINST BLACK COATS.

was gone from him utterly. Not a stammer of it was left.

Under the stress of his emotion, his face, already flushed, became empurpled. He wondered how she could be so cool, so demure, so sweetly serene; it seemed impossible that something of his emotion should not communicate itself to her. He fanned her violently, meditating in a crimson anguish of doubt how he would best begin. When cold shivers began crawling down his spinal column at the pall of silence which threatened to settle on them, through sheer nervousness he plunged headlong into speech.

"I hope you are having a pleasant time," he said loudly, in a perfectly expressionless voice only a trifle huskier than its wont.

It was Billy who, playing monkey for the crowd, invariably, with the best intentions in the world, somehow played the clown instead, by word or deed, and got himself laughed at for his pains. So here again: trying his best to please, he had started wrong, and she would laugh at him. He began to feel that if any one laughed at him again he could cheerfully commit murder. Miss Irving looked him over calmly, with no idea that the worm was threatening to turn.

"Billy, you're a goose," she said lightly.

Billy's big hand closed on the fan he was desperately wielding, and a stick snapped. He turned on her, his perspiring face frightened and eager, his blue eyes very bright.

"I've g-got something to tell you," he stammered. His voice gathered headway; he heard it speaking almost without his own volition. Miss Irving began to look at him in astonishment mingled with some alarm. She knew that he adored her; had seen that he followed her with worshipful eyes; had been teased about him until it had become an old story; but for these violent symptoms, apropos of nothing whatever, she was unprepared.

"I'm in love with you!" he announced loudly. "I—Fuf-Florence, I *love* you! Will you marry me?"

He did it very badly, but it was obviously his first attempt. Then he sat back, gripping the fan in both hands, and looked at her. It was done; he had brought all he was or hoped to be, his boy's pure passion, garbed as it might be in its husk of awkward crudity, and laid it at her feet. Yet because he was Billy, the poor Pierrot, unwilling victim of his clown's mask, he must needs do it in his own way, the clown's way, the way of Pierrot. But

it was done, and his world hung silent until she should speak.

Miss Irving struggled a moment. But the combined effects of himself and his speech were too much for her; she gave it up, and laughed—laughed as every one laughed at Billy—poor Billy "playing monkey for the crowd."

"Billy, you're such a goose!" she said sweetly. It never occurred to her to take him seriously. No one ever took Billy seriously—and who could help laughing? He was so adorably funny when he got excited. But Billy was looking at her as though she had struck him in the face. It had never occurred to him that in this, the supreme moment of his life, he would not be taken seriously.

"I'm glad it amuses you!" he said in an altered voice. "I know you think I'm a clown—everybody calls me one, and I guess I look like one, and maybe I act like one. You all have laughed at me and quizzed me, and I'm not complaining of that."

He fought desperately against the overwhelming shyness that gripped him, the deep-rooted, dumb shyness of a boy, which is far harder to combat than a girl's. Never had he dreamed of talking so to any living soul, of himself and his own inmost sacred feelings; he was appalled at his own outbreak. He spoke fast, in a strained and husky voice.

"I never seem to do the right thing, nor say the right thing, no matter what I do. I've made a thundering ass of myself sometimes—but there are mighty few who don't do that once in a while. I never say anything about it, of course—being ridiculed, I mean, and having people always laugh at you instead of with you—but sometimes it's hard not to show that it cuts when they go a bit further than they realize. I like to see things going with a snap; and somehow in a crowd there's always one person who's got to make 'em go. In our crowd that one always seemed to be me, and I guess people forgot after a while that I was anything else *but* the clown. And now——"

His hurrying voice stopped as though he realized all at once what he was saying. Another stick of the luckless fan snapped.

"Oh, Billy!" said Miss Irving in confusion. "I'm so sorry! I didn't know! I—never dreamed you felt like that about it!"

Billy smiled at her steadily.

"Of course you didn't! Clowns have no business to have feelings, have they? I mean—well, I guess it's all right." He rose, giving

her no time for what she might have said. The situation was his, undoubtedly, but she met it with a nervous attempt at lightness.

"Billy, do you know you've proposed to me, and never waited to hear my answer?"

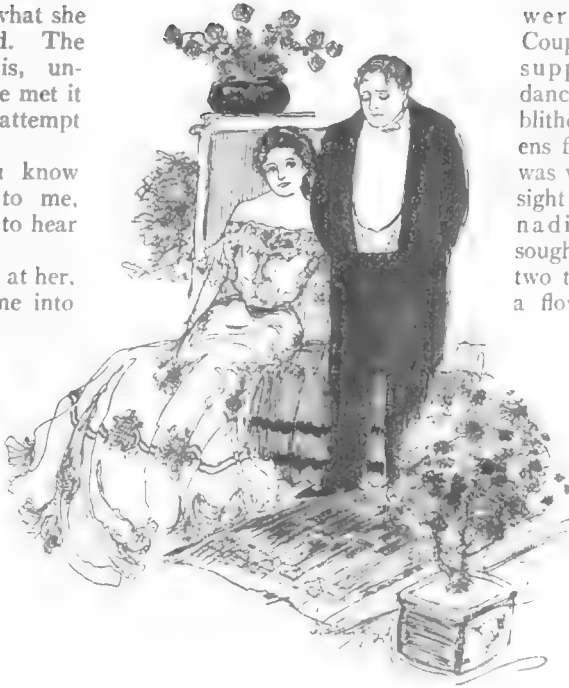
He looked down at her, and a shadow came into his hurt blue eyes.

"I think I've got about all the answer I need," he said soberly. "When a girl—when a man—" Again he left his sentence unfinished, and the third stick of the fan snapped.

Miss Irving rose precipitately. She was very young, and suddenly she found the situation too much for her. Frailey's slim and elegant shoulders were visible in the crowd outside the conservatory. She fled to him cravenly, with a hasty murmur of "this dance engaged," and danced away with him into the lights and brightness, leaving Pierrot alone amid the greenery, with the broken fan clutched tightly in his hand.

Out in the lights and brightness, Pierrette whirled through her pretty part, flying feet keeping time to the music, busy thoughts keeping time to another tune. "Poor Billy! If he only were not so *queer*! Why can't he do things as Mr. Frailey does?" But Pierrot had to do things and say things in his own blundering way, as Pierrot always does and suffers for it, because he was born Pierrot and could not help himself. Pierrot's part is sometimes no easy one to play, for all its merriment and its grinning mask.

It might have been for several centuries that Billy lurked darkly in the conservatory, clinging to the broken fan. He was in no humor to emerge and face the more or less innocent inquisition of his friends, to hear their jokes, and be forced into joking on his own account—or else confess why the jokes



"BILLY, DO YOU KNOW YOU'VE PROPOSED TO ME?"

were not forthcoming. Couples went down to supper and returned; dances tripped on to their blithe end; men and maidens flirted, and the world was very well. From the sight of various promenade couples Billy sought shelter between two tall rubber-trees and a flowering acacia while he donned his mask to face the world again. He sat very quiet in his nook, opening and closing the broken fan. The world had never seen Pierrot with his mask off; he was learning that when he tried to lift it, the world believed merely

that some new buffoon trick was ready for its applause.

Abruptly he was aware that a couple had established themselves beyond the rubber-trees and the flowering acacia; and, perforce, he caught a fragment of their talk. When he realized that they were Miss Irving and Frailey, he meditated instant flight. But the only way to escape was to pass them, and in his new mood of bitter shyness this was what he would not do.

"What'd you do with Billy?" Frailey's voice asked.

"I—think he must have gone home," Miss Irving answered.

"Silly ass," said Frailey cheerfully. In his corner Billy grinned ruefully—it was so very true.

"You shouldn't say such things about Billy," said Miss Irving with indignation. "He's an—an awfully dear fellow, and we've treated him very badly. I—somehow one can't help feeling sorry for him—" She broke off with an exclamation.

"What is it?" Frailey demanded.

Miss Irving gave a nervous laugh.

"I—think it was a bug," she answered.

"Yes, a big red bug." Her tone was odd, but



"WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?"

bugs might be provocative of anything from hysterics to swear-words. This it was evident that Frailey knew; he said promptly:

"Give me that cushion quick and I'll kill it."

"Funny thing to kill bugs with," Billy commented inwardly, and wished that he could get a view of the proceedings. But it at once became evident, even without seeing, that Frailey knew what he was about. He shouted "Philopena!" so loudly that Billy jumped.

"You've lost!" he exulted. "You made the conditions yourself—give-and-take, and the winner to name the penalty. That's the penalty I'll take—a kiss and nothing else."

"I won't do it!" said Miss Irving. "That's vulgar—and we're not children." Her voice suddenly became angry. "Mr. Frailey, let me go at once!"

Billy clenched his fists, his eyes hot. He heard a little cry from Miss Irving; even as he pushed back his chair and rose, her voice reached him, imperious, but with a queer little catch in it which went directly to his head.

"Billy, come out of there at once! If you let this man kiss me, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

Billy had no time for surprise at this. He lunged between the rubber-trees and the acacia, leaving a trail of broken branches to mark his course, into the open space where Miss Irving was standing, flushed and tearful and defiant, and actually in Frailey's arms. Billy bore down upon them, great, hulking, awkward, his blue eyes aflame.

"Here, you! Drop that!" he said furiously.

Poor Pierrot!—even with the situation in his hands he must mull it somehow. Miss Irving gave a half-hysterical giggle. Frailey laughed. Billy caught him by the collar, and as he released Miss Irving to defend himself, shook him until he choked and spluttered. In Billy's big hands he was a reed, a helpless infant. Miss Irving stood by, her hands raised to her scarlet cheeks.

"Now, you go!" said Billy, husky with wrath, and propelled his victim violently doorward. Thereafter, he promptly forgot him, for Miss Irving held out both hands to him, saying—still with the queer little catch in her voice:

"Thank you, Billy! If that little beast had kissed me I should have died."

Billy took the hands and flushed to his hair.

"How did you know I was there?" he asked eagerly.

Miss Irving drew her hands away and seated herself on the bench, holding her skirts aside to make room. He had sense enough left to accept the hint, and sat beside her, leaning forward with an elbow on his knee that he might look into her face.

"Why, I knew you were there nearly all the time," she confessed. "I saw you through the—the leaves. It made me jump, and Mr. Frailey asked why——"

"And you called me a red bug," said Billy. Miss Irving flushed.

"I couldn't think of anything else to say," she murmured uncomfortably. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Billy politely, and made a motion to rise. He had just remembered that his feelings had been badly hurt and that he was still sore. Miss Irving looked at him under her lashes; a curious glance, half anxious, half humorous, entirely alluring.

"Are—you—in such a hurry?" she said faintly.

"Why, no," he answered without guile.

"You—you managed Mr. Frailey beautifully," said Miss Irving, feeling nervously for speech. Billy turned slow eyes of scorn upon her.

"Huh—that shrimp!" he said contemptuously.

Miss Irving tried again.

"Are you sure you don't want to go and dance? I wouldn't keep you for the world——"

"No, thanks," said Billy shortly. He looked at her in surprise at her incomprehensibility, and found her looking at him. To his amazement she flushed, as he had never seen a girl flush before; a slow and heavy crimson that drowned the rose of her cheeks and crept to her white forehead.

"What's the matter?" he gasped in a panic.

"Billy," said Miss Irving in a voice that fluttered in spite of her, "if I were very, very nice, and—and awfully s-sorry, would you propose to me again?"

Billy almost turned his back on her. Couldn't she let up on him even yet?

"And—get laughed at again?" he said sullenly. "No, thanks, I think not!" Quite suddenly he lost his head and his reason; the last straw was too much. "My God, girl, how much more of a fool do you want to make me? Can't you see it's gone far enough? It's no joke to me, whatever it may be to you!" Then he got himself in hand again, and stopped short, crimson with anger and embarrassment. "I beg your pardon!" he said miserably.

A heavy silence fell. Out of it Miss Irving said sweetly and unexpectedly:

"Billy, how old are you?"

Billy stared.

"Twenty-eight. Why?" he answered briefly.

"You might just as well be eight," said Miss Irving unkindly. "I'm twenty-two, but I never was as young as you are at this instant minute."

Billy answered nothing. He was unhappy, and wanted nothing so much as to get away. She seemed to delight in his embarrassment, to take pleasure in prolonging it. He glanced at her. Her eyes were downcast, her fingers very busy with the chain which had held her fan. She began to speak, without raising her lashes.

"Then, if you won't propose to me, I—I suppose I'll have to propose to you. Oh, Billy, dear, don't you see what I'm trying to say, you stupid goose? We've treated you shamefully, and poked fun at you, and you've been so good—and I've been sorry for you all

the time. You were funny, but—I like you all the better for it—I truthfully do! If I hadn't run away when I did I should have cried. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings——"

She stopped to catch breath. Billy got himself to his feet and stared down at her. He ran a finger around inside his wilted collar, opened his mouth and shut it again, and said thickly:

"You mean——"

"Yes, oh, yes!" said Miss Irving fervently. She caught herself up. "No—oh, no! I don't mean anything at all! I mean—if this is the way you're going to act, I'm sorry I spoke!"

She rose with a wild glance downward. Billy stepped between her and escape.

"Will you please tell me what's the matter with you?" he said steadily. "We can't both go crazy at once, you know! It rather seems to be your turn now."

Miss Irving laughed, but the laugh broke in a sob.

"I'm afraid of you!" she faltered. "If you wouldn't look so grave—the matter is that I—well, I *will* marry you whether you ask me again or not. Now do you understand?"



"BILLY, IF YOU LET THIS MAN KISS ME,
I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!"

Billy's face broke into light. He took a stride toward her, stopped short and folded his arms across his chest—simply to keep them from going around her—and said in a curiously level voice:

"I'm nothing but a silly ass, you know, and an everlasting chump, and a clown that's always playing monkey for the crowd——"

"Billy—don't!" cried Miss Irving with another sob. "You're good and kind—or

you'd have hated us for the way we treated you—and I don't care what you are!"

He came toward her, and she stood still bravely, flushing rosy red. He took her in his arms, and she raised her hands to his shoulders, leaning against him ever so slightly, yielding to his embrace. So then he knew that even Pierrot could find his happiness as other men.

"It's better than dancing!" cried Billy in a burst of exultation.

With May Across the Seas

A Wanderer's Song

By MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON BIANCHI

(O)NCE more to see familiar stars
 Look down through friendly trees—
 Once more to feel the heart of youth
 With May across the seas!
 Once more to see the hyacinth
 Press upward through the grass,
 To hear the plowboy's tuneless song
 Above the furrow pass.
 In dreams the willows silver along the rising streams,
 In dreams the shining valley puts on her Springtide gleams!

Once more to breathe the lilac plumes
 In gusts of April rain—
 To linger with the violets
 In some forgotten lane;
 Once more to reach the low green stile
 Upon whose gentle sod
 Those earlier travelers said farewell—
 And fared them forth to God.
 In dreams the May-white lies upon the nights across the sea,
 In dreams the voice of Springtime is calling, calling me!

I'd give the dawns of almond bloom,
 The orange and the rose—
 The misty olive terraces
 Of shadowy repose—
 I'd give the nightingale and palm
 And wander-joys like these—
 Just to go back to Spring's old throb
 And old infinities.
 In dreams my heart is straying with May across the seas,
 In dreams my heart and May are one in vagrant ecstasies!

The Gathering of the Churches

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "Back Home," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We asked Eugene Wood, whose frank article on consumption set people thinking intelligently about the white plague, to attend the two religious conferences organized to discuss the unification of the churches, and to report what he saw and heard. This is his report. It is presented exactly for what it is—the individual impressions and thoughts of a plain-spoken man, who is himself a believer, but who takes the ground that Christianity is greater than dogma and more important than its sects. We submit this article to you, our readers, not as a contribution to theological controversy, for that has no place here, but in the sincere belief that a little “talking out in meeting” now and then will help the Christianity most of us profess, and aid morality and virtue. There are many new things in the world to-day. Thought is a living and growing thing. Modern scientific investigation has lightened up dark places in the annals of the race and we are all looking at life through different peep-holes from those through which our grandfathers viewed the eternal problem. Knowing more of the beginnings of religion than our ancestors, and realizing as we must that other men in other lands are thinking about the selfsame problems that are our concern, it is impossible not to believe that the God our forefathers regarded as a private possession of their particular sect is the God of the Chinese and the Hindus and the Mohammedans, as well as of us Americans and Europeans. As our outlook widens, we begin to see that the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount is of higher consequence than the Apostles' Creed, and that though forms may differ, most honest men, be they Buddhists or Confucians, Protestants or Roman Catholics, are struggling toward the same goal, looking up at the same stars, praying to the same God and for much the same things.

“This anxious gathering of the churches shows that they believe a religious crisis to be at hand. It is also a social crisis.”—GOLDWIN SMITH.

TWO extremely significant, not to say portentous, conferences, with apparently the same underlying purpose, were held in November last on nearly coincident dates, the New York State Conference of Religion at Rochester, 13th-14th, and the Inter-Church Conference on Federation, in Carnegie Hall, New York City, 15th-21st.

To say that the underlying purpose of both conferences was to further the unity (either after the flesh or after the spirit) of the many dissident religious bodies will not be vividly interesting to the public at large. It might

have been, fifty years ago, when there wasn't much else to talk about, but being absorbed in weightier matters than differences of opinion as to the orthodox way to sharpen a lead pencil, or whether wetting the top of a man's head is more efficacious than having the water run out of his shoe-tops, the public has long ago dismissed the subject as impracticable and unprofitable. It is perhaps a little late in the day to query: Why separate organizations for the Reformed Church in America and the Reformed Church in the United States of America? Why a Presbyterian Church, and a Reformed Presbyterian Church, and a United Presbyterian Church, and a Welsh Presbyterian Church, and a

Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and so on, to the end of the chapter? Why the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and an African Methodist Episcopal Church, and an African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church? There is a Methodist Episcopal Church and a Methodist Episcopal Church South (and, I am told, some Methodist Episcopal churches in Baltimore that are neither one nor the other, but kind of betwixt and between), between whom there is no difference in doctrine or polity, but only a soreheaded poutiness about a quarrel fifty years old, settled forever by the rude arbitrament of war, as to whether the negro was ordained of God to work only for his board and keep, or for wages that will just about pay for his board and keep, if he is lucky in getting jobs and careful with his money.

Conferences to make up the clothes-line fusses between Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Ryan would possess about the same interest for the general public, were it not for the notable fact that it sometimes happens that more comes out of the bag than was put into it. This is my only excuse for blackening good white paper to tell you what happened in Rochester and in Carnegie Hall on the dates I have given.

THE PLAN OF FEDERATION

Not by way of reporting so much as by way of refreshing your recollection, I will say that the Inter-Church Conference on Federation adopted a Plan. Delegates from some thirty evangelical bodies voted for it, and the legislative assemblies of these thirty religious bodies will ratify the Plan in due season, provided it doesn't prevent their sharpening their lead-pencils in their own orthodox way. Then they will elect members of the Federal Council, four for each denomination, and one in addition for each 50,000 communicants. This Federal Council will meet for business in December, 1908, and once every four years thereafter. So there won't anything be done precipitately; we can rest easy as to that. "The Federal Council shall have no authority over the constituent bodies adhering to it; but its province shall be limited to the expression of its counsel, and the recommending of a course of action in matters of common interest to the churches, local councils, and individual Christians. It has no authority to draw up a common creed, or form of government or

worship, or in any way to limit the full autonomy of the Christian bodies adhering to it." So we need not fear drastic action; we may rest easy as to *that*.

To the objection that this seems a rather tenuous bond of union one may say that mighty empires have been formed of states whose first coming together was quite as—er—quite as—well, "cage-y." To speak of "Christian bodies adhering" to such a confederacy seems rather a brilliant metaphor than a precise statement, but we shall see—what we shall see. It's all over until 1908, anyhow.

UNITARIANS BARRED

Some hint of the future may be gathered from what this Inter-Church Conference on Federation did not do. The Unitarians, for some reason or other (a bold-faced, pushing lot, anyhow), fancied that they would be welcomed, so they elected as delegates the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, and John D. Long, former Secretary of the Navy, men well enough in their way, perhaps, fairly intelligent, and, as far as mere morals go, even good men. Yes, but don't you see what an embarrassing position it put the Conference in? If Unitarians and Universalists and all such were let in on an equality, the result would be that the Federation would lose more membership from the orthodox and evangelical than these heretics could make up for. The Inter-Church Conference on Federation was nothing if not practical. Gently, but firmly, they shut the door in the face of these delegates. Nothing to-day. Good day.

A rather interesting thing happened that I must tell you about. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, was reading a paper at one of the meetings, and at every possible chance the audience was applauding madly, which was all right, because it was a good paper, and because it isn't every fly-up-the-creek convention a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States will take that much notice of. Well, he got along to that place where he said that men whose noble characters showed that they had taken the life of Jesus of Nazareth for their model and inspiration might fitly be called Christians and admitted to fellowship in the Federation, even if they did not subscribe to the Athanasian creed. When the audience understood that he meant Edward Everett Hale and

Samuel A. Eliot and John D. Long, the suddenness with which it stopped applauding and the politeness of the silence with which it heard the rest of the paper were notable. It became so still that if you listened closely you could hear John Calvin striking the match on his leg to light the kindlings under Michael Servetus.

MANY SECTS—ONE RELIGION

Membership in the Inter-Church Conference on Federation was representative. The delegates went there and voted, not as they thought as individuals, but as they thought their denominations thought, which is the same as what the most unprogressive of their denominations thought, the Uncle Billy Hardheads with ear-trumpets up there in the front seats. The fact that membership in the New York State Conference of Religion was individual, and that a man went there to represent himself, made all the difference in the world between the two conferences. At Rochester they didn't formulate a plan. I think all the voting that was done was on whether they should thank the city of Rochester for its hospitality, and whether they should accept the kind invitation to go to Schenectady the next time. Clergymen and laymen from the dissident bodies, Christian and Jewish, were present and spoke. The motto of this conference was "Religions are many; religion is one," and the effort was not so much to arrive at corporal union; not so much to constitute a council which should have no authority to do more than say that it looks like rain but may clear up after all, as to declare that spiritual kinship subsists of itself and without formulated effort—kinship not only between the Reformed Church in America and the Reformed Church in the United States of America; between evangelicals and the misguided but well-meaning creatures who think there is no hell; but also between Catholics and Protestants, between Christians and Jews—nay, more, between those whose heritage is the Bible, and Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jains, Parsees, Confucianists, Shintoists, Brahmins, even those who "in their blindness bow down to wood and stone."

GOD IN IDEAL OR IDOL

There were none of these latter present, but they would have been welcomed if they had come, for at this conference it was seen that

whether a man forms a god with his hands and it is called an idol, or forms one with his mind and it is called an ideal, the Father of us all, in whom we live and move and have our being, knows how it is with us: how we grope in the darkness that is about us if haply we may find Him. And the homage we pay to His broken reflection in idol or ideal He takes unto Himself as He spake by the mouth of His prophet Malachi, saying, "In every place incense is offered unto my name, and a pure offering, for my name is great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

(One of the notable papers at this conference was that read by the Rev. Heber Newton—to light the kindlings under whose feet the matches have many a time been struck only to be blown out again by a discreet bishop—wherein he showed the surprising parallelism of thought between a Roman Catholic saint and a modern Hindu Yogi. If both taught a self-effacement that amounted to mental suicide, both displayed a meekness and forbearance, a gentleness and humility that we cannot but admire in others, since it makes it so easy for us to grab what they have.)

ROMAN CATHOLIC APPROVAL

The air at this Rochester Conference was clearer, freer of the smoke of Smithfield and Geneva. Said one good soul: "It is of more importance that I shall understand your position than that you shall understand mine." You couldn't jaw with that man because he doesn't sharpen a lead-pencil the way you do. As a result of that spirit at Rochester, Jews learned that Christians, for all their insistence upon the Three Persons in the Godhead, can say with them the *Sh'ma Israel*, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God the Lord is One," and Christians learned from Jews that Jesus was a typical Jew and that what divides the creeds is not His teachings, but concessions made to heathen Europe afterward.

It is matter for regret that at Rochester and at Carnegie Hall there was no representation of either the Roman Catholic Church, whose membership is estimated at about one-eighth of the entire population of the country (certainly one-third of the entire population of New York City is Roman Catholic), or of that unorganized but perhaps even larger body known as the Big Church whose members loaf around home Sundays and read the paper.

Of these two great bodies, the Big Church stayed away probably because it feels much as Noah did when a storm began to blow up. And the Roman Catholic Church stayed away because it knows there won't be much of a shower, anyway. If there were, there would be something about it in the "Summa Theologiæ" of St. Thomas Aquinas. I haven't seen what the Roman Catholics have said of the Rochester Conference, but the *Boston Pilot* approved of the stand taken for the divinity of Jesus by the Federation Conference (meaning the shutting of the door in the face of the Unitarians), and the Rev. Morgan M. Shædy in another Catholic paper commended the irenic spirit which prompted the gathering, and mentioned the significant fact that Catholics and Protestants found themselves able to cooperate in good works, as in associated charities. The purpose of the Federation, by the way, is "to promote catholic unity," but "catholic" and "Catholic" are not quite the same. Not quite.

BIG CHURCH DOCTRINE

The Big Church would have approved the Rochester Conference the more heartily of the two. For instance, Rabbi Schulman, of the Temple Beth-El, of New York, in his paper, "Our Definition of Religion," said that "religion is human life lived in the presence of God." Prof. Joseph Leighton, of Hobart College, in the discussion following, denied that the idea of God was necessary to religion, which in his turn he defined as "the tendency of personality to enlarge itself, the persistent demand for the ideal by the actual. Religion represents the demands of the individual for ideal environment," differing from philosophy mainly in method. This does not violently contradict the creed of the Big Church.

But the most radical expression at the Rochester Conference was that of the Rev. Algernon Crapsey, D.D., rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church of that city. He was replying to the Rev. Dr. Josiah L. Strong, who had argued that in order that the coming generation should seek after righteousness of conduct it behooved us to see to it that the public schools taught these three formal dogmas: The existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the future accountability of all men. (By the way, I hear that the proposition to split the kindlings for Dr. Crapsey's bonfire was defeated by a vote of three to two.)

In this discussion he said: "I must take issue with Dr. Strong. The remedy he proposes is impracticable, and the three dogmas of the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the future accountability of all men are without ethical value. The Moham-medan believes all three far more devoutly, far more earnestly than the average Christian, and because he believes, he murders Christians. The Russian believes all three, and because he believes he massacres the Jews. Those who have been prominent in the conduct of affairs, those whose wealth threatens the country now, are firm believers in the three propositions. If you were to pick out a man to-day who stands firmest for these three things it would be the Master of Standard Oil.

"Every man's God—for 'God' is an abstract term—every man's God is the exact reflection of that man's moral nature. He makes his God in his own image. It is impossible to do otherwise. Therefore, a man's God to any human mind is simply the measure of his own ethical progress. Therefore, you will get in the name of God every sort of action from the sacrifice of a man's son upon an altar to the sacrifice of himself upon the cross.

"To teach the existence of God is not to advance at all. It is the same with belief in man's immortality, because a man's notion of the life he is to live beyond will exactly correspond with the life he is living now. When we think of immortality it is with the idea of continuation, going on and doing the same things we are doing now. We seek to keep on in our own personality, we shrink from annihilation; our picture of the life beyond is a reproduction of the life we are living here. It is without ethical value.

ORTHODOX INSURANCE THIEVES

"So with the accountability of man," continued Dr. Crapsey, "our notion of how we are to account for ourselves will accord with our ethical conception of what we do here. I do not think for a moment that those gentlemen lately so much spoken of in the public prints have been disturbed in their sleep, because I have known some of them. Those men who have taken \$150,000 a year for not knowing anything about life-insurance are all real believers in God, in their own immortality and accountability, but their understanding of it is such that they can account for every

dollar they have taken; can account to themselves, and thus account to God."

That's Big Church doctrine, pretty High, perhaps, certainly very much Higher than Bob Ingersoll. As for Tom Paine—oh, well, he was a Low Churchman, away 'way down Low. That is, he would be nowadays. The essence of their doctrines is the same: That belief in the supernatural has no influence on conduct. But hark to this that follows from Dr. Crapsey: "We are living to-day in the midst of a great dissolution. *We are standing by the death-bed of a great religion.*" That's Big Church through and through.

In the discussion following, the Rev. Nelson Millard, D.D., said that the students of parochial schools where the teaching of religion is an emphatic factor were not more moral than those of the so-called "godless" public schools. He added: "In the South there is a very bad state of morals. Yet the South is most orthodox. The three points of belief in God, the immortality of the soul, and the future accountability of all men are well understood. Also, it is a demonstrated fact that Mammon is unimpeachably orthodox."

AN IMMINENT CRISIS

The Rev. Dr. Strong in closing said that he had been making investigations himself, and he had found that the hundred richest men in the United States who had the greatest influence in the financial world are almost without exception orthodox church members.

Here, at any rate, more came out of the bag than was put into it. What has this assumption that Mammon is immoral, no matter how orthodox it may be; what has this statement that this is an "age of dissolution," and that "we are standing by the death-bed of a great religion," to do with finding a common ground of unity of all faiths? What has it to do with federating the churches, and trying to get the scuffling sects at home to show the same table-manners that they do in the missionary field, where they do not all grab for the same piece at once, but carve the turkey so that it will go all round? Very much, very much indeed to do with it. "This anxious gathering of the churches shows that they believe a religious crisis to be at hand. It is also a social crisis."

The Inter-Church Conference was less moved by this impending crisis than that at Rochester. Its getting together was more numerous and prolonged, but that was all.

It was right after the elections, when, as you recollect, men heard the voice of God speaking through the people as it had never been heard before. The earth was still trembling with it. The laymen who spoke had much to say about the "awakened heart and conscience of the people" and the "new impulse toward civic righteousness," but all that got entirely by the reverend clergy, white-headed within and without. Their latest news on any subject is dated 1859.

THE CLERGY BEHIND THE TIMES

Apparently they could not discern the signs of the times. If they saw at all, they saw only that the evening sky of a dying day shines redly through the gloom. They wist not that it promises that the morrow shall be fair, fairer than earth has ever seen before. I heard one gentleman with a white tie whose theme was "Labor and Capital" make a fervent and a loud appeal for "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," the open Bible, and the public schools. I am sure if he had had more time he would have said a good word for wearing rubbers when it is wet. And a bishop who may be described as the most extinct of his species squabbled and scolded at apartment-houses as destroyers of the home, and denounced the law by which a woman tied to a drunken, worthless hound may free herself and her children from him.

To tell the honest truth, it wasn't much better at Rochester. The paper read that attracted the keenest attention was that of the Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., on "The Relations of Moral Teachers to Predatory Wealth." He said that "predatory wealth" was that which has been "gained by plunder rather than by legitimate commerce, and which is used to promote the facilities of plunder. It has not been won by open and honorable competition, but by getting unfair and generally unlawful advantages; by secret agreements and rebates; by the liberal use of money to corrupt legislation and to subsidize the press; by using trust funds for private purposes; by arts which corrupt character and destroy the foundations of the social order. . . . It is childish," he urged, "to deny the existence of a class of rich men whose presence is a menace to liberty and a blight upon the national life. . . . The battle of the mart is often fierce, and men are often tempted to be hard and false and cruel. But the ordinary American manufacturer is

not in intent, or in fact, a thief or a plunderer. . . . We may admit that he is not a saint, but he is not a pirate, and there are a number of things he will not do to win a fortune."

And so on. The moral teacher, this being the case, must carefully distinguish between millions made honestly and millions made piratically. The truth is that "tainted money" taken by the moral teacher for his church or charity or college does more harm than it does good. It isn't like taking the contributions of a gambler or the keeper of a house of ill-fame, because they are under the ban and it is understood that whatever gifts they give will not take off the curse. But the predatory rich ought to be under the ban and are not. They are applauded, flattered, and courted; they sit in the seats of the mighty, which is an awful miscarriage of justice.

Dr. Gladden's economics may be summed up by the statement that you have a right to beat your wife, only you mustn't hit her with a wagon-spoke. The moral teacher and pan-handler may take the money gained by "open and honorable competition," but he must give back that "gained by plunder."

GRAFT IN THE WAGE SYSTEM

"Open and honorable competition!" What do our "moral teachers" think the scuffle for a living is? A game of tiddlywinks? If two starving men see a loaf of bread, is it going to be "After you, my dear Alphonse"? And if the two starving men see one job of work, will one give way to the other or will each underbid the other until the man that gets the job makes out of it just enough to keep him going? Part of what the Federation of Churches is to do when it gets started is to denounce "graft." Indeed, but what's the whole wage system but graft? What are profits but the difference between what a man earns and what he can live on, that difference going to his employer as a tip, a gratuity, a bribe—graft, if you please? And this employer must enter into "open and honorable competition" with others in the same business. Tell me, you American merchants and manufacturers whom Dr. Gladden praises so, how is it with you? Is it "After you, my dear Alphonse," or is it "Dog eat dog"? You know well enough what you hate to do and yet what you've got to do or go out of business. You've no illusions about "open and honorable competition." Is there such a thing? Tell me. Honestly now.

NO TAINT ON MONEY

It would be comical if it weren't so pitiful to note how a man, an educated man at that, can live in the twentieth century and think in the eighteenth. And all the rest of them were just the same as Dr. Gladden. They prattled away about the money that these rich men give, just as if Rockefeller had a wagon back up to the door, and the driver got out his book and said: "Sign here," and then delivered package after package of dollar bills and bag after bag of money. It never crossed their minds that it isn't money he gives. That isn't where the curse comes in at all. There's no taint on money. Where the wrong comes in is that Rockefeller makes the college or the church or the charity share his own guilt as an oppressor and a robber. Coal becomes scarce from whatever cause; then Rockefeller raises the price of oil without giving anything more for twenty cents a gallon than he did for fourteen cents a gallon. The six cents a gallon thus skinned day by day out of the whole country goes day by day to pay for teaching Hebrew. It isn't money he gives, but the continuing receivership of stolen goods.

The past age (so nearly past that we may say "it was") was one of the fiercest competition. We saw, if our "moral teachers" did not, that it was too fierce to last. It took too much out of body and soul. Commercialism had to be. It was inevitable, but it is not eternal. Nothing human is. In our industrial nonage we thought, just as Dr. Gladden seems to think, that competition kept down prices. We know now that in the price of everything we buy is the cost of preventing the other fellow from making the sale. That cost has to be got back somehow, and the only way to get it back is to skimp wages (either by reducing them in figures or in the power of purchase) and to scamp wares, grinding up white rock to mix with prime flour, so that those who ask for bread may get a stone.

CHURCH COMPETITION

If there were, we'll say, a dozen factories in a given trade, each outfitted with an expensive plant and a long salary list, but just managing to scrape along, working on half-time, we should see something doing in the reorganizing line right suddenly. It calls for no great intellect to see the similarity of a dozen denominations in a town, all outfitted with

expensive plants, churches with stained-glass windows, altars, pulpits, organs, pews, carpets, Bibles, hymn-books, prayer-books, lesson-leaves; officered with pastors, lay readers, organists, choristers, teachers, vestries, ushers, sextons, and Ladies' Aids; heated, lighted, swept, and garnished; running on one-seventh time and a little while after supper on Wednesday evenings, to very light business; all in debt up to the roots of their noses, and all grabbing after any stranger that appears. (I must tell you of a personal experience of mine. I was in my shirt-sleeves and ragged trousers, opening up the barrel that had the dishes in it, when the bell rang. The gentleman in black I found at the door apologized for interrupting before we had got settled in our new home. "But," said he, "there's so much competition nowadays, I thought I'd call early and ask you to come to *our* church.")

The fruits of competition are skimmed wages and scamped wares. Did you ever have to look to a vestry or the church trustees for your money? I hope not. I know a very fine young man who, a little while ago, contemplated taking holy orders. His mother was distressed to death about it. It was terrible for her to think of him just throwing his life away, as you might say. And that brings me to another personal reminiscence. The rector of the parish went past the barber shop. "A fine man," I said to the barber. And he was, too, the finest all-round man I think I ever knew. "Yes," said the barber, "a fine man—in a mighty poor business. I'd be ashamed to get my living that way. Dry brush, you said?"

CLERGYMEN AND CHURCH FAIRS

And the barber isn't the only one of that opinion. Once in a while you get an inkling of what the clergy think about it themselves. Do you suppose when they were in the seminary, all on fire with high and holy enthusiasm for the souls of men, they ever thought it would come to trotting from hen-party to hen-party, from the Ladies' Aid to the Helping Hand; to rigging up catchpenny devices wherewith to get in the winter's coal, or pay the interest on the debt; to naming committees who should "mace" the department stores and the neighborhood groceries for contributions to the fancy-goods counter and the household counter, cash if you can get it, but if not, something to sell chances on? Do you suppose they like to do that? I know

that some won't allow chances to be sold at church fairs. They say it's gambling. I don't admire a gambler greatly, but I guess I think full as well of him as I do of a beggar.

Do you suppose the clergy like to do this sort of thing? Not more than you, American merchant and manufacturer, like to do the things you have to do or get out of the business, the things we know about, but will not tell here. You have to; so do the clergy.

Who can thunder at the Mammon of unrighteousness when the Mammon of unrighteousness is right down there in the best pew, when he is on the board of trustees and pulls the parish out of every financial hole, and when in an age of rampant unbelief he is "unimpeachably orthodox"? Who can denounce "predatory wealth" from the pulpit for getting "unfair advantages" and railroad rebates when the churches share the benefits of government and dodge paying taxes, and the clergy get transportation at half rates?

RICH MEN'S SINS UNREBUKED

If a son ask his father for bread, will he give him a stone? Ask your fathers in God for counsel. Shall I, as alderman, take the consideration that this set of capitalists wants to give me for a street-railway franchise? Somebody will get it if I don't. Shall I, as capitalist, give up to the demands of the aldermen? If I don't, the other set will, the set that would ask nothing better than to down me. What shall I do?

It isn't because your fathers in God don't mean to do right, but because they don't know what is right. There's nothing about these problems in Suarez; there's nothing about them in Pearson on the Creed. All are very clear as to the wickedness of taking chickens off a roost after dark. That's a poor man's sin. But when it comes to the consideration of the fact that the public street is the only place in which we are free men, and that in every other place we exist only on the sufferance of our lords, who treat us as conquered people; that the very center of these streets solemnly dedicated to our common use is taken by our lords for their own private use, a continuous strip of the best city real estate, which no money could or should buy—the right of way of a street railroad—why, that's a rich man's sin.

The experiment of Federation has been tried. Doubtless you have lived in a small town where there was a Union Church.

There weren't enough Baptists or Methodists or Presbyterians or Lutherans or Congregationalists for each to maintain a separate little conventicle, so they all combined. Instead of a dozen stoves, they had one big comfortable furnace, and saved on the coal bill; instead of a dozen reed organs, or footy little heart-breaking thousand-dollar organs, they had one \$10,000 organ that you could do something with; instead of a dozen preachers that hemmed and hawed and stumbled through their sentences, making a brave stagger at getting verbs to agree with their subjects, they had one smart, fine-looking man who could talk it right off. A great advantage over the old system. Yes, but as soon as enough Baptists and Methodists and Lutherans and Presbyterians and Congregationalists moved into town for each sect to set up its own conventicle, they left the Union Church.

AT THE DEATH-BED OF A RELIGION

Just hold that a minute, and consider another experiment in Federation, the Young Men's Christian Association. That is far from fizzling out. What's the difference? The Y. M. C. A. looks to the good of all, physical, mental, and moral. Right now. Here on earth. "Service" is its motto, not "support." That's the difference.

The Rev. Dr. Crapsey has told us that we are standing by the death-bed of a great religion. Some of us are. An increasing number. But not all. This great religion is very much alive indeed, and long will be, to every man yet in that stage of progress in which he thinks that nothing is more important than that he save his own particular little soul. The whole world may well be lost if only he is not. What does it matter anyhow, these cruel wrongs, these black injustices, this trampling down of human souls and bodies by those who have seized the earth for their own possession? It will all be over in a few years, and then—a heaven of endless happiness.

So long as "he that believeth not shall be damned," it is highly important to be "unimpeachably orthodox," and so to save one's soul (which is not incompatible with gaining the whole world, too, as Mr. Rockefeller has shown us). Federation with those who have different notions of the way to sharpen a lead-pencil will not appeal to such.

Those of us who have risen beyond such

blunt, frank selfishness, who turn the question end for end, and ask what it shall profit the world if it be wholly lost to save here and there a soul, will not linger in the death-chamber to see how long the doctor's oxygen of Federation defers the inevitable.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and so must die; that which is born of the spirit is spirit, and can never die. All this clothes-line quarreling of the churches is born of the flesh, and except they be born again of the Spirit of the Coming Age, they cannot see the kingdom of God. Nicodemus saith now as of old time, "How can these things be? Can all the sects enter the second time into their mother's womb and be born?" And, as of old, is the answer: They must be born again. They must start all over, start now as in the very beginning with the vivid expectation of the speedy coming of that age in which the sword of competition shall be beaten into the plowshare of cooperation, so that in no line of effort shall we be forced to skimp wages and scamp wares; when our government in city, state, and nation shall privilege no man or set of men, but shall be so just that it shall be in very deed the kingdom of God. "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us? Why do we deal treacherously, every man against his brother?"

"EVEN SO, COME!"

That was how Christianity started. In their little sodalities they had all things in common, so the Bible says. "The communion of saints" was no empty phrase to them. And why did they look so earnestly for His coming, expecting it any day? Because then that kingdom, the Life of the Coming Age, would spread the whole earth over. And we, too, who see the western sky of this dying day all flaming with the red glow that promises a fair morrow; we, too, who have heard with our ears the oracles of God, speaking to us in the voice of the people last November; we, too, whose hearts are torn with grief at sight of the miseries of our brothers, when the world is rich enough for all; we, too, who see how special privilege rots the very souls of those who hold it; we, too, must pray the words the early Christians prayed, putting our own meaning upon them, it is true, but longing with the same unutterable longing as theirs—we, too, must cry with them, *Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!*

Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—With vivid detail, Mr. Russell pictures, in Switzerland, a country where is no trust, no rebate, no graft, no political boss, no insurance swindle; where public officers perform their duties, and corporations cannot escape publicity; a country freed by a graduated income tax from the threat of vast fortunes. He points out the remarkable excellence of Swiss telegraph, telephone, and post-office service and the Swiss public-school system, due to Government operation strictly for the benefit of the people. The process is described by which within five years the Swiss railroads have passed from private to Government ownership, without confusion or dissatisfaction, and with increase of the "common good." The secret of all this, Mr. Russell logically shows, lies in the Swiss people's adherence to democracy. His detailed explanation of the methods by which they govern themselves directly is at once intensely interesting and hearteningly suggestive.

CHAPTER XII

GOVERNMENTAL PECULIARITIES OF A STRANGE PEOPLE

THE most instructive of human observations seem to pertain to differences in the point of view. Thus, I am an American, let us say, making an automobile tour in Switzerland. On a summer evening I come bowling up one of these entrancing Alpine valleys, perhaps from Spiez to Kandersteg. I roll past the chalet of a Swiss farm, and there at the open window, maybe, sits the farmer, smoking his pipe and looking out contentedly upon the wonderful changing glow on the mountains, the dazzling great white pyramid of the Balmhorn, the shadows creeping toward the timber-line. I look at the farmer and he looks at me, and he seems to me a poor devil and rather to be pitied. His farm, in my eyes, is not much. I make out a patch of potatoes, a patch of yellow wheat, a patch of browning flax, some other patches that I know not. Some cattle are in the barnyard; some fruit-trees stand, heavily laden. I look around the valley that must bound this other man's world, and with all its loveliness it seems painfully narrow and contracted, and I think his lot is hard and he is very un-

fortunate; and so, letting out a link of the controller, I speed on.

If I be a typical American it will amaze and perplex me to learn that with feelings of still greater pity the farmer has been regarding me. I have been pleased to think him ignorant, and probably somewhat barbarous. I shall be astonished to find, if ever I make inquiry, that he has books and daily newspapers, a house furnished with solid comfort and some taste, a little competence safely stored in bank; that he knows quite well what goes on in the great world and has his own opinions about current events. If I had stopped to talk with him, I should have learned with astonishment that he has good store of information about America, that possibly he has even been there and studied it; that he knows quite well the American way of life; he knows about the American trusts and the life-insurance scandals, about our political corruption and our system of boss rule and how far we have departed from our original democratic standards. And knowing the whole story, he looks upon the passing American with pitying eye, as upon one not wise, and infinitely prefers his own estate, his valley, his farm, his freedom, and his invincible independence.

Everything, in the old phrase, is but com-

parative. The American would be unhappy in the Swiss farmer's place; the Swiss farmer would think himself foolish to live as the American lives. Yet, when all allowances have been made for the differences in temperament and tradition, and for a man's natural preference for his own flag and his own soil, it must be admitted that the complacency of the Swiss is not without reason. If to be in harmony with one's surroundings, to work and to thrive a little and to rear children, to have liberty and security and be tolerant and self-respecting constitute any measure of happiness, then the Swiss are by all odds the happiest people in Europe. Such, I think, is the judgment of all observers that have been much among them. You can test it by a simple reference. From every other nation in Europe there is emigration; from Switzerland, little or none. At all times about 300,000 Swiss are in foreign countries, learning languages or methods of combining travel with work, but they come home, always they come home. The typical Swiss never thinks of making permanent residence outside of Switzerland, or, if once thinking so, he changes his mind when he makes trial thereof.

And, indeed, life in Switzerland seems on the whole wonderfully sane and comfortable and yielding much to all that share it. Let me not speak disparagingly. Life doubtless seems sane enough in other places; but here is still a difference. In Switzerland man lives without feudal surveillance or autocratic interference. In Switzerland are no disguised police agents slinking behind you in the streets to hear your conversation, or furtively edging toward you at a café table, or watching you from corners; and having had elsewhere some experiences with this snaky tribe, I testify to the blessing of their absence. In Switzerland are no offensive, arrogant army officers to crowd you from the sidewalk, to overawe citizens, and to insult women. In Switzerland is no rampant militarism with its nasty scandals and its iron hand heavy upon the people. In Switzerland are no privileged classes, no nobles, no hereditary rulers, no arbitrary enactments, no oppressive taxation, no kings, no kaisers, no aristocracy, real or imitation, no vestige of any government that the people themselves have not created and do not from day to day direct.

Whether we like or dislike the admission, we shall confess, if we know them intimately, that the Swiss fare exceedingly well. In Switzerland are no trusts, no criminal

conspiracies of capital, no "Systems," no Standard Oil Companies, no advancing and swelling money autocracies to corrupt the courts and seize the Government, no special enactments for favored speculators, no purchased elections, no political bosses, no crooked Congressmen, no greasy Senators elected by the railroad companies, no public officers maintained by thieving corporations, no Aldriches, no Depews, no Platts, no Forakers, no persons that in the least resemble this precious crew. In Switzerland is no gang of public plunderers operating under the shield of the Government, no theft of the public lands, no exchange of campaign subscriptions for Government favors, no John D. Rockefeller, no H. H. Rogers, no Ogden Armour, no Pierpont Morgan—on a great scale or a small is none of these nor likely to be. Finally, in Switzerland is no menace that the country's resources will be absorbed by a few individuals, no tremendous threat of the accumulative power of great fortunes. It is no wonder that the Swiss comes home.

And yet Switzerland should be confronted with all of our problems. It is an industrial country; it carries on most of the honest industries that we have, and with some of them does better than we. It is a business country; it has manufactures and commerce; our imports from one Swiss town pay \$6,000,000 a year in duties. It is a country of a "mixed population"; its public business is transacted in three languages. It is a country of great enterprises and undertakings, some of them greater than ours. And yet I cannot deny that the Swiss have found a way to do these things without making a mess of them and to maintain a republic without dragging it in the mire.

In Switzerland is as much interest in politics as in America and elections are more frequent. In Switzerland are political parties as sharply differentiated as ours and as closely matched. In Switzerland is no such thing as a political boss, no municipal corruption, no franchise-stealing, no bribery, no boodling, no "big mitt," and no graft.

In Switzerland there is no corporation graft; there is no political graft. In no possible way could such a thing as the Equitable scandal develop there, no such a thing as the Beef Trust, no such a thing as one of our railroads tottering under its vast load of watered stock and fraudulent bonds. The Swiss seem to be able to conduct their enterprises without defrauding anybody. They have railroads without watered stock, insurance companies with-

out robbing the policy-holders or rigging the stock-market, corporations without guile, and industrial developments without trusts.

And another strange thing: in Switzerland they have no idea that they are essentially idiots and must have great men and superior and divinely gifted intellects to rule them and tell them what to do about their affairs. They do not think much of "ruling" in Switzerland, nor much of the idea of divinely gifted intellects. All are great men in Switzerland, and one is as great and as divinely gifted as another. To the Swiss mind the great men are those that do something in science or literature, like Agassiz or de Saussure; but they have no particular fancy to be "ruled" by anybody, however great. You will find many an intelligent Swiss that cannot tell you the name of the President of Switzerland. He knows the name of the President of the United States, always, but he does not know who is at the head of his own country. Not because the interest he takes in his political affairs is small, for it is very great; but because who may be President of Switzerland is not important. Whoever he is, he amounts to nothing, he effects nothing, he "rules" nothing.

The only rulers of Switzerland are the Swiss people.

It has never occurred to the Swiss that their President's vocation is to make business good, the weather propitious, the fields fertile, and the crops abundant. They have never ascribed good times to his benignant, nor bad times to his malevolent, influence. If you were to tell a Swiss that the President of the Republic keeps a magic wand and when he waves it all the factories run full time, the tradesmen prosper, the workmen have good wages, he would merely laugh at you. They are a peculiar people, the Swiss; I must suppose they are obtuse about these things. A Cleveland business man, rich, prosperous, and presumably intelligent, assured me last winter that President Roosevelt, by his personal influence, had erected twenty-eight business blocks in Cleveland and one in South Youngstown. Perhaps he did it by incantations. I repeated this once to a Swiss gentleman, but he only stared and said he could not see how the thing worked.

The Swiss conception of a public office seems equally odd. Certain men are hired to do what the Swiss people tell them to do. That is all. A Swiss public officer would not think it well to take office and then refuse or neglect to perform the duty he was hired to

perform; he would not think it conducive to health. If he were put into office to prosecute public thieves he would proceed to prosecute them. They might be some of the best fellows in the world, and great friends of his party and otherwise admirable; he would plod on and prosecute them. And he would convict them. And they would be sentenced to prison. And there would be no new trials, no reversals, no stays, no delays. Once condemned, the criminals would go to prison and remain there until their sentences expired, and meantime fare exactly like any other thieves. And that seems to be one good reason why there are no public thieves in Switzerland. Thieving is not a healthful occupation there; people do not yearn for it. In America a judge of a Federal Court found on investigation that the Beef Trust had been violating the law. He issued an injunction forbidding it to continue to violate the law. For two years nothing was done to enforce that injunction and nothing has ever been done to punish the Trust for the offenses of which the judge had found it guilty. The method in Switzerland is different—very different, in fact. There are no unenforced laws nor disregarded injunctions in Switzerland. On the whole the Swiss method seems to have advantages. It saves the law from falling into general disrepute. It discourages gentlemen from operating Amalgamated Copper deals. It bars out bribery factories such as Mr. Lawson has described in Massachusetts. It saves the country from the spectacle of Attorney-Generals apparently in league with lawbreakers. We had a case in America once where a Federal District Attorney wanted to indict some very notorious Trust thieves and an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States traveled from Washington to Chicago to prevent the indictment. The Swiss method would seem to obviate such travel and have other commendable points about it. I should like to see the Swiss method tried once in America. It might reduce our household expenses.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THE SWISS DEAL WITH THE POLITICAL BOSS AND THE CORPORATION THIEF PROBLEMS

THE Government of Switzerland is not far from a pure democracy. It is the most democratic government in the world. The

Swiss people manage their own affairs in their own way, as seems good to them, and without regard to any other consideration. *No law is on the Swiss statute books that a majority of the Swiss people do not wish to have there; if such a law existed they could get it out and tramp on it in a few hours. There is not a law that a majority of the Swiss people want and cannot have at any time, and after they have it they can repeal it any time they are tired of it.* There is no authority in Switzerland but the decision of the Swiss people, and no court can interfere with that decision. No man holds an elective office in Switzerland without the clear warrant of a majority of the people, and no movement is made by the Swiss Government because it is wise or politic, or for any other reason than because it is the will of the plain common people of the country.

The situation in such a country seems worth careful attention. The population of Switzerland is 3,425,000. Suffrage is universal. At any time a certain number of citizens (varying from 30,000 to 50,000 under different conditions) can suggest to their countrymen anything that pleases them or does not please them, any law they wish to have passed or repealed, anything they want the Government to do or not to do. Whereupon the people express their opinion on the matter, and as the majority thinks, so becomes the law or so performs the Government. Certain classes of laws must be submitted to such a popular vote before they become operative; all laws can be so submitted at any time the public desires to vote upon them.

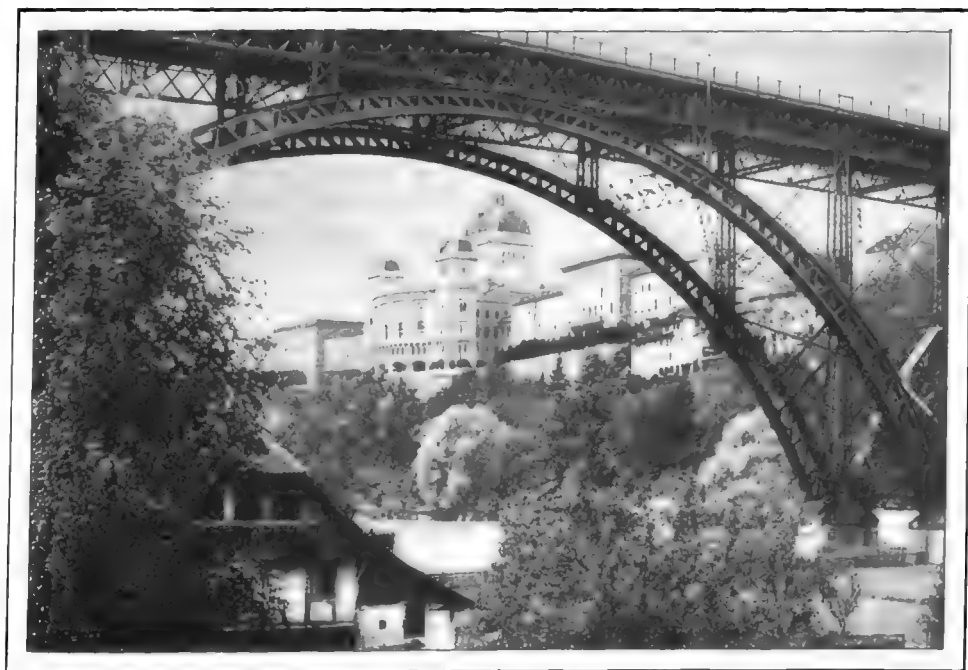
What is true, in this respect, of Switzerland as a whole is true of each of the twenty-two cantons in its separate affairs. Any act of any cantonal government can be overturned at any time; any cantonal government can be instructed at any time to do anything a majority of the people wish it to do. Through the operation of the people's right known as the Initiative, a small percentage of the citizens sign a petition demanding that a question be submitted to the test of a popular vote. Thereupon the Government has no choice; within a specified time it must submit the question, whatever that may be. This direct submission of a question to the people is called the Referendum. Everywhere in Switzerland these two instruments of direct legislation work in small matters and in great. In September, 1905, the Grand Council (answerable in our system to a state legislature)

of the Canton of Lucerne decided to add one-quarter of one per cent. to the real-estate tax, which had been three-quarters of one per cent. No one complained greatly, for the Lucerne people are well-to-do, but to a part of the inhabitants the increase seemed hardly necessary. So a petition was circulated, in a few days it secured the needed signatures, the election followed, and the result sustained the Grand Council. I may point out here that this method has undeniable advantages in celerity and certainty. In another country the increase would have been resisted through many courts in a contest lasting many years, fringed with injunctions and hung about with reversals, and finally the Supreme Court would have rendered a decision nullifying everything that had been said on the subject. In Switzerland the people are the Supreme Court. They are also the President, the Cabinet, the Congress, the party boss, the power behind the throne, the national conventions, the legislature, the city council, the mayor, and the machine. No power on earth can interfere with them. If they were to decree to have state oil refineries, for instance, they would have them—in the middle of the street, or in the town-hall, or in the Stadt Park, if they wanted them there—and no court would be strong enough to stop them for so much as one minute.

As no man can assume to deliver to the corporations any legislation for their benefit, the people being likely at any time to upset it, there is no room for a political boss in Switzerland. It is only the corporations that make and support bosses.

Of course this system makes many elections, which on the authority of the wise is said to be an evil, I know not why; but a Swiss election is different from anything we know. Switzerland takes her elections easily; she has mild attacks. The Swiss bothers little with conventions, national committees, state committees, the curious and fatuous frenzy of campaign oratory, or with elaborate machinery. He makes up his mind about the question at issue, deposits his vote, and goes about his business. Switzerland in the throes of an election contest is like Switzerland at any other time. The throes are indiscernible.

The people are so well accustomed to deciding questions of Government that voting seems to them much like eating their breakfasts; they do it and proceed to other matters.



THE GOVERNMENT PALACES OF SWITZERLAND, AT BERN.

Nothing is so hard for a Swiss to understand about America as why we tear ourselves to tatters over an election.

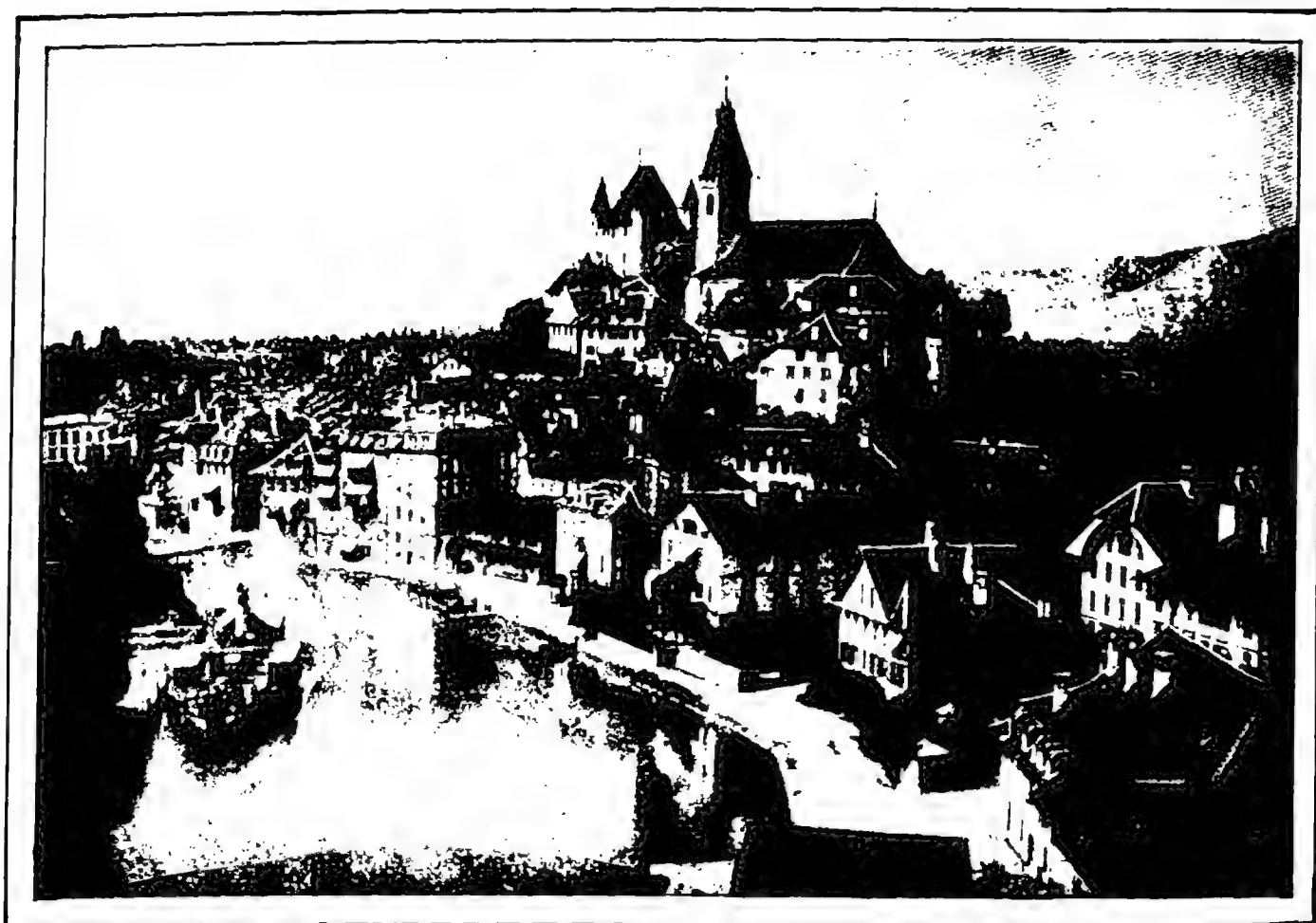
I have a Swiss friend that is a porter at a railroad station. He spent twelve years in the United States. When he came back and told his untraveled friends about an American election, they held him to be an untruthful person. They would not expend so much of their good time on fifty elections.

We may safely conclude that the first reason why the Swiss fare well in their affairs is that the Government is strictly of their own making; if there is anything they do not like they can have it remedied quickly and radically. They know at all times that the conditions in which they live have been made by themselves and exist only by their sanction. Nothing is forced upon them. They are not called upon to endure anything of which they do not approve. They have at all times in their hands a machine mobile, swift, and efficient by which they can work reforms and effect changes.

The next reason seems to be that their system of taxation has elements that make for the general welfare. It is far from a perfect system; in only one place in this world can you find a perfect system, and that is in a text-

book on Political Economy; but the Swiss system seems to have merits. Unfortunately it differs somewhat in the different states (or cantons) and the differences are perplexing to the foreigner. But in most of the cantons the principle is this: The tax is levied upon incomes. Every person in receipt of \$100 a year or more pays for the support of the Government. If the income is \$100, he pays three cents a year for every \$20 of income. If the income is more the rate is increased until on an income of \$1,000 a year the citizen pays \$3.25 for every \$100 he receives. You can see that this system tends materially to discourage the process of building gigantic fortunes. Before the fortune could become gigantic the tax rate would amount to something like confiscation.

The next reason why the Swiss fare well is that their public-school system is probably the best in the world, and with them public-school education is practically compulsory. You can send your child to a private school (in some cantons) if you insist upon so doing, but the face of the Government and the force of public opinion are sternly against the practise. In the canton of Solothurn private schools are absolutely forbidden. In other cantons a private-school pupil must secure a



THUN: A TYPE OF THE COMFORTABLE, WELL-ADMINISTERED SWISS TOWN.

formal permit from the local authorities, and in some cantons he must pay a charge to the public funds. The idea is that the public schools are good enough for all, that rich and poor are to meet there on even terms, that the public school is the nursery of democracy and patriotism; above all, that democracy is the life-blood and strength and very soul of the Republic, and the Republic is Switzerland and without the Republic Switzerland is nothing. Private schools for Swiss children are few in number, and such as exist are under the strict supervision of the state. Education is a serious matter in Switzerland; there is no escape from it. A parent must send his children to school or go himself to jail. They kept a Seventh-Day Adventist in jail for two years because he refused to let his child attend school on Saturdays. As it then seemed likely he would spend the rest of his life in a cell, he surrendered.

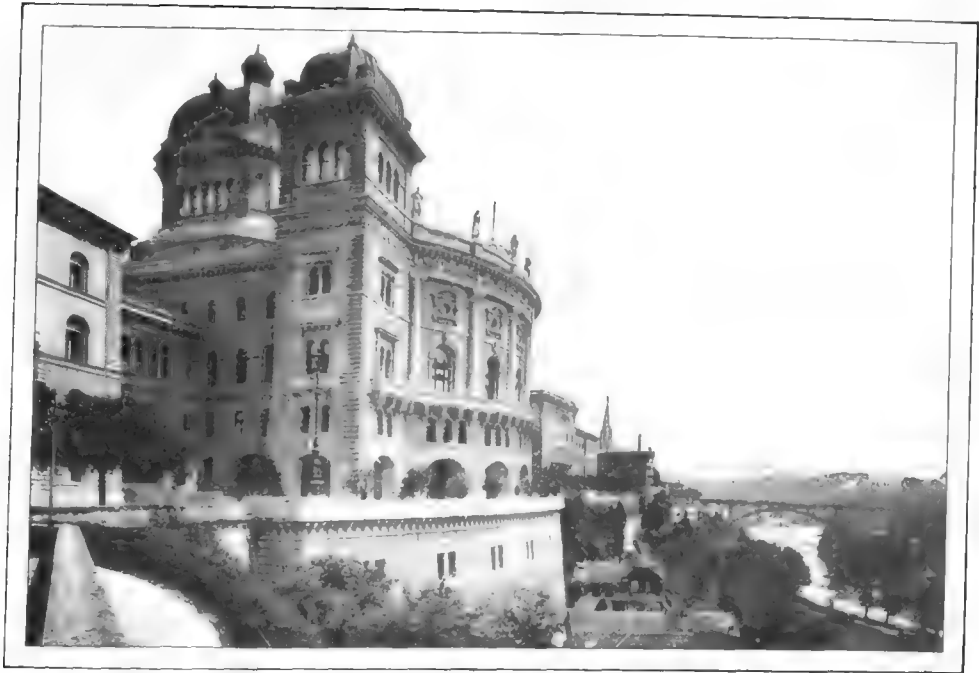
Switzerland spends \$11,000,000 a year on its schools; its population is 3,425,000. Therefore, the rest of Europe thinks the Swiss are more or less insane about education. If it were not for the few people that live in remote inaccessible mountain regions there would be no such thing as an illiterate Swiss. As it is, he is a rare bird. The Army examina-

tions show only 24 in 10,000 unable to read, and these are always the scattered dwellers on lonely mountain peaks.

Everything is furnished free in the Swiss schools: books, slates, pens and paper, drawing instruments, everything that the student needs at any stage. The schools are under strict and regular medical inspection. There are about 600,000 school children. The state maintains 299 trade-schools, 218 house-keeping schools, many agricultural schools. Besides these are the great Federal Polytechnicum at Zurich and other polytechnic schools maintained by the Confederation. Six great universities, Bern, Geneva, Basel, Zurich, Lausanne, and Fribourg, and a college at Neuchâtel complete the educational scheme.

Tuition fees in the Swiss Polytechnic schools are nominal—\$20 a year—and this charge is remitted in the case of poor students. More than that, there is a state fund to defray the expenses of the impecunious. To such the authorities say:

"Here are certain sums of money to be given to you in your school course. When you leave this institution you will begin to make your way in the world. You ought then to regard this money as a loan and to



THE TERRACE OF THE GOVERNMENT PALACE AT BERN.

repay it as you can, so that it may be used to help others situated as you are. But there is no compulsion about it."

In practically every case the money has been repaid.

The next reason why the Swiss do so well is that their Government is conducted solely for their benefit and not to exploit individual fortunes nor with Krag-Jorgensens to spread the blessings of Swiss civilization around the world. Moreover, it has never occurred to the Swiss that their Government should assist traffic by placing obstacles in its way. In our own happy land, Mr. Thomas C. Platt and the Vanderbilt family's American Express Company will not let us send through the Government mails a package weighing more than four pounds. In Switzerland you can send through the mails a house and lot or a million tons of pig iron if you please and will pay the postage. The Government does not care how much you send; send all you like; the more the better. The Government will despatch wagons for your pig iron anywhere you wish, and at the other end of the line it will deliver wherever you say, and the transit will be quick and safe. Or, if you wish, the Government will transport the iron and collect your bill for it from the purchaser

and deliver the money to you at your house, or your office, or your hotel. Or if you owe money and wish to pay it, in your own town or any other, you can give the money to the post-office and it will deliver it to your debtor wherever he is and bring you a receipt. If you live in the country you can pay the money to the letter-carrier and he will attend to the payment. The Swiss Government, you perceive, has no particular desire to further the business of bankers, and it does not care a rap whether banks are campaign subscribers or not.

If you wish to forward your baggage, perhaps in advance of your journey, the post-office sends for it, and when you reach your destination your baggage awaits you at your house or hotel. Whether one trunk or fifty makes no difference. The sums you pay for this admirable service are trifling. I have sent a box weighing twenty pounds half-way across Switzerland for twelve cents, the postal officers calling for and delivering it. On a package weighing one and one-tenth pounds you pay three cents; up to five and one-half pounds, five cents; to eleven pounds, eight cents; to twenty-two pounds, fourteen cents; to thirty-three pounds, twenty cents; to forty-four pounds, thirty cents. These rates



A WONDERFUL DOUBLE LOOP, THROUGH TUNNELS, ON THE FAMOUS GOTTHARD RAILROAD, SOON TO BE OWNED BY THE SWISS NATION.

apply between any two post-offices in Switzerland. For packages weighing more than forty-four pounds, there are rates by the distance, varying from six cents to twenty-four cents for every eleven pounds.

This same Government operates all the telephones in Switzerland—for the convenience and benefit of the people. The charge for a telephone in Switzerland is \$8 a year, and one cent for each call within the city or district in which you live. For long-distance telephoning the charges are from three cents to fifteen cents according to distance, fifteen cents being the highest charge. For fifteen cents you can telephone from Schuls in the east to Neuchâtel in the west, 175 miles of line. From Brooklyn to New York you pay fifteen cents; for the like distance in Switzerland you would pay three cents. Telephones are very common in Switzerland. The service is as remarkable for its smooth excellence as for its cheapness.

This Government also operates the telegraph system—for the public benefit—maintaining what is said to be the best telegraph service in the world. In proportion to the population, Switzerland has more miles of line and, I think, more offices than any other

country. You can send a telegram anywhere in Switzerland for six cents and half a cent a word. Thus a message of ten words costs eleven cents. You can put postage-stamps on a telegram and drop it into a post-office or a letter-box and you do not have to think of it again; it will be forwarded promptly. The Swiss post-office, by the way, is highly praised by experts. The Rural Free Delivery lately installed with much éclat in the United States has been in operation in Switzerland for years and years. In the towns and cities collections and deliveries are twice as numerous as with us. The Swiss post-office operates all the diligences (stage-coaches) and post carriages on the Alpine passes and roads. The number is very large, but all travelers that have used them will feel a sentimental regret that these comfortable conveyances are passing away. The steady extension of the Swiss railroad system is obviating the need for the good old diligence. Eventually it will exist only in tradition, reminiscence—and literature. The cunning and daring Swiss engineers, who think nothing of constructing a railroad by spiral tunnels up the inside of a mountain, have doomed the diligence.



LEUKERBAD: THE TYPICAL CLEAN, HONEST, PROSPEROUS, WELL-GOVERNED SWISS VILLAGE.

This Government, also, will not grant a franchise to any public enterprise except with the provision that after a lapse of years the State may purchase the undertaking if it shall see fit. In this way most of the street-car lines in Swiss cities have gone to the municipalities, and those still in private hands will eventually pass into public ownership. I have spoken of the admirable traction system of Zurich. The lines comprise in all twenty-five and one-half miles of trackage. The receipts in 1904 were \$343,850, on which the city profits were \$138,095. Of these profits \$19,000 went to a surplus fund for renewals, \$10,000 to the sinking-fund to meet the purchase bonds, \$63,258 to pay the interest on these obligations, and \$45,837 was turned into the general funds of the city—"for the Common Good," as the Zurich people express it. The lines carried in 1904 14,297,000 persons, an increase of one million over 1903. The total sum paid for damages resulting from accidents to others than employees was \$237. To injured workmen on its lines the city paid \$2,000. No suits were necessary to enforce these claims; they were paid because they were just. No politics entered into the conduct of the road. All the details of its operations, the receipts

and expenditures to the last centime were published in pamphlets. Every citizen of Zurich could know as much as the manager about the finances of the lines.

This brings me naturally to the next reason why the Swiss do so well. Everything done by their Government is done out in the daylight; they can know all about it if they wish. And the Government makes sure that if it practises no hugger-mugger itself it allows no one else to practise hugger-mugger either. Its hand is upon every corporation, big or little, public or private, that transacts a dollar's worth of business in Switzerland. Every Swiss corporation must publish at regular intervals in each year a detailed and exact statement of its condition, the amount of business it has transacted, its profits and the disposition thereof—all in plain black and white. The penalties for juggling with the figures are such that the corporations do not dare to lie; for in Switzerland no distinctions are drawn between corporation rascality and individual rascality, and the officers are held personally responsible for the corporation's acts. The Government provides an official periodical for these reports; no stock company can escape its columns. *Moreover, a corporation in Switzerland has no chance to play tricks on*



THE GREAT RAILROAD STATION AT BERN, LATELY BECAME THE PROPERTY OF THE SWISS PEOPLE.

its stockholders. Any two stockholders can at any time demand to see the books or know anything they wish to know about the concern. If a corporation should refuse the information, the stockholders would go into court and the court would in an hour have the whole thing into the sunlight and some of its officers on the road to jail. In Switzerland they know what corporations are and take no chances. They say they have no intention of being throttled by that particular constrictor, anyway.

Trusts and "Systems" are impossible in Switzerland, not alone because of this fatal publicity, but because stock-watering and stock-kiting are practically prevented. A corporation that desires to increase its capital stock must give due notice by publication and then bring the project before an open meeting of the stockholders. As the condition of the company is a matter of open record any unjustifiable increase is instantly detected and can be stopped.

Insurance scandals and swindles such as we have recently been regaled with could never occur in Switzerland. This Government looks upon insurance as a thing vitally concerning most of its citizens and to be watched lest the public interests suffer. Therefore, it keeps the insurance companies under in-

cessant supervision and inspection. They must show what they do with their money, and if they fall to fooling with their reserves and surpluses, out they go from Switzerland. There are no profitable "side syndicates" for insurance directors here, no stock pools, no checks for Mr. Depew, no dinners for actresses, no campaign subscriptions. The Government would instantly detect the missing money and demand to know about it. Foreign insurance companies doing business in Switzerland must make regular returns of all the policies they issue and invest a certain proportion of the total in Swiss property, and this property the Government is prepared to confiscate at any time for the benefit of the policy-holders.

Again, this Government does not allow gentlemen to make great fortunes by selling things unfit for food—poisoned meat, for instance. No Beef Trust could ever exist in Switzerland, nor any private interference with the food-supply, for the simple reason that the Government does all the slaughtering in its own slaughter-houses under its own sanitary supervision. No private person is allowed to slaughter animals for food. Those interested in the subject may care to know that no "lumpy jaw" cattle are eaten in Switzerland,



TYPE OF COTTAGE IN WHICH THE FREE SWISS FARMER FINDS CONTINENT.

and few Swiss have cancer. On the whole, the Swiss seem to have rather the best of us in this regard. I recall the grisly secrets of Chicago Packingtown, the doors behind which no one is allowed to go, the horrible filth, the "lumpy jaw" cattle, and the swine with tuberculosis that go somewhere and do not return—the hideous revelations of the *London Lancet*. Are we quite sure we can teach everything to the Swiss? At least they know, when they sit down to dinner, that they are not to eat cancer germs, nor infected pork, nor the flesh of animals that have died natural deaths. They also know that they are not paying artificial tribute to private fortunes. Suppose the State of Illinois owned and operated all the slaughter-houses within its borders. How long would the American Beef Trust last? Five minutes? Perhaps you think I have raised an unnecessary alarm about infected meat. I have here a statement from Dr. D. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States. He says:

"Since the federal inspection has been established for meat shipped in the interstate trade, the tendency is to send known diseased animals to the slaughter-houses that kill for the local trade, and have little, if any, in-

spection. And unquestionably many badly diseased animals get upon the market and are eaten."

Not in Switzerland. The Swiss have no fancy for ptomains and bacteria.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW THE SWISS DEAL WITH THE REBATE PROBLEM

THE railroads of Switzerland were built by private capital and until five years ago all were operated by corporations. On January 1, 1901, the leading lines, except two, passed into the hands of the Government. This was the result of a referendum, at which the vote was the largest ever cast on such an occasion. In 1891 the project of Government purchase had been submitted to the people and defeated. Switzerland had then a small national debt and the country hesitated to create a great one. Moreover, the terms of the proposed purchase seemed unfair. But the feeling in favor of public ownership grew, the new proposal was of fairer nature, and when the final test came the purchase was carried by a large majority.



THE SWISS CITY OF ZURICH, WHOSE ADMINISTRATION WISELY PROVIDES FOR "THE COMMON GOOD."

Since then another great system has been absorbed, and at present only one considerable railroad in Switzerland, the famous Gotthard, remains outside of Government hands. It is ripening toward its fall; in 1909 it will join the others in the Government's net.

The manner of the absorption should have some interest. The general plan of the purchase was to capitalize the earning power of the railroads on a four per cent. basis. As the value is entirely dependent ultimately on earning capacity, this was the only fair hypothesis upon which to proceed. The average net earnings of the preceding years were, therefore, taken. This multiplied by twenty-five would determine the capitalization which would earn four per cent. The sum total for the roads involved, by this method of calculation, was about \$186,000,000. The railroad companies, profitable enterprises, were not partial to surrendering their property, and objected to the details of the plan. Negotiations consumed some months, for the Government seemed desirous to be fair and to listen to all representations. In the end, the general plan, as above outlined, was offered as the ultimatum, though somewhat modified by varying conditions.

Having fixed upon the purchase price, the

current assets were utilized to offset the current liabilities and funded or fixed debt. Whatever liabilities remained, which must be met dollar for dollar, were deducted from the purchase price. The balance, naturally, belonged to the stockholders, and was distributed to them *pro rata* in federal bonds.

Thus, in the case of the Swiss Central Railroad, the purchase price, twenty-five times the average net earnings, was \$38,500,000. After deducting the current assets from the company's fixed liabilities, there still remained an indebtedness of \$25,400,000, which was deducted from the purchase price, leaving for the stockholders an equity of \$13,100,000, which was distributed among them in federal annuity bonds. These bonds run for twenty years and are then redeemable or may be continued as the Government prefers. The face value of the company's shares was \$100. By the purchase arrangement the bonds are to be redeemed at \$150, on which the interest they bear amounts to four per cent. The first purchase proposal, rejected at a former referendum, would have netted the shareholders \$200 a share. The net earnings of the road more than provide for the interest.

The bargain seems not to have been par-

particularly hard, although some of the roads had been paying for years four to six per cent. dividends. They were allowed to share among their stockholders all their surplus funds, undivided profits, and reserves, and it was stipulated that in no case should the purchase price be less than the amount actually and legitimately invested in the railroad. The Government then took over the rolling-stock and appurtenances at an appraisal of their actual value, and the transaction was complete. The Government's investment was \$200,000,000.

The stockholders did not relish any part of the proceedings, and at the time of the referendum a concerted and desperate effort was made to show the poor misguided people that government ownership always had been and always must be disastrous, and that private enterprise can always do anything very much better than any government can do it. The people seem not to have been greatly impressed by this logic. After the referendum some of the stockholders had recourse to lawsuits. They had no show in the world, for a very simple reason. The charters of the railroads had provided that the Government should at stated intervals have the right to purchase if it desired, and in Switzerland you cannot juggle with charters and franchises.

As to the success of government ownership of railroads in Switzerland, I have found but one opinion, though there may be others—in minute quantities. The Swiss believe they have reaped solidly from their bargain. Their railroad service has been increased and extended; about ten per cent. more trains are run. Rates, passenger and freight, have been reduced, for the Government took the lowest rate in force anywhere on any of the railroads and made that the standard rate for all the railroads, a reduction of about four per cent. The quality of the service has been bettered; a lot of old rolling-stock has been thrown upon the junk-heap and new cars and new locomotives built in place thereof. Road-beds, tracks, and stations have been replaced and rebuilt. When the Government bought the roads most of them were single-tracked; it is engaged in double-tracking all the important lines. New kinds of reduced-fare tickets have been introduced. The system has been unified. New connections have been established. The machine has revolved with exceeding smoothness. No one has detected a loss in efficiency; indeed, strange as it may seem, the assertion has been

made that the employees work more cheerfully and with greater interest for their Government than they worked for the companies.

Moreover, the investment seems to be profitable. The expenditures required to put the lines into good condition have been large, but they have been met out of the profits of operation. More than \$330,000 has been put aside every year for the sinking-fund to cover the purchase price. The interest on the bonds has been provided. With two more years of necessary improvements and extensions out of the way, the railroads promise merchantable returns to the public treasury.

At the same time wages have been increased and more men are employed. All employees have now one day of rest in seven, annual holidays, sick and disabled benefits, increased pay with length of service up to certain limits, and pensions when they are retired. If they lose their lives in the service, their widows and children receive pensions. Finally, the Government has enforced a rule that no man shall work more than ten and a half hours in twenty-four. It has no idea of precipitating the accidents that are due to overworked employees.

Railroad-building in Switzerland is abnormally expensive because of the nature of the country. Hence fares and rates have always been high. I give some specimens of the present tariffs. On ordinary single tickets, one way, first class fares average 3.24 cents a mile; second class, 2.42 cents a mile; third class, 1.63 cents a mile. Ordinary return tickets are: first class, 3.03 cents a mile; second class, 2 cents a mile; third class, 1.30 cents a mile. But circular tickets and excursion tickets are issued at a reduction of one-third from the price of single-trip tickets. Commutation tickets (short distances) are sold at the rate of one and three-eighths cents a mile for first class, one cent a mile for second class, and five-eighths of a cent a mile for third class, while tickets for working men and school children are even cheaper, coming down to 1.28 cents a mile for first class, .96 of a cent a mile for second class, and one-third of a cent a mile for third class, which seems cheaper than staying at home. Another kind of ticket enables one to travel without limit on all the railroads of Switzerland one month for \$22 first class, \$15 second class, \$11 third class. Or you can get one of these tickets, good for six months, for \$104 first class, \$59 second class, and \$45 third class.

Because of the railroad conditions only,

even if there were no enforced publicity, no graduated income tax, no defenses against stock-watering, no laws against juggling and trick-playing, still no trust could ever make headway in Switzerland. Oppressive trusts are built through rebates, discriminations, and special privileges granted by railroads. There are no rebates, discriminations, nor special privileges in Switzerland. *In Switzerland a man buys transportation exactly as we buy postage-stamps. It makes no difference who the purchaser is, rich or poor, good fellow or bad, friend of mine or enemy, campaign subscriber or not, manufacturer or day-laborer, he gets exactly the same rate always, invariably, inflexibly the same.* And it makes no difference whether he ship one car or one million, he gets the one rate always, exactly the same. And there are no rebates about it, and no hat-band tricks. There are three classifications in the Swiss service: package-freight, half carloads, and carloads; and these classifications are the same for all shippers at all times with one carload or one million.

Railroad-ownership on a large scale is an experiment in Switzerland. The other features of Swiss life I have described have long ceased to be experiments and become demonstrated facts. Beyond question they do well for Switzerland; in fact they comprise the smooth success of this unique government. If any one seeks the heart of the Swiss achievement it is easily found. The Swiss have held fast to their democratic faith, and in Switzerland the plain every-day people are the unquestioned lords of the land.

To be sure it is a small country—3,425,000 inhabitants, 25,825 square miles. Yet the main question is not the size of a country, but whether it has succeeded in establishing good government, whether it has in any degree secured the liberty, happiness, safety, welfare, and intellectual progress of its people, whether it has protected them against greed and arbitrary power. And in these respects the Government of Switzerland is without a peer in Europe.

Switzerland has poor people; also it has rich. Whoever looks here for a solution of the

problem of superfluity and privation must take it with many allowances. But the poor are not often very poor, the rich are not very rich; the utmost extremes are nearer together than in any other land of my knowledge, and between dwells an unequaled percentage of those upon whom the burden of life is easy, who have enough and somewhat to spare. And I add that the insignificant fortunes of those that are called rich have had origin in individual effort; they have not been built by illegal alliances, by covert protection and purchased immunity. And I add that the poverty is for the most part the poverty of nature, the poverty of thin soils, stony valleys, and bleak mountains. The poor of Switzerland are not poor because the greed of man has hemmed them in and preyed upon them and denied them light and air and opportunity. In all Switzerland are no slums, no such frightful regions as those to which we are accustomed in English cities of the size of Zurich or of the size of Bern; nothing that in the least suggests the reeking back alleys and fetid tenements of Paterson, Fall River, Lowell, and other places I know at home. No such frightful regions, no such terrible and saddening contrasts, no faces like the Whitechapel faces, no such appalling curse as rests upon the smoldering hells of York and Bristol. *Nearer than any of the rest of us the Swiss have come to the solving of the problem. And by what art? The simplest in the world, the simplest and surest. Direct government by the people, equality, fraternity, the old ideals of Swiss freedom unsmirched and unimpaired, the spirit as resolute against modern as it was against medieval feudalism have wrought these things. The Swiss have perceived that however names change, the principle of the contest remains the same. Hence the Republic undefiled.* Do you remember Swinburne's "Switzerland" sung thirty years ago?

I am she that shows on mighty limbs and maiden
Nor chain nor stain.
For what blood can touch these hands with gold un-
laden,
These feet what chain?

In the May issue of "**Soldiers of the Common Good**" Mr. Russell will continue his accounts of European solutions of American problems.



The VANITY OF GREAT SHIPS

By Theodore Roberts

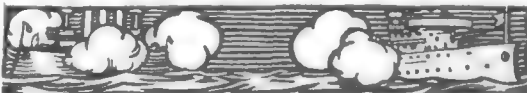


IN their might and pride they sailed,
Sun-emblazoned and fog-veiled,
Cheered on by the winds of heaven:
Now they lie beslimed and riven—
They that won and they that failed!

In their might and pride they steamed
Where the long lights washed and gleamed,
Cruising for their country's glory:
Now the world forgets their story
As a vision it had dreamed!

Crimson shone their eager star! . . .
Now torn plate and shattered spar
Crumble in the long release—
Now the blind tides bring them peace
That were fashioned so for war!

LOUIS
FLEMING
✠





THE CIRCLE.

The Oracles of the Stove

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

WANT ter drive over ter th' store?" asked Mr. Currier one evening as I sat by the front window, gazing into the heart of the night, while strings of sleet slapped the small window-panes venomously.

Ordinarily I should have refused the invitation, but to-night the weather was so foul, the wind so dreary, and my life so dull that any change was welcome. I nodded my head gloomily and wondered if the storm was blowing the leaves over the Widow Pashley's grave. Possibly it was because I had attended her funeral that afternoon that now I felt so melancholy.

"Si's goin', too," said Mr. Currier. "But I guess we all three can ride 'f I take th' concord. Bad night ter be spilled in."

Again I nodded, but my thoughts were outside in the little cemetery. My first term

of school was nearly half over, and I had tried to enjoy life in the rural community and had come to believe that homesickness would trouble me no more. But the chill wind and the gray November sky, and the look of the naked, scrubby growth on the brown hillsides, as seen from Methuel Currier's porch through the thin dusk of late afternoon, impressed me as being desolate and dreary—very dreary. I had carried the picture inside, and even Mrs. Currier's observation that "hot tea and saleratus biscuit go good after funerals" failed to revive my spirits.

I wondered what Jeff Pashley would do, now his mother was dead. I had learned his story from the Curriers and had come to have a strong liking for the man; possibly because we were both strangers in the district. But there was a reserve that neither I

nor the good people in "Deestric" No. 6 could break through. He was about fifty-five years old and in person slight and wiry, with a cold, proud air that ill became a tiller of a rocky Maine farm. His story, in brief, was the old one of a youngster running away to war in the early '60's and failing to return until almost too late. His father had been hard on him, some of the older people told me, and died believing his son had fallen in battle. Three years before I came to No. 6 he had returned to find his mother aged and worn, but overjoyed at recovering him from the grave. She always called him "that boy, Jeff," and if he were reticent with my host and the other families, there was nothing lacking in his tenderness to her. Under his silent persistence the little farm had been forced to yield a livelihood, and Mrs. Pashley, I am sure, enjoyed more comforts and luxuries in her declining years than ever she had before. Pashley never went to town but he brought her home a new easy chair, books, and what not. I respected him, for all his silent ways, and despite the fact that he had kept away until the eleventh hour.

It was thinking on all this, and a desire to get away from myself, that led me to nod acquiescence to Mr. Currier's proposal and endure Si's noisy tongue for a whole evening. Jessup's was just as much of an institution in the district as was the poor farm. Primarily a general store, it was also the rendezvous for all the farmers far and near, a clearing-house for gossip. While produce was exchanged for canned goods and groceries, little items of personal interest were also bartered, and Dame Gossip, enthroned before the old-fashioned cylinder-stove, ruled until the closing hour. I had been there often enough to realize that no man left the nightly gathering before nine of the clock without standing an excellent chance of being "talked about." Subjects were never lacking for the cynics.

To this desirable gathering we drove through the rain and wind, with mud flying in circles on either side, until I was chilled to the bone. Si was in fine fettle at the prospect of having a whole evening of neighborly vivisection, but Mr. Currier was preoccupied, speculating, I suppose, on whether we were late and had sustained an attack.

On entering Jessup's I was glad to take up a position in a dark corner, out of the way, but where the warmth from the pleasant wood fire played agreeably on my benumbed

limbs. The little circle of oracles was so enveloped in tobacco-smoke that my presence was hardly detected. Si, however, and his employer courted attention by forcing their way to the hearth.

The first words I heard after sliding into my seat came from William Pease, our neighbor, and I noted at once that the game was on. "He sartainly ain't a good pervider," declared William as he skilfully cut a deep notch in a sugar-barrel stave.

"Naw," assented old Jameson Thomas, loading his pipe and shaking his grizzly head sadly; "he ain't a good pervider. I knowed his father when he had a note go ter protest in Portland. Guess he'll have purty tough sleddin' this winter."

Mr. Currier slapped his hands together before the stove and gazed searchingly about to see who was absent; one glance gave him his cue, and he cheerfully added, "Lem Lubert has owed me fer a sheep fer two years."

"He owes Fuller, too," declared Si.

Storekeeper Jessup paused in weighing his hand with four pounds of sugar, ordered by



MR. CURIER GAZED SEARCHINGLY ABOUT.

the Bean boy, and said: "D'ye know, Lem's ben owin' me on a little bill fer more'n seven years. Don't s'pose I'll ever git it."

"I don't have much sympathy fer a man what won't look ahead," remarked Ezra Judkins, holding his boots over the hearth so that the water dripping from them would sizzle.

"Lawd! What a life that man must lead!"



MR. PEASE: "GOIN' MY WAY."

chimed in Jim Lougee, the highway commissioner.

At this point the door opened and a muffled figure stamped noisily in. When the face emerged from the deep coat-collar it was Lem Lubert himself, and I wondered how the iconoclasts would cover their confusion. I had not appreciated the resources of the little group.

William Pease without any hesitation cordially saluted the newcomer with: "Why, hullo, Lem. How be ye?" While the storekeeper smiled warmly and cried: "Always th' same old Lem, rough an' hearty."

What was more, Mr. Pease had the duplicity to make room near the stove with a "Have a chair up here by th' blaze, Lem. How's yer fambly?"

Lem grinned a general acknowledgment to his greeting and cut off a chew of tobacco before replying. Then he said: "Shouldn't wonder 'f them Klinks fambly's got ter be helped by th' town this winter. I heard tell

as how Tom had quit in th' woods an' won't work fer Jerdan any more."

"By vum! Ain't that jest like Tom Klinks. An' he with a fambly of eight," ejaculated Mr. Currier, as he tenderly brushed some rain-drops from Lem's coat-collar.

"It's a shame, way that man shirks his work," declared the storekeeper, adding in the date of the month on Miss Cynthia Hopper's account-book, while that lady, shrewdly discovering the mistake, smiled sweetly and pronounced it a most natural error.

"Yas," assented Si, "he don't seem ter have no thought of th' futer, naw nawthin'."

"Wal," announced Mr. Pease, rising slowly and gazing regretfully at his seat near the raisin-box, "I've got ter go home. Promised my woman I'd be back early ter-night. Ain't some of you fellers goin' my way?"

But none was, and he walked alone to the door, paused a minute, and then, after casting a suspicious glance backward, raised the latch.

"Will's close enough on a bargain," said Commissioner Lougee, making some fine pine shavings.

"Close!" laughed Si sneeringly, helping himself to a prune; "wal, I should say so."

"I hear he tried ter git th' best of Jeff Pashley in a cattle-deal," observed Mr. Currier.

"A man that'll keep away from his mother so long is a purty hard man ter beat," suggested Jessup.

"Not what you'd call a warm-hearted man," sighed Mr. Lougee. "Guess th' war hardened him all right."

"Nattered an' harried him," corrected Si.

It was on my tongue to speak up and remind the group that once he had returned he did not leave his home every night to visit the store, but perhaps it was just as well that Eben Fairbrother's arrival forestalled me. As a country school-teacher it was well that I took no sides; for it was from these gentlemen that my eight dollars a week and board were forthcoming.

"Mis' Lougee wants ye ter come home an' see ter a cow that's took sick, Jim," announced Eben, very cheerful at bearing unwelcome intelligence.

"Dod rot that cow! S'pose I've got ter go," growled Mr. Lougee, rising in disgust and malevolently eying Eben, who was waiting to take his chair. Then he added more gently: "Comin' my way, any of you boys?" But as all preferred to remain, he slammed the door and set off alone.

"Queer how a man'll neglect his critters," observed Eben, taking the vacant seat.

"Don't see how he manages ter git along," said Mr. Lubert, eating a pickle.

"They say his father was peculiar," added old man Thomas.

"Yas," affirmed Si, taking another prune. "I know a man who knowed his father, an' he says th' ol' man was mighty queer."

"Guess it runs in his fambly, all right," summed up the storekeeper, pouring out a quart of beans with his hand inside the measure.

"They say Jeff Pashley's father was hard on him," said Mr. Currier reflectively, as he squinted along a pine-stick to see if it were whittled correctly. "I didn't live here then an' can only speak from hearsay."

"Ye've heard it right enough," declared Jessup, delicately aiding the scales with the index-finger of his right hand. "I guess 'f he'd ben harder 'twould have ben better fer 'em all."

"I guess his mother was too easy on him an' kinder offset th' old man's ha'shness," decided Si. "Wonder what he ever come back fer?"

pausing in cutting off the end of some black plug-tobacco to give vent to his admiration.

"He's after th' property all right," chuckled Mr. Lubert, enjoying the incense of praise.

I knew it mattered little what they said about Pashley; I knew he would never have dignified it by aught but a look, and I knew he would not thank me, comparatively a stranger, to speak in his behalf. Yet I had thrust my head around the stove and was about to give free rein to my hasty tongue, when for the second time a newcomer saved me by turning the conversation into other channels. He was a farmer who wished to sell a tub of butter, and the storekeeper was forced to leave us in order to escort him to the back room where the scales were kept.

"Did ye ever hear that Mr. Jessup didn't treat his fust wife overwell?" inquired Mr. Lubert in a low voice, making a regular onslaught on the raisins.

"Yas, an' I guess there's something in it," replied Mr. Currier, devoting his attention to the dried apples.

Old man Thomas coughed gently over a bit of boneless cod and whispered: "He was



JESSUP DELICATELY AIDING THE SCALES.

"Did ye ever hear of folks bein' sort of kind an' gentle jest ter git hold of a little property?" asked Mr. Lubert, winking one eye slowly.

"Ye're a shrewd one," declared Jessup,

sartainly talked about. No fire, no smoke, ye know."

"Thomas, jest come out here a minute," bawled Jessup. "I want ye ter decide on th' weight of this butter."

"He's goin' ter stand fer head s'lectman, ain't he?" asked Mr. Lubert, looking after Mr. Thomas with a leer.

"Yas, he's goin' ter stand, but that ain't sayin' he'll git it," laughed Mr. Currier.

"I know one vote he won't git," declared Eben Fairbrother stoutly.

"There was some talk of running Jeff Pashley fer office next spring," hinted my host; who, desirous of retaining his office of selectman, was keenly anxious to discover all other booms.

"A man that deserts his mother till she's most ready ter die ain't got much comin' ter him in th' way of political favors," replied Mr. Fairbrother.

"Another thing," added Si: "what do we know about his war record? He never does nawthin' in a military way, such as playin' in th' band, an' I never even see'd him decorate a grave on Decoration Day."

The three men in the back room now fell to arguing violently, the man with the butter to sell being in the minority.

"Wal, dum it all! We'll call in Methuel," the storekeeper said; and my host was requested to "step out here an' see fair play."

"Didn't Methuel's aunt go on th' town farm?" inquired Mr. Lubert, shaving off a bit of cheese with his pocket-knife.

"She did. She married a wuthless cuss," informed Si readily, somewhat to my surprise, for I had always believed that Si was true blue to his employer.

"Sometimes I think Methuel fergits where he sprung from an' gives himself airs," said Mr. Fairbrother, filling his mouth with crackers.

"An' they do say he thinks of runnin' ag'in' Thomas fer s'lectman," chipped in Mr. Judkins.

"That's why he's so keen ter keep Jeff Pashley out of th' runnin'. I never had nawthin' ag'in' Pashley," concluded Mr. Fairbrother.

"Yas, I guess— Why, good evenin', Mis' Philpott. Cold, ain't it?" Si broke off to greet a tall, angular woman muffled in a shawl, who now entered, carrying a large basket.

"That's a queer woman," spoke up the storekeeper, as Mrs. Philpott closed the door behind her.

"Don't seem ter have a good word fer nobody or nawthin'," commented Mr. Fairbrother.

"Bitter'd be a better word fer her disposition," declared Si.

"D'ye know," said old man Thomas, "I always had a idea that she'd planned on havin' her old maid sister marry Pashley."

"Wal," declared Mr. Judkins, "while I don't envy any one that marries inter that fambly, I should feel mighty uncertain if I's a woman an' had married Pashley."



A TALL, ANGULAR WOMAN
MUFFLED IN A SHAWL.



MR. FAIRBROTHER: "SOMETIMES I THINK METHUEL
FERGITS WHERE HE SPRUNG FROM."

"Kind of afraid that Jeff might go away an' fergit ter come back fer forty years, or sich a matter, eh?" said my host.

"That's th' idea, Meth," cried Mr. Lubert. "Ye've hit th' nail on th' head. How surprised his mother must 'a' ben! There she had his picture, a old daguerreotype, framed with a flag, in her front room, an' she mournin' him fer dead, when up he pops, a man growed."

"She knew him?" I asked from my corner.

"Wal, no, teacher; not exactly. She'd have passed him in th' road, I guess, an' not knowed him, but when he walked inter th' house something told her 'twas Jeff, although her eyesight was poorly," explained the storekeeper, as he secured a handful of silver coin in a leather pouch, preparatory to closing up for the night. "She ran right ter him, before he could say a word, an' my woman, who was there, says he was took back powerfully, an' at fust could hardly speak. Ye'll admit 'twas kind of a tardy home-comin'."

"He'll probably sell th' place an' git out," commented Si.

"That's all he come back fer, in my opinion," maintained Mr. Lubert. "An' he didn't have ter wait long, neither."

"I don't believe it," I objected; and as if the store door was fated to open whenever I opened my mouth, that portal now swung back and Jeff Pashley, thin and gaunt, the gray hair contrasting sharply with his black eyes, stepped softly in and threw a fan of rain from his old slouch hat. He nodded slightly to the oracles, but favored me with a bit of a smile, and it lighted up his somber face wonderfully. I had seen him smile in much the same way on his mother.

"Evenin', Mister Pashley. Ain't often we see ye here, but ye're welcome. Come up near th' fire," said Jessup.

"This is all right," said Pashley, leaning back against the counter, still holding his hat in his hand. "Keep your seats, all of you."

"Ye have our sympathy in yer trouble," said Si gravely.

Pashley nodded. Then, after examining the crown of his hat for a minute, he said: "I don't know just how to explain, but I'm going away from here and wanted to see Mr. Currier about Mrs. Pashley's little place. As selectman I thought you'd look after it until it's disposed of." This last to my host.

Mr. Lubert slyly pinched Mr. Judkins's leg and the others exchanged knowing looks.

"Goin' ter leave us, eh?" asked the storekeeper, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Yes," replied Pashley listlessly, spinning his hat. "I shouldn't have stayed as long as I have if it hadn't been for Mrs. Pashley."

This frank avowal caused Mr. Judkins to prod Jessup with the sugar-scoop, while my host remarked, "An' ye want me ter find a purchaser fer th' place. Wal, I guess it can be done. Every one ain't that anxious ter leave No. 6."

Pashley raised his eyes inquiringly; then dropped them and frowned, as he said: "I forgot. Of course, you don't understand. The property won't be sold unless Mrs. Pash-



"'T WAS KIND OF A TARDY HOME-COMIN'."

ley's nephews and nieces wish to divide it. It isn't mine, you know."

"Not yourn!" gasped Eben Fairbrother. "What d'ye mean? Be ye goin' ter give it ter 'em?"

"It isn't mine to give," replied Pashley shortly, straightening up and throwing his hat on the back of his head. "It isn't mine to give, I say; for I'm not her son."

The little group sank back, the pipes half raised, in amazement. And I was as much astounded as any. Before one of us could find voice to ply him with questions, he continued: "My name isn't Pashley. If it had been, the good woman you saw buried to-day would have lived a happier life. That is, I believe she would. I never had a mother that I remember. She was the only mother I ever knew. As a youngster I was uncared for and was wild. I was raised, or rather, grew up, in the South. When the war broke out I enlisted on the Confederate side." Then he paused and fumbled his hat in silence.

"Yas, but—but—go on," cried the storekeeper.

"Well, there isn't much to tell. I was in the brush against Sheridan's men when young Pashley was shot. That was in the Shenandoah. He was brought into our lines, mortally wounded, and before he died he told me as how he'd run away from home to go to war, and all about his people. I told him if ever I come North I'd hunt his people up. That was a long time ago," he added thoughtfully; "a long time ago."

"But you came at last, Mr.—Pashley?" I prompted, hesitating as to how I should style him.

"Yes, call me Pashley," he smiled. "It'll do so long as I'm here. Yes, I came at last. I'd been West for years knocking around, and when I drifted into New England, a few years back, I remembered my promise to the boy and wandered up here. I'll admit I didn't want to come. Didn't know but what

it was my bullet that laid him low. But I came, intending to tell his people who I was and all about it.

"But you've all heard how she ran to me, before I could say a word, thinking I was her son. I'd used several names in my life and I reckoned if it would please her to think I was Jeff, the deception wouldn't be very wrong. And I stayed, and no one knew; she never knew, and now it's all over and I'm going back South. So, if you'll notify her relations, I'll be much obliged. Good night."

It was the longest speech he was ever known to make in No. 6, and the circle about the stove remained stupefied as he opened the door and passed out into the rain. I was first on my feet to rush after him; why, I know not, unless it were a desire to shake his hand. But he was already out of sight.

My two companions said never a word as we blundered home until we reached the house. Then Si observed: "D'ye know, I never took ter that feller. Seem's 'f he always had a proud, haughty, Southern way with him."

After the hired man had departed to the barn with the horse Mr. Currier recovered his power of speech, and, drawing me aside, declared in a hoarse whisper: "Si means all right, but he's a shiftless cuss an' a awful liar."

And somewhere out in the night the quondam Jeff Pashley, possibly as good a son as the genuine would have been, had he lived, picked his way through the mud of No. 6 for the last time.

Beauty

By LLOYD MIFFLIN

FOREDOOMED am I to serve her. Where she glows,
 There is my heaven. These famished lips are fain
 To kiss her naked feet, although in vain—
 The Nymph illusive comes, elusive goes:
 I reach to fold her to my heart,—she flows
 Wave-like away, and with a sweet disdain
 Beckons me on to where I see remain,
 Rising resilient from her step, the rose:
 So, panting after Beauty all my days,
 I trace her footings o'er the wind-swayed wheat,
 Drawn by her blown hair fluttering in the glades,
 Or white arms luring down Idalian ways:
 I am her thrall, and she, a splendid cheat,
 Fadeth forever, though she never fades.



"I AIN'T AGOIN' TO BE NO FIGHTER; I DON'T HAFTER."

A Frankenstein of "The Fancy"

By KENNETT HARRIS

Illustrations by John Conacher

BILL STELLICK plunged the horse-shoe that he had been pounding so viciously into the cooling-tub, and the resultant hiss seemed to be an actual, personal expression of his own feelings of disgust and exasperation. He turned savagely on his stepson, and the boy, Henry, dismayed by the truculent scowl on the swarthy visage, relinquished his hold on the bellows cord and drew back apprehensively, throwing up a defensive arm. He was a stoutly built, mild-looking lad of fourteen or fifteen—Henry—with a shock of curling red hair and an exceedingly discolored eye, for which, clearly, the grime of the forge was not responsible.

"What did you let him do it for, you whelp?" demanded the blacksmith. "Ain't you big enough an' ugly enough to take your own part? You could have pounded the everlastin' stuffin' out of him if you had had the grit of a white rabbit. You ain't got no sperrit, that's what's the matter with you; an' you red-headed at that!"

"I didn't want to pound the stuffin' out of

him," answered the boy, with a deprecating grin. "I didn't want to hurt him——"

"No," rejoined Stellick, with bitter contempt. "I guess you didn't. You'd let a hen canary run a bluff on you. When I was your age there wasn't a kid in the ward that I hadn't whipped, or made a good stagger at it. I told your mother when I married her that I'd make a man of you, but dog-gone my hide if I know what I've got to work on. A husky guy like you! Hand me that there sledge."

The boy picked up the massive hammer as if it had been a mere featherweight, and the blacksmith grunted as he took it.

"If you'd have given him one good poke you'd have knocked him into the week after next," Stellick grumbled. "See here, Henry," he went on, "you've got to fight when it's up to you. If you don't, I'll lick you until you can't stand—an' I'll keep right on lickin' you—see?"

"Yes, sir," replied Henry meekly, and as his stepfather thrust an iron into the fire, he seized the bellows cord and the forge began to

gasp rhythmically to the blast. Stellick withdrew the ruby mass of sparkling metal and laid it upon the anvil, and, at his nod, the boy caught up a second hammer and laid on a shower of clanging blows with the ease and precision of a veteran.

"Knock 'em like that," said the blacksmith, "knock 'em like that an' you'll make me proud o' you, 'stead o' lookin' on you as a disgrace."

Truly Henry's lack of "sperrit" had been a sore disappointment to his stepfather. Stellick was a man of sporting tastes, a diligent student of pink-tinted papers, and an authority on the science and art of pugilism. He knew the reputation of every fighter in the country, bantam, lightweight, welter and heavy, and his record from his first ring victory to his stage debut. It had been the dream of his own boyhood to distinguish himself in the fistic arena, but that laudable ambition had been thwarted by an unsympathetic parent, and his combative genius had been afforded no more than casual and informal "scraps" with persons of no professional standing.

At his first sight of Henry, then about twelve years old, active, compact, and well muscled, he had, he thought, recognized an embryonic champion, and his pledge to the

boy's dead mother, to "make a man of him" had been given in all sincerity. To this he took Henry from the debilitating influence of school and put him to work in the shop. He presented him with a standard work on the manly art and supplemented its theoretical with practical lessons in the basement. The boy was a fairly apt pupil, but, alas! notwithstanding he had prevailed upon him to apply his strength and science to the personal damage of his companions. He laughed good-naturedly at any invitation to fight and did not disdain even to run when the invitation was too insistent. Bill Stellick was naturally pained and disgusted beyond measure; he persevered and hope within him was quenched utterly.

It was on the evening of the day of Henry's latest disgrace—the unrequited eye—the Bill Stellick foregathered with certain congenial souls at Halloran's place of public refreshment, and there, in the presence of Halloran himself, of Bob Sackett and Stag Malone, Jimmie Alkire had the bad taste to interrupt the oracle's prophetic utterances concerning the Great Event imminent at Carson City with a boastful account of the prowess of his son, a youth a year the senior of Henry.

Jimmie Junior, so his fond father averred, could whip any one of his weight in the war-



"YOU AIN'T GOT NO SPERRIT, AN' YOU RED-HEADED AT THAT!"



THE PARENTAL PRIDE OF ALKIRE TOOK FIRE.

age no bar. Stellick, somewhat annoyed by Mr. Alkire's presumption, took issue with him, finally declaring that he would back his stepson Henry to put the Alkire boy into a somnolent condition inside of three rounds. The parental pride of Alkire took fire and impelled him to take two five-dollar bills from his pocket and shake them under Stellick's nose, preliminary to depositing them with Stag Malone, to be covered, "if Bill dast."

"It's like takin' candy from a kid," commented Stellick, as he counted out ten dollars on the bar, "but I allus had a weakness for a puddin' an' the softer it is the harder it is for me to pass it up. It'll be a lesson to you, too, an' it won't be necessary to kill your kid as I can see. I'll tell Henry to handle him as gentle as possible."

So the match was arranged. Henry's protests were of no avail. Stellick was filled with resentful wonder that any protest should be made. "Don't I tell you I've got money up on you?" he cried. "What sort of a lad do you call yourself? Now see here: All you've got to do is to sail in an' do that kid up. That's all there is to your job. That's dead easy—but me, I've got ten dollars on it. If you think it's easy to grab off a ten every day in the week, you've got another think coming. Are you skeered?"

"I ain't skeered," answered Henry, "but I don't want to fight Jimmie. I ain't got nothin' against him."

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Stellick, knitting his beetling black brows. "You pile in an' knock him out whether you've got anything against him or not, an' whether you like it or not. Henry," he added in a gentler tone, "you knock him out in the first an' five of the ten is yours."

Henry made no reply, and Stellick left him, satisfied that all objections were satisfactorily overcome.

That evening there was a select gathering behind closed doors and blanket-draped windows in the blacksmith shop. Halloran was there, also Bob Sackett, Stag Malone, Rome St. Clair, the sporting barber at the corner of Green Street, Sam Fenwick, of the Elite Livery, and Dave Schiermann, the coal-dealer, with perhaps a dozen others of lesser note in the neighborhood. One end of the shop had been cleared and the dirt floor leveled and strewn with dampened ashes from the forge, and there a ring of statutory dimensions had been roped off. Four flaring gasoline torches swung from the rafters overhead. In one of the ring corners was Jimmie Alkire with his thin-lipped, bullet-headed boy, and in the other Bill Stellick gave his final directions to Henry in husky whispers.

It seemed a foregone conclusion that Henry would be easily the victor. A trifle shorter than his antagonist, and perhaps a few pounds lighter, he yet outclassed him on every other point. Stripped to the waist, his undulating muscles bunched out beneath his smooth white skin in a perfect development; deep-chested and finely poised, as he stood up against the redoubtable but shambling Jimmie, the usual good-natured grin on his face, the betting in his favor was at two to one instantly.

But, alas! of what avail is muscle and condition if the "sperrit" is lacking? Before the first round was over, the cries of encouragement and commendation that had greeted the blacksmith's stepson were changed to derisive hootings and savage execrations. Henry showed marked ability in evading young Alkire's rushes; he ducked and dodged and side-stepped in the most approved manner, but though his opportunities were numerous, at no time did he land on his opponent in anything but the most perfunctory fashion. As it was in the first round, so it was in the second, despite Stellick's threats. Midway in the third, Rome St. Clair angrily accused Stellick of fixing the fight, and the exasperated blacksmith promptly leaped the ropes and smote his accuser hip and thigh. Instantly there was a rush to the center of disturbance, an uproar of oaths and shouts, a struggling confusion of excited men, and when the turmoil had in some degree subsided, Henry had disappeared.

It took all of Henry's resolution to go down to breakfast the next morning. He had lain quaking beneath the bedclothes until long after midnight, dressed as he was, even to his boots, in momentary expectation of Stellick's heavy footfall on the stair and a rough hauling forth and pummeling; but, judging from the noises below, Stellick had gone straight to bed, and when his recreant stepson entered the kitchen the next morning and hesitatingly drew up his chair to the strong, bitter coffee and bread and bacon that constituted the morning meal, he made no sign by word or look; only that his black, bristling jowl champed upon his food with an accelerated and more emphatic motion than usual.

This terrifying silence Stellick maintained all the way to the shop, where, upon entering, to Henry's further consternation, he closed and barred the doors. Still without a word he

divested himself of coat, waistcoat, and gingham shirt, and rolled the sleeves of his undershirt well up on his hairy arms. This was in accordance with the usual routine, and Henry followed his example with a feeling of some relief; but instead of assuming his big leather apron, which should have been his next proceeding, the blacksmith went to the dusty locker and took therefrom a set of boxing-gloves. One pair he tossed to Henry. "Put them on," he commanded, drawing the other pair over his own gnarled fists.

"Now," he snarled, "I'm agoin' to learn you to take your punishment like a man. You got out of it last night, you lily-livered cub, but you won't get out of it this time, I bet you. I've petted you long enough."

He hit out with vicious force and knocked the boy staggering backward with a blow full in the face, following that with a hearty cuff on the ear. Henry turned to run, but his stepfather struck him in the neck and knocked him headlong. Then he jerked him to his feet again, and his knotty fist with its slight padding swung around and went home with a thud to the unlucky boy's ribs. Here and there Stellick drove him, mercilessly buffeting and battering him at every step, until his eyes were closed and his face puffed and bleeding, so that he staggered blindly and struck out feebly at nothing. Then the blacksmith knocked him down with a final vengeful blow.

"There!" said Stellick, as he ducked his victim's head in the cooling-tub to revive him. "How d'ye like that? Henry, you've got a quick eye, a good pair o' bellerses, arms like wire cable, an' legs to match; all you want is some sperrit, an' we'll see if we can't thump it into you. This is trainin', mind you," he went on, as Henry sputtered the filthy water from his mouth. "You're agoin' to get a-plenty of it. We'll see if you won't fight."

Henry got plenty of it. He had this heroic lesson daily, and he seemed to profit by it, inasmuch as within a month, being again pitted against young Alkire, he took the aggressive and defeated him with ease.

"You see," said Stellick, beaming with gratification, "you've got it in you. Now you take care that you don't do any worse with any boy that I put up against you. If you throw me down I'll give you another course that'll make you wish that you hadn't."

"But I don't want to fight," whimpered Henry.



"YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A FIGHTER OUT OF THAT KID," HE SAID.

"You'll fight whether you want to or not," said Bill Stellick. "I'll see to it that you do. You'll thank me for it some day."

And so began Henry's career. Boy after boy Stellick hunted up to match him, and the little bouts in the blacksmith shop began to be quite well known in local sporting circles. Once or twice Henry allowed himself to be defeated, but the "after training" that Stellick gave him was of such a severe nature that he soon realized that the best thing for him to do was to thrash his opponent in the shortest space of time possible. He hated to do it; his whole nature revolted against the infliction of pain. And it all seemed so useless, so futile. What was there to yell and howl about when he had causelessly beaten some unfortunate to a mummy? Of course he could do it, being stronger, quicker, trickier; but was that a reason that he should do it—should be compelled to do it? Almost tearfully he repeatedly implored the inexorable Stellick to let him off.

Stellick was proud of his work. It had been profitable to him in a small way. Henry had made money for him, and he was able to neg-

lect the shop and spend much of his time in various headquarters of "the fancy." He dreamed fondly of an approaching time when he would have a seat of honor among shouting thousands, while his apprentice stepson wrested the world's championship from some bull-necked idol of the populace. In view of this, as Henry attained years and science, he would bring to the shop certain striped-shirted, bediamonded, smooth-shaven men to see the young one go through his paces. He found a new name for Henry. He called him "The Chicago Kid." It was pointed out that the sobriquet was wanting in originality—that there were other "Chicago Kids"—but Stellick said that made no difference. Henry should be to Chicago what the immortal John L. had been to Boston. He made no doubt that there had been other "Boston Boys" before that bright particular star appeared on the firmament. One of the striped-shirted, having watched Henry critically through a mill, tried to dispel these rosy visions of Stellick's. "You'll never make a fighter out of that kid," he said. "He's got all the p'int of one; he's hard as that there iron, he's clever, an' I never seen better foot-work. I

don't say that he hasn't got the sand, but—he don't take no pleasure in it."

"He don't show it so much as some," replied Stellick, "but it's meat an' drink to him. He gets unhappy an' sheds his hair if I don't turn him loose on some one about every so often."

Persistence was Stellick's great virtue, and it seemed that in the end it must triumph. Apparently it had overcome Henry's opposition, to a large extent, for latterly he had fought without a protest. His fights were becoming more frequent; more than one budding celebrity had gone down before him, and, notwithstanding the opinion of the pink-striped pessimist, he was attracting the notice of the knowing. Stellick felt distinctly hopeful of the day when the "sperrit" that he felt was somewhere dormant in the young man would be awakened. In due time the awakening came.

Henry, girt with his stepfather's old leather apron, was standing at the anvil one sunshiny afternoon sharpening and tempering picks and whistling happily as he worked when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder with a resounding slap, and turning, he saw Stellick, whose face was glowing with a joyful excitement.

"I've fixed it!" shouted Stellick, with another slap, "I've fixed it! You're all right now."

Henry's good-natured expression faded suddenly. He let his hammer fall and pushed back the red, sweat-dampened curls from his forehead with his arm. "Fixed what?" he asked.

"Fixed you," replied Stellick jubilantly. "You may as well turn them picks over to Wheeler; there's no more blacksmithing for you. Pink McCloud's agoin' to take an' train you for a fight with 'The Terre Haute Tamale,' an' I've got the backers. Pink McCloud! D'ye hear that?"

Henry showed no responsive exhilaration. He picked up the hammer and began to pound the pick-point out of shape in a purposeless manner. Stellick watched him for a moment in silence, with a deepening frown.

"Well?" he demanded.

Henry dropped the hammer again, and his

eyes met Stellick's in a steady look of defiance. "I won't do it," he said doggedly.

Bill Stellick was not a man to waste words. He glared for a moment and, the glare producing no visible effect, he dealt the young man a stinging blow in the face. The next instant he found himself on a pile of scrap iron in a corner of the shop and Henry standing over him with doubled fists. He was up in a flash and rushed, with an ineffective right and left, for Henry's head, receiving in return an entirely effective left hook in the side and an almost simultaneous blow on the jaw, which brought him to a sudden realization of the fact that he was in a two-handed game. He pulled himself together and began to fight warily, but all his craft and his herculean strength were unequal to the furious onslaughts that were made upon him. Again and again Henry darted in at him, dealing smashing blows and eluding counter-attacks with catlike swiftness, and there was a light of rage in Henry's eyes, a fierce and relentless look on his face, that made him terrible.

Yet through it all Stellick felt a sort of a grim satisfaction. He was quick to note his stepson's altered look and bearing; the battle lust that possessed him. The scientific way in which Henry blocked, countered, hooked, jabbed and swung, in spite of his fury, afforded him a peculiar satisfaction. Dizzy, tottering, gasping, bruised and bloody as he was, the man appreciated it. There was triumph in this inevitable coming defeat, for, after all, this was what he had worked for and hoped for through the years.

"Ugh! Ough! Those were pretty ones! Hah!"

He made a staggering run toward the dancing, blurred shape before him, and suddenly the universe caved in.

Ages later he became aware that he was being held over the edge of the cooling-tub and dipped into it occasionally. He wriggled feebly, and Henry released him.

"There!" said Henry. "Now maybe you'll let me be in peace. I ain't agoin' to be no fighter; I'm agoin' to be a blacksmith, an' if you don't want me to work for you I'll work for Wheeler. But you won't make me fight. No, sir. I'm man enough that I don't hafter."





Housekeeping on Half-a-Million a Year

By EMILY HARRINGTON

Photographs by Grace Cook



IT is not so long ago that even the most credulous of us had to admit the "Four Hundred" to be an exploded fiction. Since then we have clung with secret pride to the idea that we have a "leisure class"—a class privileged by its wealth, its good breeding, its fortunate social adjustment, to do nothing and to do it gracefully. But this, too, is a fallacy of the unsophisticated. New York society may be the richest in the world; it does not buy leisure with its millions. The mistress of a modern Manhattan palace has to pay for her preeminence. Now and then, it is true, she escapes, exhausted, to an ocean steamer or a sanatorium. Otherwise her life is a graceful conformity to an incredibly exacting schedule; a life radiant, opulent, successful, anything that you like but leisurely.

Live for a month, however inconspicuously, in the town house of one of these untitled princesses, and the feature of the comprehensive splendor that will be likely to impress you most is the system of household service, that intricate, far-reaching human mechanism, faultless and unremitting, whose object is to minister to a family of four, five, or six persons. A millionaire's town house demands from eighteen to twenty-five regular servants. Extra corps are employed for special occasions. These can, of course, form no helter-skelter multitude. On the contrary, you will find that they are an organization of specialists, with duties exquisitely dovetailed and discipline inflexibly maintained. From the chef to the "useful man," each of these has an expert pride in his own craft. Noiseless, submissive, proficient, a system of this degree of perfection may be

maintained for years without a revolt or interruption.

It is, of course, a competent housekeeper who is the real head of the domestic hierarchy. Madame herself need have contact with but three or four of her servants, including her butler and her chef; and even to these she will rarely care to give direct instructions. All intimate services are naturally performed for her by her own maid, that adroit Frenchwoman who is not only easily familiar with the art of dress and the science of the toilet, but who must also have the wiles of a diplomat and the profundities of a psychologist. It is the duty of a social leader to be beautiful; it is the duty of her maid to see that this theory is made a fact. At a moment's notice the maid must be able to produce one of fifty costumes. She must see that every gold, ivory, or jeweled article in the rich equipment of the dressing-bureau is always in its place. Near the bed is a light stand of inlaid wood. The maid knows that this is a burglar-proof safe, and knows, too, all the treasures that are stored in its velvet jewel-cases—a string of perfectly matched pearls; jeweled crowns, lovelier, costlier, than a queen's; necklaces of pigeon-blood rubies, of eastern sapphires, of diamonds, each of incalculable cost. Fortunes are stored within this safe—but Madame's maid is incorruptible.

It is this discreet and accomplished person whom Madame first sees when she opens her sleepy eyes at a definitely stipulated hour in the morning and faces, with what courage she may have, a day that has perhaps been ordered for her a month before. There is small provision for impulse in the social calendar. Yet the appointments that surround this

harassed lady of fortune are such as to discourage whatever homely virtue may lie in early morning energy. Her own suite—consisting of boudoir, bed-chamber, dressing-room, and bath—is equipped with minute luxuriousness. Embroidered silken hangings a copy of historic French tapestries cover the walls of boudoir and sleeping-room. Each bit of furniture is a beautiful piece of the same period. The bed, a miracle of daintiness, is overhung, like royal couches in old palaces, with a stiff canopy of brocade fringed and festooned with cords and tassels. The bed-linen is embroidered in fine French needlework, the soft blankets bear their owner's monogram in satin, and the down quilt of pale-colored satin is similarly marked. During the day the bed is covered with a spread of white satin, richly embroidered, and bordered with a silken fringe.

To this agreeable atmosphere, however, the one person for whom it was contrived may not yield herself. Madame banishes sleepiness and takes her bath and coffee with as rigid deference to the time of day as if she were an express train, her supreme function to be "on time." After this, while the attentions of the hairdresser and the manicure are postponed for a few moments, she perhaps exchanges a word or two with her husband, who has an abstracted moment to give her while the motor that is to whir him to a morning conference of "trust magnates" chugs impatiently in the

street below. Then there is a hurried chat with the children, who are, in their turn, awaited by nurses, governesses, tutors, and who keep sharp, precocious little eyes on the important faces of their own costly watches. In their alert ears, too, time has already begun to tick urgent, prodding messages. They have never known leisure and are still young enough to exult in the lack of it.

By this time a dressmaker and the "social secretary" have probably joined the waiting group. They are told to wait a little—it is the managing housekeeper's turn. The clock has swung to the point where that delicate, wonderfully oiled machinery "below stairs" has had to halt for an imperceptible moment or two. The day's orders have been suspended till the mistress's approval shall have been given. Decidedly, this interview must take precedence. Together the hostess and her viceroy run over the list of entertainments to be given during the coming week. This evening there is to be a dinner of twenty-four covers, to-morrow a luncheon for ten, on Wednesday a reception, on Friday a breakfast for a celebrity—and so on. It is understood that Madame never dines at home unless she entertains as well. A "quiet family dinner," delight of bourgeois homes, might well cause dismay in this intelligently conducted cuisine, for it would mean nothing short of serious illness. With practised generalship the head of the household runs over the suggestions laid before her and glances at the chef's book, with its menus prepared to include breakfast



THE FOOTMAN, EVEN IF HIRED FOR THE DAY, WEARS THE FAMILY LIVERY.



THE BUTLER IS THE ONLY ONE IN SOMBER SUIT LIKE HIS MASTER.

of the following day, indicating by penciled erasures and interpolations whatever alterations or additions she may desire.

A half-hour later you will find her plan-

that one is able to give away one's money? Madame, alas! writes her checks with an only too obvious perfunctoriness—to her this is only one item in an overcrowded day.



THE HALL IN ONE OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE HOUSES OF FIFTH AVENUE.

ning the day's work for that shrewd and tactful assistant, her social secretary. There are invitations to be sent and answered, a day's work in itself. There are civil notes of congratulation, condolence, and inquiry. There are appeals for charity to be attended to. Is it the chief pleasure of being rich

And, finally, there are bills to be paid. Interesting statistics these latter would make in a consideration of sumptuary conditions in twentieth century New York; they would form a basis for an entire social history. Monthly bills for fruit and flowers amounting to hundreds of dollars are only one of the

countless regular expenses in a millionaire household. One of these extravagant dames explained, when an impecunious acquaintance exclaimed at her expenditures, "Well, but I must *try* to spend my income." And the florist's contributions are, after all, only an accessory, for twice a week large supplies of cut flowers and blooming plants come from the family's greenhouses in the country.

Submission for an hour or two to the magical fingers of tailor, dressmaker, milliner; a half-hour's shopping, a meeting of the directors of a charity—and it is already luncheon time. If she is not due at a luncheon party, Madame probably lunches at a fashionable restaurant with a group of friends. It is only rarely that she presents herself for the semi-intimate function of family luncheon. To the inexperienced this meal would appear to be a pretty little dinner, made gay with flowers, fruit, bonbons, and varied dainties. It consists of six courses, served as formally as a dinner, the difference being in the length of



THE FIRST TOILET INCLUDES ELABORATE CARE OF THE HAIR.



THE PARLOR-MAID'S EARLY MORNING DUTY.

the meal and the table appointments. Silver and gold dinner plates are here replaced by decorated china. Instead of a gold dessert service, silver is used. Meats and vegetables are always served on silver at luncheon.

Children who are old enough to go to the table at all take this meal with their elders. In their mother's absence the superintending housekeeper presides, and a resident governess sits with her own charges.

For the mistress of the household the afternoon is a succession of perfunctory visits and receptions, until, without having had a free moment, she at last returns to her own rooms to submit herself to her maid for the evening toilet. By eight o'clock, a regal figure, shimmering with satin, lace, and jewels, she has gone down-stairs to lay the dinner-cards and survey the florist's arrangements before going to the drawing-room to await her guests.

Whatever the day may have been, this is, of course, its social climax. The entertaining of dinner guests is the most characteristic and most frequent function in her home, but it must never become stereotyped—each banquet must have a distinct and unexpected flavor. Each dinner may be a fresh individual triumph for the accomplished hostess. And after all, a woman who knows that she is perfectly dressed, that her entertainment has been prepared with every art and resource that money can buy, that whatever gift or grace she may possess may here be best displayed, should be able to receive her

guests with a confidence that is almost exhilaration.

If dinner giving is the supreme expression of the social life of to-day, the arts by which

the family crest. Their cost is beyond a clerk's yearly salary. Each cloth has several dozen napkins to match it. The laundering of these table-cloths is no trifle. One fills a



A DRAWING-ROOM IN WHICH SOME OF THE MOST BRILLIANT ENTERTAINMENTS OF NEW YORK ARE GIVEN.

it is prepared are at least worth looking into. Matters are first set in motion when the managing housekeeper, after her morning conference with her employer, returns the chef's menu-book. She then proceeds upon her daily tour of the house, pad and pencil in hand, making notes of what requires attention and giving necessary orders. Before going to her desk she visits the linen-room to give out suitable table-linen, finger-bowl doilies of point lace, and ample supplies of wax candles with candle shades harmonizing with the floral decorations ordered by the hostess. To a man she consigns extra hassocks for the diners' feet; also the great white felt intermediate table-cover, too bulky to be left down-stairs when not in use.

Though the dinner be one of twenty-four covers, the satin-damask cloth will cover and fall down all around the table. These cloths are made to order in France upon a loom built expressly for their weaving. They are in quality rich as a bride's ivory satin, and are embroidered with monograms or



THE SERVICES OF A SPECIAL MAN ARE REQUIRED DAILY TO CLEAN GLASS.

large tub, and it requires four women ironing at once to get it done before any part becomes rough dry. When sent out to a French laundress, the charge is \$8.

Meanwhile a carpenter, regularly employed

appears to be ready for the banquet. A mound of orchids five feet across has been placed in the center. Golden dishes of tropical fruits, bonbons, and special confections of the chef's are interspersed with clusters of exotics. The



LARGE SUPPLIES OF CUT FLOWERS COME FROM THE GREENHOUSES IN THE COUNTRY.

by the establishment, is busy setting up the round dining-table, with its top fitted in sections, designed for dinners of from sixteen to twenty-four covers. The chef, with the assistance of extra aids and the women always at his command, is supervising the last and most delicate stages of the preparation of soups, salads, entrées, sauces, and desserts. His elaborately studied courses must appeal to the eye no less than the appetite, and it is his business never to fail. Perhaps only a shade less onerous is the responsibility of the butler, who must have an infinite regard for perfection of finish. Assisted by his staff of men, he must see that the table is of the right size and arrangement. He must write the menu-cards. He must not forget for an instant that the temperature of the wines and the salads rests with him. He must have the oysters ready to serve in silver plates when the proper time arrives.

By seven o'clock the great round table ap-

table sparkles with crystal, gold, and silver, and great golden candelabra tower above flowers, fruits, and dainties.

Eight men, exclusive of the butler, are required to serve a dinner of twenty-four covers, one being allowed for every three diners. Another is stationed in the pantry to "run in" the courses. Absolute order and silence reign among these men, who perfectly understand the butler's cabalistic signs. Electric signals pass constantly between chef and butler. From the seating of guests until the ladies leave, not more than eighty-five minutes should elapse, for long dinners are now considered bad form.

Upon these occasions scarcely a member of the domestic corps escapes some special duty. The housemaids assist the pantry-maid. After each course twenty-four silver plates and countless small silver must be carefully cleansed, wiped very dry, and then polished with chamois before being put away. Nearly

two hundred pieces of engraved crystal ware must be washed and polished, and it is too costly and brittle to be hastily handled.

The lady's-maids wait to assist arriving or departing women guests with their carriage wraps and furlined quilted boots. Even the "useful man," after his day of rough work, is unrecognizable in the line of liveried men in frogged, gold-buttoned coat, immaculate linen, gloves, and necktie, brilliant waistcoat, velvet knee-breeches, silk stockings, and patent-leather pumps with bows and gold buckles. Under the leadership of the serious butler each man fills an assigned part in the dinner drama, and, even if hired only for the day, he wears the family livery.

On the whole, these humble parts are played with a good deal of zest. There is the constant stimulus of being part of a great spectacle, and distinction in being attached to the service of a famous family. And there is abundance of physical comfort. Although the chef and the butler may have homes of their own, and even sleep away from the house, other members of the domestic corps must yield to a less



THE CHEF PLANS THE MENU FOR A LARGE DINNER.



COMFORTABLE SITTING-ROOM PROVIDED FOR THE MANAGING HOUSEKEEPER.

elastic régime, and are established, each in a separate room, well-furnished, and with plenty of heat and light. The maid servants have their own bath-room, as do the men. In the homes of the very rich the "servant problem" rather easily answers itself.

While the hostess of this establishment is playing her infinitely complex part, her children are being assiduously trained to fill,

when their time shall come, rôles just as difficult. It often happens that there is an almost utter lack of personal relation between them. A millionaire mother thinks nothing of placing the width of the continent or the Atlantic between herself and her six-months-old baby. Expertly trained maids and nurses are left in charge, and a daily dispatch tells her all she needs to know and frees her from undue anxiety.

When they get a little older these babies begin a training as rigid as that of princes and princesses. A long line of instructors visits the house daily. Music lessons, dancing lessons, language lessons, riding lessons, walks, recreations, parties, crowd to overflowing the hours of every day. A little boy, almost a baby, whose brief life had been spent under these hurried, nerve-racking conditions, used

to go once in a while to the superintending housekeeper, of whom he was very fond, and say: "Miss C——, may I come into your room and play? I have just fifteen minutes to spare."

The luxuries to which these children, particularly the young girls, are early accustomed, are, it seems to an outsider, of dubious advantage. The fourteen-year-old daughter of such a home remarked one day, "I was looking for a brooch that I missed and found nine that I had forgotten all about." Every one of these brooches was studded with gems. This girl's private suite of rooms was as luxurious as those already described, although the appointments were appropriate to her age. Her sitting-room was furnished in white enamel, covered with roses and morning glories. Her fireplace fender and fire-dogs were of silver, as well as the fire-irons and the stand. When she chose to take a meal in her own apartment she indulged her languor on a brocaded couch, propped up with embroidered pillows; and as her youthful appetite was unimpaired, a servant was detailed to take each course to her as it was served in the dining-room. And yet she is still only a schoolgirl, with no part in her mother's ceaseless round of entertainment; her days still innocent of the delightful com-

plexities, personal and social, that are ready to enmesh her as soon as, four years later, she becomes a *débutante*.

After all, it is for a comparatively brief portion of each year that the social clock-work is in motion. And as the pitch of social life yearly becomes keener and more intense, the season is mercifully shortened. The world of fashion, in what seems the height of its abandonment to pleasure, extends a delicate, relentless hand, and directs that its massive golden gates be closed. Suddenly the hostess realizes that her last dinner has been given, that her trunks are packed, her carriage waiting below. The machinery of her personal service is in motion, and ready to transport her to the South, to Europe, to one of her own country homes. Thus it happens that for the greater part of the year the millionaire's town house stands barred, grim, vacant, denuded of every sign of that radiant social energy for whose accommodation it exists. Three days after the family migration the servants are gone, the furniture shrouded, green holland shades drawn down over the windows, and within the great palace only the caretaker and private watchman are left on guard until a telegram shall announce the return of the mistress of the mansion.



THE CHEF AT WORK WITH ONE OF HIS KITCHEN ASSISTANTS.



PATAGONIA

By **EDITH RICKERT**

Author of "The Reaper," "Polly," etc.

Illustrations by **Sigurd Schau**

"WHEN I was in Patagonia," began Simson slowly.

I think we all sat up a little, and somebody asked: "When was that?"

"It's a funny thing," moralized Simson, "that we should wander up and down Broadway, in and out of the club, year after year, and know no more of one another's in'ards than Payne does of the cat's."

"That's a digression, Sim," said Forbes. "You were in Patagonia and——"

"You think this is just one more of your yarns. Maybe it is, but I don't know about that," said Simson in his slow way. "This one's true—happened to me myself, and if any of you chaps has got a philosophy to fit it, when I'm done he can just trot it out quick, for I'm hanged if I see the moral."

"After all, I must go back a little earlier than Patagonia. My best chum at Yale was a man called Hoare—Pilgrim Hoare. It was a funny thing how I managed to like the chap. Not that he was a bad sort; but he always

stepped in and got the things I wanted. He was put on the crew; I just missed it. He was one of the 'leven; I played in no-count games with small fry. Clever fellow, too; you could tell by the look of him that he went in for culture and all that—tall, lean, hook-nosed, fair, clean-skinned chap, with a biceps that was a beauty to feel and—oh, the culture dripped from his eye-glasses. The very set of them on his nose was correct. Full of blue blood, he was—Norman, he called it. Dated it back to nowhere—or Noah.

"In spite of the fact that he had all the makings of a prig, Hoare somehow escaped being one. If he had a fault, it was his way sometimes of soaring off into the clouds, biceps and all, and forgetting to come back to earth again. There was a—what you might call surplus of ideal about him. Well, he capped the climax by getting engaged to a girl I admired—only girl I ever wanted. And in spite of that, we went off to Patagonia together.

"We were exploring, seeing life—what you



"I HUNG ON, NOT DARING TO TURN MY EYES UP OR DOWN."

call it. I hadn't any regular profession, vagrancy just suited me, and Hoare—well, he joked about his name being Pilgrim, and his father had made his pile out of a gold-mine, so we fitted up a little beauty of a ship and turned our faces toward Patagonia. We wanted to see what it was like, cannibals, volcanoes, and all."

"And what did you find?" demanded Start.

"We found, after climbing rocks, tramping

over plains, getting lost, starving, freezing, and all that, after stuffing our blame note-books full of birds and weeds and chips of stones and other rubbish, we found—well, he found a cliff that did for him."

"Huh!" from Forbes.

"Tumbled, eh?" from Ellwood.

"Well, you know, afterward we climbed up and down that place, every man-jack of the party; and we crawled in and out of holes till our knees were black and blue. We dangled one another with ropes, and one chap was saved by the skin of his teeth from going the same way—rope cut on a jagged edge. We didn't find Hoare. I think we spent a week about the place. And then I brought the ship home"—he paused to smoke—"and delivered up his note-books and diaries and that—to the girl. Of course, I had wired as soon as I could after the accident." He paused as if he had reached the end.

"Well," said Forbes, "it's very sad,

of course, but I don't see anything remarkable about it."

"No?" said Simson savagely, for him. "Well, you haven't heard it yet—wait. As I said, I had to call on the girl. I can tell you, I didn't like it much. It was six months—no, longer, after Hoare's death; and I had to sit down and go over the whole scene again to the girl I wanted myself, and see her crying for him—huh! She was in black and all that, and she had the room dark. It was a

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blazing day, though, outside—I remember nipping my brow—maybe that was why. I couldn't half see her face for the blinds and her handkerchief. She was quiet enough, only she wanted his last words. Unreasonable, I called it—he hadn't any last words—went over in too much of a hurry. I saw him kick up his heels, and then a cloud of dust and small pebbles went knocking after him. I couldn't tell her that."

"What did you tell her?" demanded Forbes, perhaps with an eye to copy.

"I said I was too upset to hear any last words—she liked me for that. Well, I'll get over this part, but it was rough having to sit and hear her making a god out of clay. When I left the house I felt that I wasn't good enough to tread the earth beside even the memory of Pilgrim Hoare. Still, I kept going to see her; I think she would have sent for me if I hadn't. And by and by her family made her go out of mourning and we became good friends, just as if Hoare had never existed.

"At last—I gave her time enough—I fear I did—I spoke for myself. That thought it all on again. She said she had never forgotten him and never would forget; and in five minutes she made me want to crawl away and hide from the memory of that chap. But I pressed her hard and she admitted that she liked me very well; but that she had never loved anybody but him, and she never would marry until she knew, at all doubting, that he was dead—until somebody found his body or found somebody who had seen it.

"I'll find it," said I grimly.

"But you tried before," said she reproachfully.

"To be sure I did; but there weren't any chances for it then," I retorted.

She shivered and began a lot of talk about hell, I guess it was the philosophy of love—how if you loved a man once, you loved him ever and nothing in this earth—or out of it gathered—could ever make you change. At that, I plucked up a bit and said: "That's supposing we always remain the same ourselves. Suppose, instead, you had married him and he had taken to drink or morphine or——"

"Don't," said she. I knew I was brutal. "—was I—or wasn't I right?—I don't know!"

"I gather that you found him?" Forbes inquired at last.

"I found him," he answered, with the solemnity of a litany.

"And not dead, since a miracle is required," insisted Forbes.

"Not dead," he admitted.

After a time he resumed: "Took same old ship, same old crew, as far as I could get 'em, went to the same old spot—find it on the map, if you like—latitude so and so, longitude so and so.

"Landed at the foot of the cliff on a misty morning with eight men of the crew; we lay at anchor off there in a small bay, like this—it hasn't got a name yet, I believe." He figured the situation for us in the ashes on the polished table.

"We marched inland to the cairn of stones we had set up, round a corner of the hill, so to speak, and thought we'd pitch there at the foot and lie low until the mist dispersed. We turned sharp like, and at the same moment three of us saw a monkey shoot up the face of the rock. At least, we called it a monkey, though how the deuce a lone monkey came in those barren wastes of dried lava was more than we could conceive.

"We got a little brushwood and made a fire and cooked a meal after a time. And all the while I posted two lookout men, for I couldn't unravel the meaning of that monkey. It was afternoon before we judged it clear enough to begin our search. We divided into two parties, four above and four below. Wasn't much danger from natives in those parts. The ground was too poor to feed a mule.

"We didn't find anything, of course; and perhaps I didn't have time for a few reflections on a darned fool called Simson who had sailed some thousands of miles and all that, just to look at lava-beds that he knew by heart already. I reasoned it out coolly enough then; it was fourteen months and more since Hoare had gone over; exposed to the vultures or in a pit, there'd be nothing but bare bone of him left by now; and even if I had found that—I had a droll notion, grim enough, too, that if I found that, I'd burn it—see?—and take home the ash. I fancied she'd like it better. She could moon over it as some fool woman did once over a flower-pot or something that a man's head was stuck into.

"I didn't find any bones; I found something else. It occurred to me on the second day, while the other chaps were still beating about the scrub at the foot of the rocks—

hadn't I gone over every inch of that ground myself, before ever I left the place? Well, it occurred to me to try to scramble up the cliff where we had seen that monkey-thing. I've got an eye for distance, and I guess I hit the very spot or near it, where the thing had started up. I stood there, looking upward, more idly than anything, for it was from three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet of as sheer rock as you please. Then I saw a kind of ledge about three feet from the ground. I stepped on it and, by Jove, there was another, a little to one side—not a ledge, you know, a crack, a hollow big enough for half the foot. I climbed a little way, hanging on to some scrub, and in a minute it flashed upon me that here was a kind of ladder cut out of the rock. I didn't shout to the boys, as by all means I should have done; I didn't have time to think of consequences. I only knew that I was going up that place if I broke my neck for it. Besides, the girl—in short, I was getting reckless, and all that.

"I pretty nearly did break my neck. There were times when I hung on, panting, looking for the next hole, not daring to turn my eyes up or down, when I felt that my moment had come. I didn't hear anything from the chaps below. They said afterward that they first caught sight of me near a hundred feet up, and didn't dare shout for fear I should tumble. Besides, what could they do?

"After a time I had the unmistakable sensation of being watched. At the level of my head was a real ledge, perhaps two feet deep or more, and on the inner side of it there grew a stubby bush. And through that bush I could see a pair of eyes—nothing else. Round, black eyes, dull like a snake's, but bigger. I looked at them and they looked at me. I gave a sudden tug upward. A flash of color—red mostly—passed before my sight. Then I was on the ledge and the eyes were gone.

"But there was a sting in my left shoulder. I put my right hand there mechanically, and touched blood. Involuntarily I looked down to find the cause and picked up a flint arrow—bloody tip bound to a wooden shaft.

"'Where there's an arrow, there's a man,' I remember observing like a philosopher; and like a fool, I pushed at the bush and stepped forward.

"I was not surprised to find a hollow there—the monkey-thing had gone that way. I walked quite unconcernedly, even jauntily, down a sort of rift or chasm with just a strip

of sky overhead. And in a sudden burst of daylight I came upon a crowd of heads peeping out of a hole. It was a sort of irregular, half-roofed, natural courtyard among the rocks.

"For a minute everything was a blur of black and red before my eyes; then I heard the whistle and tick of an arrow above my head, and I realized that I was being shot at. I hadn't sense enough to get back into the passage. I suppose I was too surprised.

"There came a sort of black whirlwind across the stones, and an evil-smelling thing, taller than I, laid itself across me—so as to protect my head and chest—fairly hugging me to its greasy skin, while it jabbered shrilly in some tongue that to my ears was like the cries of cockatoos and the laughter of hyenas.

"At that, the ticking of the arrows ceased, the creature removed his weight, and I staggered away from his foulness and stared at the crowd huddled on the ground before me that, while I gazed, was reenforced by more dark figures creeping out of the rock.

"You won't believe me—they were the real thing: cliff-dwellers, cave-men. You won't believe it, but it's true. In Patagonia I saw them alive, with these eyes. Oh, I've seen 'em dead and mummies out in Colorado and Arizona, but these chaps, I tell you, breathed and jabbered. They were little people, with hair like mud—not black, you know—and their faces were coffee color—*café au lait*—and they were beardless and had strings of beads and striped stuff—sashes, tunics, what-you-call-'ems, made of hemp—I'm sure it must have been hemp—woven coarsely, after a fashion—I saw a hand-loom after, when I went in—and dyed, the Lord knows how.

"The creature that had rushed at me now put a hand between my shoulders and pushed me forward toward the lot of them. I turned and looked at him. I remember thinking, he's the king, sure enough, twice as big as any of the others. Oh, Lord, Lord, he was lighter-colored, too, and his hair was not dark, but a mess of fine, matted, no-colored stuff. I felt a cold shiver running over me from head to foot, and I knew—you guess? It was Pilgrim Hoare himself.

"I shouldn't have known him—I swear I shouldn't—but for the eyes. No snake-pupils about them—red and bleary—he was always short-sighted, you know, and I don't suppose his glasses had survived the fall—



"THERE CAME A SORT OF BLACK WHIRLWIND ACROSS THE STONES."

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UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

but, God! they were still blue as the sky—and that. He hadn't a beard, either, or even a mustache such as he used to wear. I guess they had scraped it off him with a flint—maybe it was a part of their religion—but he was all scrubby and dirty and burnt to any color you please. He was a sight.

"I managed somehow to choke out his name. He laughed and jabbered in the same awful tongue—full of sh's and chk's. Then he put up his hand and pushed away that mane of his, and I saw a scar that looked as if his whole front had been bashed in and badly mended.

"In a flash I worked out the whole thing. He had come down head foremost on the ledge, perhaps had caught blindly at the bush; and long before we had fairly begun our blundering search, *they* had dragged him within and made what they could of him. We thought naturally we had searched every assailable inch of that cliff. Bless you, from below and above the ledge didn't make a wrinkle on the bare rock. We may have seen the bush; but there was nothing on it when we looked.

"I tell you, I'd a thousand times rather have found his skeleton, in any state of decay you please. It couldn't have been so horrible as to look at that thing that once was a man. It made me sick.

"They got me into the cave somehow, and of all the evil-smelling places of the world, I never was in one the equal of that. They had a fire—the Lord knows how they got it, and there was a hag, the only old person I saw—draw your own conclusions—stirring some rancid-smelling stuff in a pot. She ladled out pieces—I saw it was flesh—upon stones, the floor, anywhere you please, and they grabbed it up like dogs and jabbered and tore at one another's bits. Bless you, I won't tell any more. But the floor was strewn with bones from other feasts—a big animal—I don't know what—what do you think? The old woman held out her ladle-like thing to me. I was afraid to refuse. I could not make up my mind to take it. Hoare greedily stretched out his fingers to his own piece, and burnt them; but though he danced about on one foot and the other, shifting the hot thing from one hand to the other, he never let it go, and the moment the heat was bearable, tore off great lumps of flesh and crunched at sinews and bones as well. I felt that I should faint if I didn't get out of the place.

" 'Hoare,' said I, speaking very slowly and distinctly, 'the old ship's below; come home with me. The Madeline, you know'—she was named for the girl—'the Madeline. Come home.'

"At first he grinned when I spoke. Then he seemed to listen, and his painfully contracted eyes took on a searching look. He made some indistinguishable sounds that seemed to me, however, unlike the gibberish of the savages. They were all munching now, and had for the moment forgotten their curiosity about me.

"I stepped to the mouth of the cave to get away from the reek within, and Hoare pattered to my side, with his whole attention bent, as it seemed, upon a fresh chunk of meat. And as we stood there, I debated whether it was worth while, whether it was kind or even decent to take him away as he was, to restore him to his people, to—her. By Jove, I thought it would have been kinder to kill him as he stood. Mere savage life for fourteen or fifteen months should not have undone so much—ah, but that blow on the head! No doubt he had had to begin at the beginning, language and all, and where was there room for hope? Still, society bids us save the life, always save the life, let the strong suffer and sink, if you will, but save and prop up by all means the physically weak, the insane, the vicious. Perhaps, though, it was the memory of my oath that moved me to my decision.

" 'All right,' said I to myself, 'I'll take him home alive.'

" 'Come along,' I commanded him sharply, with a gesture toward the passage by which I had entered. I walked a few steps to encourage him; but he only stared after me wistfully. So I went back and took his hand. I expected resistance, but he came like a docile child. The worst of it was, they followed; and I seemed to gather from a certain menace in their tones that arrows would follow, too, in a minute. I had a sudden inspiration: threw my cap among them, my coat and vest and collar and necktie, everything superfluous that I could get at in a moment—emptied my pockets of trinkets and rubbish and bright coins. And while they settled like a flock of bees, I made a dash for the passage, still gripping Hoare's hand. He ran willingly and far more lightly than I. Was it race instinct that called him, as I believe it had made him save me a few moments before?

Arrived at the bush, he would go first—perhaps I followed as I could, though expectation of a shower of arrows added steadiness or speed made up time, however, thirty feet of the way. I crept on the lookout and finally—no, I won't say the chap had caught Hoare's arms and legs, or I have got away then, so did he seem at the sight of them. Of course, we got off all right. I picture the monkey-things leaped out in my belongings, squabbling over my compass, hatch, knife, and memo-book, and all that. Anyway, they didn't send any arrows, or, if they did, we were gone. Well, I'm not going to describe that homeward trip. It was hell. I attempted to make that thing a man, and I failed. We all tried to teach him English. There we sat on a bit. By the time we were coasting along the Carolinas, we could speak a good many sentences, and seemed to have some understanding of their meaning, though it was largely parrot-work. But he never got beyond a halting sort of utterance, either because his ideas wouldn't connect, or because he feared punishment for making a mistake. We gave him a few notions, perhaps; we couldn't make him less of a brute. It was weeks before we

"Arrived at the bush, he made a sign that he would go first—perhaps to show the way. I followed as I could, though the momentary expectation of a shower of flint arrows did not add steadiness or speed to my descent. I made up time, however, by falling the last thirty feet of the way. Luckily, the lads were on the lookout and caught me, and luckily—no, I won't say that, but anyhow one chap had caught Hoare and pinioned his arms and legs, or I believe he would have got away then, so dismayed and frightened did he seem at the sight of them. Of course, we got off all right. I picture the monkey-things leeked out in my belongings, squabbling over my compass, watch, knife, and memo-book, and all that. Anyway, they didn't send any arrows; or, if they did, we were gone.

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could keep him even half clothed. He cried like a baby when we cut his matted hair. We had to make him eat alone—couldn't stand it to watch him. Knife and fork he wouldn't touch. We tried every kind of device we could invent—no go. He was unhappy, too—that was the worst part of it—wandered about the ship, up and down and round and round, wailing like an animal and jabbering the savage tongue that we were trying to make him forget. Lord, it was a time!



"I HEARD HER GASP AND THEN SHE FAINTED."

"Nothing seemed to have any associations for him. I tried every mortal thing. At last in despair I mentioned her name, you know, Madeline.

"*'Madeline, Madeline,'* he repeated hesitatingly after me, looking as if he wondered what meaning there might be in those sounds. I even showed him one day a photograph of herself that she had given him and that I had stolen from his kit. I confess it. No doubt she thought it had gone over the cliff with him. She never asked for it. Well, I showed him the picture, at the same time speaking her name. He passed his hand softly over the face as if he liked it, and repeated the name after me; but he evidently did not connect the two or have the faintest glimmer of association with either name or face.

"It was hopeless. During the last days of the voyage I gave it up, and sat moodily by myself, wondering how I should explain and—you may laugh—what I was to do with him when I got him ashore. We had patched him up as well as we could, grown him a mustache, and made him stay dressed in some decent sailor-clothes. We even found a pair of spectacles—I'm not sure that they weren't an old pair of his own—and tried to make him wear them. But in a second he always pulled them off and fell to rubbing his nose with such a perplexed and troubled expression that we gave that up, too.

"I tell you, fellows, I wasn't a happy man when we went sailing up New York Harbor and came in sight of Liberty and the skyscrapers and Brooklyn Bridge. Hoare was leaning over the rail, trying to see and seeing but imperfectly, as I guessed, for every minute he kept brushing the air before his nose and shaking his head, as if to get rid of cobwebs there.

"*'See anything you know, old chap?'* I asked him finally.

"He shook his head and made as if to brush me off, too; so I went away and left him there.

"Presently, when we got through the harbor formalities, I went ashore, and, with a sense that I might as well plunge into the worst of it at once, I called a cab and drove straight to her house.

"It was well on to a year since I had been there, and this day was near as hot as that other; but the muslin curtains were swinging in and out in a breeze as I sat waiting by the library window; and the garden outside was a cloud of pink bush-honeysuckle. She

came in soon, from the garden, I judged, for she swung a sun-hat on her arm and there were sprigs of honeysuckle in the belt of her pink dress.

"She started back and paled when she saw me, for I had given no name. Then she plucked up courage to come forward and offer a hand, saying: *'You have changed, oh, you have changed. I scarcely knew you.'*

"*'It's my beard,'* I muttered, to ease her down a bit.

"*'No, it's something else. You're as white as—as'—*I forget what she compared me to—*'and you look worried to death.'*

"*'I am worried to death,'* I took her up.

"*'I'm sorry,'* she said, but did not pursue the subject. *'I suppose you'll be wandering off again soon? One never knows where you are.'*

"*'No,'* I answered at random. *'Are you married yet?'*

"She looked at me reproachfully. Of course, I had asked for her under the old name.

"*'Or engaged?'* I pursued.

"*'How can you!'* she exclaimed, with the tears coming, so that, like a miserable fool, I put my foot in still further: *'Because I've come to claim your promise.'*

"I saw that she understood. *'What promise?'* she asked, turning so pale that I went over to stand by her.

"*'You know,'* I answered as gently as I could.

"*'Have you then—have you found his—body?'* she whispered.

"*'Yes,'* said I, God knows with what truth, *'just that.'*

"Then she began to rock herself and cry so that it was maddening to hear and see—I'll pass over that if you don't mind. I tried to comfort her as well as I could.

"Suddenly she started up from her chair and faced me. *'You said—before—that you would bring him—it—home?'*

"*'I have done so,'* said I solemnly.

"Then she trembled so that I had to hold her up. She didn't know how she was hanging on to me while she said that she must get her hat and come with me—I don't suppose she knew what she said or meant; but I understood that she felt that she had a duty—of some sort—you see.

"*'Not yet awhile,'* I tried to put her off; but go she would that very moment.

"*'You and I must have some more talk, first,'* I insisted, and at last I got her quiet

and in her chair again. But it wasn't so altogether easy to explain.

"‘I am waiting,’ said she.

"‘I couldn't get it out.

"‘Is there anything fresh to tell me?’ she asked.

"‘O Lord, yes!’ I groaned.

"Then she was on her feet with a cry that I thought must have brought the whole household in upon us. ‘He's alive,’ said she. ‘He is alive!’

"I assured her—and I believed that I told no lie—that it was his body alone that I brought.

"‘Your news, then? Your news?’ she hurried me.

"‘There are worse things than death, you know,’ I began some such rigmarole.

"‘No,’ she contradicted. ‘Don't put me off.’

"‘But I say there are.’ Perhaps a vague notion of deceiving her was growing in my mind. ‘I say you should be glad. There are some kinds of life worse than death. Insanity, for instance.’

"‘What have you to tell me?’ she insisted.

"Then in sheer desperation, I gave in and told her to get ready and come with me, hoping to work out some sort of explanation on the way.

"The first inkling I had that she had in any degree outgrown her love for Hoare was when she came down in a black dress. I'm not much of a psychologist; but I knew somehow that there was sentiment in that. True love would have gone as it was, even in a pink dress—huh?

"I had left the Madeline at anchor a little way off the pier, waiting for another ship to clear out; but I thought the mate would have got her in by this. No such thing. I signaled, and a boat put off almost at once. She must have been already in the water, as if on the lookout for us. That struck me as a little odd, as the mate must have expected to go into dock every moment. As a matter of fact, indeed, the other ship backed out just as we went aboard; but we were thinking of other things then.

"My mate stood by when I handed my companion aboard, and then touched me on the elbow, as a sign that he wished to speak apart.

"‘Poor chap's gone,’ said he.

"‘Gone where?’ I asked.

"‘Overboard,’ says he. ‘Done for. Like a shot. Head over heels. Seems like he

got top-heavy leanin' over the rails. We tried to catch him, but we wasn't quick enough. Bill jumped in and we got the boat round in no time.’

"‘Got him, then?’ I asked, with a lightening of the breast that I struggled to control.

"‘Ay, ay, sir.’

"‘Dead?’

"‘Quite dead. In fact, I suspicion——’

"‘Well?’

"‘I suspicion he was dead afore he touched water. Will you come and have a look?’

"‘I'll be back in a moment,’ said I to Madeline.

"To me he seemed far more the old Hoare than at any time since I had discovered him—peaceful, sentient.

"She must have followed close behind, notwithstanding their efforts to stop her. I heard her gasp, and then she fainted. The shock of the change was too horrible—she was ill after it."

He threw down his pipe with a gesture that seemed to betoken the end.

"Where's your philosophical comment?" he asked after a pause, with a touch of impatience.

"We haven't heard the finish yet," said Forbes, hugging his knee.

"Oh, we were married after a while," said Simson. "But that isn't the point. It's this: I'm not one to waste much time over my soul, but, fellows, that chap might have been you or me—might be—I mean it might happen to any of us."

"Shall I tell you where you make your mistake, Simson?" asked Forbes. "You assume that Hoare before he went to Patagonia was of a certain, fairly high degree of value to the universe; and when you found him among the savages, and mad at that, his value was nothing. But how do you know that he wasn't worth absolutely more after his misfortune than before? You don't! Very likely he was. Look at what he brought out in all you chaps on the homeward voyage. Oh, you can work that out in detail and smoke it.

"As for himself, there's no saying but that he'd very likely get another chance in this world or the next. His dust will make other human beings—maybe his soul-particles another soul—I don't know. It may be so. What I am sure of is that Hoare's value in the universe—I mean Hoare as Hoare—not a man as a man—was an unknown quantity, of which it is impossible to predicate any-

thing. Put it another way. There are a few million people living on this globe whose face value appears to be *nil*. That they have some negotiable value in the great business of the planets I am prepared to believe; but I don't understand the system, I confess it. Do you? Then let's drop the twaddle about my value or yours, or anybody's. Make the

best show of decency you can and hang speculation. That's what I think—oh, yes, and it all makes copy, of course, from my point of view. Who's right? Who knows? Go home and be happy, which means, just now, go to bed. I'll to the office and slave for humanity. Even a philosopher must live."



City Children

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

PALE flowers are you that scarce have known the sun!
 Your little faces like sad blossoms seem
 Shut in some room, there helplessly to dream
 Of distant glens wherethrough glad rivers run,
 And winds at evening whisper. Daylight done,
 You miss the tranquil moon's unfettered beam,
 The wide, unsheltered earth, the starlight gleam,
 All the old beauty meant for every one.

The clamor of the city streets you hear,
 Not the rich silence of the April glade;
 The sun-swept spaces which the good God made
 You do not know; white mornings keen and clear
 Are not your portion through the golden year,
 O little flowers that blossom but to fade!



Youth and the Maiden

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

"TELL me, when you are old, and Time has set
 His seal upon your eyes, and made your hair
 No longer like the clouds the midnights wear,
 Will your sweet magic pass, your amulet
 Lose power and leave me free?" "Nay, for the net
 Entangles both, and while we gaily fare,
 Love's livery is brave: and still more rare
 When Age doth draw it close." "Your eyes are wet."

"Tears for the trailing pageantry of Youth,
 The swift departure of a brilliant guest,
 Not for the One who creeps to fireside peace."
 "Yet 'twas your beauty made me know your truth."
 "Doth beauty die when down the crimson west
 The sunset fades, and all the day-winds cease?"

THE SPOILERS *

By REX E. BEACH

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Glenister and Dextry, co-owners of the Midas, the richest mine in Alaska, are about to board the ship Santa Maria, at Unalaska, in order to reach Nome at the opening of the mining season. Helen Chester, niece of Judge Stillman and the innocent agent of a great political conspiracy to defraud the mine-owners of Nome, asks their help in escaping from the smallpox-infested ship, the Ohio. The two men, ignorant of the significance of her errand, gallantly fight and defeat her pursuers, smuggle her on board their own ship, and protect her until she arrives in Nome and delivers the secret papers entrusted to her. Glenister, who has fallen in love with the girl, saves her life in a street brawl at the risk of his own. Judge Stillman and McNamara, political boss of Dakota and leader of the conspiracy, arrive in Nome and begin their machinations. This new faction shortly assumes control of all the mines in Nome, including the Midas. Cherry Malotte, a beautiful woman, notorious in this region, discovers Glenister's love for Helen and determines to combat it. A successful sluice robbery at the Midas is carried through by Glenister and Dextry, who thus secure part of their own gold. With this they send the lawyer, Bill Wheaton, to San Francisco, whence he returns with a writ of *supersedeas* which Stillman and McNamara refuse to recognize, thus making their position plain. Through an exciting series of stratagems the miners succeed in despatching Wheaton a second time. Glenister, persuaded by Cherry Malotte that Helen Chester has been a conscious accomplice of "the Spoilers," spends a desperate night playing faro. The Bronco Kid, who is the banker, plots to ruin Glenister, Cherry Malotte, who is in the secret, acting as case-keeper. At the crisis of the game, Glenister risks his entire fortune, which he is prevented from losing only by Cherry Malotte's betrayal of the Kid's plot. A scandalous rumor having arisen in connection with Helen and Glenister, the girl is cut by the Nome women at a ball to which she is escorted by McNamara, who wishes to marry her. Glenister, failing to dissuade his fellow vigilantes from a murderous attack on the judge, intervenes and saves the old man's life. Cherry Malotte rescues Helen from a mad dog, and prompts her to suspect the truth of the situation in which her uncle figures.

CHAPTER XVI (*continued*)

AS she read the note, Judge Stillman entered, and it seemed to the girl that he had aged a year for every hour in the last twelve, or else the yellow afternoon light limned the sagging hollows and haggard lines of his face most pitilessly. He showed in voice and manner the nervous burden under which he labored.

"Alec has told me about your engagement and it lifts a terrible load from me. I'm mighty glad you're going to marry him. He's a wonderful man and he's the only one who can save us."

"What do you mean by that? What are we in danger of?" she inquired, avoiding discussion of McNamara's announcement.

"Why, that mob, of course. They'll come back. They said so. But Alec can handle the commanding officer at the post, and, thanks to him, we'll have soldiers guarding the house hereafter."

"Why—they won't hurt us——"

"Tut, tut! I know what I'm talking about. We're in worse danger now than ever, and if we don't break up those vigilantes there'll be

bloodshed—that's what. They're a menace and they're trying to force me off the bench so they can take the law into their own hands again. That's what I want to see you about. They're planning to kill Alec and me—so he says—and we've got to act quick to prevent murder. Now this young Glenister is one of them, and he knows who the rest are. Do you think you could get him to talk?"

"I don't think I quite understand you," said the girl through whitening lips.

"Oh, yes, you do. I want the names of the ringleaders so that I can jail them. You can worm it out of that fellow if you try."

Helen looked at the old man in a horror that at first was dumb. "You ask this of me?" she demanded hoarsely, at last.

"Nonsense," he said irritably. "This isn't any time for silly scruples. It's life or death for me, maybe, and for Alec, too." He said the last craftily, but she stormed at him:

"It's infamous! You're asking me to betray the very man who saved us not twelve hours ago. He risked his life for us."

"It isn't treachery at all, it's protection. If we don't get them, they'll get us. I

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wouldn't punish that young fellow, but I want the others. Come now, you've got to do it." But she said "No" firmly, and quietly went to her own room, where behind the locked door she sat for a long time staring with unseeing eyes, her hands tight clenched in her lap. At last she whispered:

"I'm afraid it's true. I'm afraid it's true."

She remained hidden during the dinner hour, and pleaded a headache when McNamara called in the early evening. Although she had not seen him since he left her the night before, bearing her tacit promise to wed him, yet how could she meet him now with the conviction growing on her hourly that he was a master rogue? She wrestled with the thought that he and her uncle, her own uncle who stood in the place of a father, were conspirators. And yet at memory of the judge's cold-blooded request that she should turn traitress, her whole being was revolted. If he could ask a thing like that, what other heartless, selfish act might he not be capable of? All the long, solitary evening she kept her room, but at last feeling faint, slipped down-stairs in search of Fred, for she had eaten nothing since her late breakfast.

Voices reached her from the parlor, and as she came to the last step she froze there in an attitude of listening. The first sentence she heard through the close-drawn curtains banished all qualms at eavesdropping. She stood for many breathless minutes drinking in the plot that came to her plainly from within, then turned, gathered up her skirts, and tiptoed back to her room. Here she made haste madly, tearing off her house clothes and donning others.

She pressed her face to the window and noted that the night was like a close-hung velvet pall, without a star in sight. Nevertheless she wound a heavy veil about her hat and face before she extinguished the light and stepped into the hall. Hearing McNamara's "Good night" at the front door, she retreated again while her uncle slowly mounted the stairs and paused before her chamber. He called her name softly, but when she did not answer, continued on to his own room. When he was safely within she descended quietly, went out, and locked the front door behind her, placing the key in her bosom. She hurried now, feeling her way through the thick gloom in a panic, while in her mind was but one frightened thought:

"I'll be too late. I'll be too late."

CHAPTER XVII

THE DRIP OF WATER IN THE DARK

EVEN after Helen had been out for some time she could barely see sufficiently to avoid collisions. The air, weighted by a low-hung roof of clouds, was surcharged with the electric suspense of an impending storm and seemed to sigh and tremble at the hint of power in leash. It was that pause before the conflict wherein the night laid finger upon her lips.

As the girl neared Glenister's cabin she was disappointed at seeing no light there. She stumbled toward the door only to utter a half-strangled cry as two men stepped out of the gloom and seized her roughly. Something cold and hard was thrust violently against her cheek, forcing her head back and bruising her. She struggled and cried out.

"Hold on—it's a woman!" ejaculated the man who had pinioned her arms, loosing his hold till only a hand remained on her shoulder. The other lowered the weapon he had jammed to her face and peered closely.

"Why, Miss Chester," he said. "What are you doing here? You came near getting hurt."

"I am bound for the Wilsons', but I must have lost my way in the darkness. I think you have cut my face." She controlled her fright firmly.

"That's too bad," one said. "We mistook you for—" And the other broke in sharply, "You'd better run along. We're waiting for some one."

Helen hastened back by the route she had come, knowing that there was still time, and that as yet her uncle's emissaries had not laid hands upon Glenister. She had overheard the judge and McNamara plotting to drag the town with a force of deputies, seizing not only her two friends, but every man suspected of being a vigilante. The victims were to be jailed without bond, without reason, without justice, while the mechanism of the court was to be juggled in order to hold them until fall, if necessary. They had said that the officers were already busy, so haste was a crying thing. She sped down the dark streets toward the house of Cherry Malotte, but found no light nor answer to her knock. She was distracted now and knew not where to seek next among the thousand spots which might hide the man she wanted. What chance had she against the posse sweeping the town from end



THE DIM LIGHT SHOWED THE CONVULSIVE FURY OF HIS FEATURES
ABOVE THE LEVELED WEAPON.

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to end? There was only one; he might be at the Northern Theatre. Even so, she could not reach him, for she dared not go there herself. She thought of Fred, her Jap boy, but there was no time. Wasted moments meant failure.

Roy had once told her that he never gave up what he undertook. Very well, she would show that even a girl may possess determination. This was no time for modesty or shrinking indecision, so she pulled the veil more closely about her face and took her good name into her hands. She made rapidly toward the lighted streets which cast a skyward glare and from which, through the breathless calm, arose the sound of carousal. Swiftly she threaded the narrow alleys in search of the theatre's rear entrance, for she dared not approach from the front. In this way she came into a part of the camp which had lain hidden from her until now, and of the existence of which she had never dreamed.

The vices of a city, however horrible, are at least draped scantily by the mantle of convention, but in a great mining-camp they stand naked and without concealment. Here there were rows upon rows of criblike houses clustered over tortuous, ill-lighted lanes, like blow-flies swarming to an unclean feast. From within came the noise of ribaldry and debauch. Shrill laughter mingled with coarse, maudlin songs, till the clinging night reeked of abominable revelry. The girl saw painted creatures of every nationality leaning from windows or beckoning from doorways, while drunken men collided with her, barred her course, challenged her, and again and again she was forced to slip from their embraces. At last the high bulk of the theatre building showed a short distance ahead. Panting and frightened, she tried the door with weak hands, to find it locked. From behind it rose the blare of brass and the sound of singing. She accosted a man who approached through the narrow alley, but he had cruised from the chartered course in search of adventure and was not minded to go in quest of doormen; rather, he chose to sing a chanter to the bibulous measures of which he invited her to dance with him, so she slipped away till he had teetered past. He was some longshoreman in that particular epoch of his inebriety where life had no burden save the dissipation of wages.

Returning, she pounded on the door, possessed of the sense that the man she sought was here, till at last it was flung open, framing

the silhouette of a shirt-sleeved, thick-set youth who shouted:

"What 'n 'ell do you want to butt in for while the show's on? Go round front." She caught a glimpse of disordered scenery, and before he could slam the door in her face thrust a silver dollar into his hand, at the same time wedging herself into the opening. He pocketed the coin, and the door clicked to behind her.

"Well, speak up. The act's closin'." Evidently he was the directing genius of the performance, for at that moment the chorus broke into full cry and he said hurriedly:

"Wait a minute. There goes the finally." and dashed away to tend his drops and switches. When the curtain was down and the principals had sought their dressing-rooms he returned.

"Do you know Mr. Glenister?" she asked.

"Sure. I seen him to-night. Come here." He led her toward the footlights and, pulling back the edge of the curtain, allowed her to peep past him out into the dance-hall. She had never pictured a place like this, and in spite of her agitation was astonished at its gaudy elegance. The gallery was formed of a continuous row of compartments with curtained fronts in which men and women were talking, drinking, singing. The seats on the lower floor were disappearing and the canvas cover was rolling back, showing the polished hardwood underneath, while out through the wide folding doors that led to the main gambling-room she heard a brass-lunged man calling the commencement of the dance. Couples glided into motion while she watched.

"I don't see him," said her guide. "You better walk out front and help yourself." He indicated the stairs which led up to the galleried boxes and the steps leading down on to the main floor, but she handed him another coin, begging him to find Roy and bring him to her. "Hurry, hurry!" she implored.

The stage-manager gazed at her curiously, remarking, "My! You spend your money like it had been left to you. You're a regular pie check for me. Come around any time."

She withdrew to a dark corner and waited interminably till her messenger appeared at the head of the gallery stairs and beckoned to her. As she drew near he said, "I told him there was a thousand-dollar filly flaggin' him from the stage-door, but he's got a grouch an' won't stir. He's in number seven." She



"I CAME FOR THE PAPERS," SHE SAID

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hesitated, at which he said, "Go on—you're in right;" then continued reassuringly, "Say, pal, if he's your white-haired lad, you needn't start no roughhouse, 'cause he don't flirt wit' these dames none whatever. Naw! Take it from me."

She entered the door her counselor indicated to find Roy lounging back watching the dancers. He turned inquiringly—then, as she raised her veil, leaped to his feet and jerked the curtains to.

"Helen! What are you doing here?"

"You must go away quickly," she gasped. "They're trying to arrest you."

"They! Who? Arrest me for what?"

"Voorhees and his men—for riot, or something about last night."

"Nonsense," he said. "I had no part in it. You know that."

"Yes, yes—but you're a vigilante and they're after you and all your friends. Your house is guarded and the town is alive with deputies. They've planned to jail you on some pretext or other and hold you indefinitely. Please go before it's too late."

"How do you know this?" he asked gravely.

"I overheard them plotting."

"Who?"

"Uncle Arthur and Mr. McNamara." She faced him squarely as she said it, and therefore saw the light flame up in his eyes as he cried:

"And you came here to save me—came *here* at the risk of your good name?"

"Of course. I would have done the same for Dextray." The gladness died away, leaving him listless.

"Well, let them come. I'm done, I guess. I heard from Wheaton to-night. He's down and out, too—some trouble with the 'Frisco courts about jurisdiction over these cases. I don't know as it's worth while to fight any longer."

"Listen," she said. "You must go. I am sure there is a terrible wrong being done, and you and I must stop it. I have seen the truth at last, and you're in the right. Please hide for a time at least."

"Very well. If you have taken sides with us there's some hope left. Thank you for the risk you ran in warning me."

She had moved to the front of the compartment and was peering forth between the draperies when she stifled a cry.

"Too late! Too late! There they are. Don't part the curtains. They'll see you."

Pushing through the gambling-hall were Voorhees and four others seemingly in quest of some one.

"Run down the back stairs," she breathed, and pushed him through the door. He caught and held her hand with a last word of gratitude. Then he was gone. She drew down her veil and was about to follow when the door opened and he reappeared.

"No use," he remarked quietly. "There are three more waiting at the foot." He looked out to find that the officers had searched the crowd and were turning toward the front stairs, thus cutting off his retreat. There were but two ways down from the gallery and no outside windows from which to leap. As they had made no armed display, the presence of the officers had not interrupted the dance.

Glenister drew his revolver, while into his eyes came the dancing glitter that Helen had seen before, cold as the glint of winter sunlight.

"No, not that—for God's sake!" she shuddered, clasping his arm.

"I must for your sake, or they'll find you here and that's worse than ruin. I'll fight it out in the corridors so that you can escape in the confusion. Wait till the firing stops and the crowd gathers." His hand was on the knob when she tore it loose, whispering hoarsely:

"They'll kill you. Wait! There's a better way. Jump." She dragged him to the front of the box and pulled aside the curtains. "It isn't high and they won't see you till too late. Then you can run through the crowd."

He grasped her idea and, slipping his weapon back into its holster, laid hold of the ledge before him and lowered himself down over the dancers. He swung out unhesitatingly, and almost before he had been observed had dropped into their midst. The gallery was but twice the height of a man's head from the floor, so he landed on his feet and had drawn his Colts even while the men at the stairs were shouting at him to halt.

At sight of the naked weapons there was confusion, wherein the commands of the deputies mingled with the shrieks of the women, the crash of overturned chairs, and the sound of tramping feet as the crowd divided before Glenister and swept back against the wall in the same ominous way that a crowd in the street had divided on the morning of Helen's arrival. The trombone-player, who had sunk low in his chair with closed eyes, looked out suddenly at the dis-

turbance, and his alarm was blown through the horn in a startled squawk. A large woman whimpered:

"Don't shoot!" and thrust her palms to her ears, closing her eyes tightly.

Glenister covered the deputies, from whose vicinity the bystanders surged as though from the presence of lepers.

"Hands up!" he cried sharply, and they froze into motionless attitudes, one poised on the lowest step of the stairs, the other a pace forward. Voorhees appeared at the head of the flight and rushed down a few steps only to come abruptly into range and to assume a like rigidity, for the young man's aim shifted to him.

"I have a warrant for you," the officer cried, his voice loud in the hush.

"Keep it!" said Glenister, showing his teeth in a smile in which there was no mirth. He backed diagonally across the hall, his boot-heels clicking in the silence, his eyes shifting rapidly up and down the stairs where the danger lay.

From her station Helen could see the whole tableau, all but the men on the stairs, where her vision was cut off. She saw the dance-girls crouched behind their partners or leaning far out from the wall with parted lips, the men eager yet fearful, the bartender with a half-polished glass poised high. Then a quick movement across the hall suddenly diverted her absorbed attention. She saw a man rip aside the drapery of the box opposite and lean so far out that he seemed in peril of falling. He undertook to sight a weapon at Glenister, who was just passing from his view. At her first glance Helen gasped—her heart gave one fierce lunge, and she cried out.

The distance across the pit was so short she saw his every line and lineament clearly; it was the brother she had sought these years and years. Before she knew or could check it the blood call leaped forth.

"Drury!" she cried aloud, at which he whipped his head about while amazement and some other emotion she could not gage spread slowly over his features. For a long moment he stared at her without movement or sign while the drama beneath went on, then he drew back into his retreat with the dazed look of one doubting his senses, yet fearful of putting them to the test. For her part she saw nothing except her brother vanishing slowly into the shadows as though stricken at her glance, then the curtains

closing before his livid face. Then pandemonium broke loose at her feet.

Glenister, holding his enemies at bay, had retreated to the double doors leading from the theatre. His *coup* had been executed so quickly and quietly that the throng in the gambling-room knew nothing of it till they saw a man walk backward through the door. As he did so he reached forth and slammed the wide wings shut before his face, then turned and dashed into the press. Inside the dance-hall loud sounds arose as the officers clattered down the stairs and made after their quarry. They tore the barrier apart in time to see, far down the saloon, an eddying swirl as though some great fish were lashing through the lily-pads of a pond, and then the swinging doors closed behind Glenister.

Helen made her way from the theatre as she had come, unobserved and unobserving, for she walked in a dream. Emotions had chased each other too closely to-night to be distinguishable, so she went mechanically through the narrow alley to Front Street and thence to her home.

Glenister meanwhile had been swallowed up by the darkness, the night enfolding him without sign or trace. As he ran he considered what course to follow—whether to carry the call to his comrades in town or to make for the creek and Dextray. The vigilantes might still distrust him, and yet he owed them warning. McNamara's men were moving so swiftly that action must be speedy to forestall them. Another hour and the net would be closed, while it seemed that whichever course he chose they would snare one or the other—either the friends who remained in town, or Dex and Slapjack out in the hills. With daylight those two would return and walk unheeding into the trap, while if he took the word to them first, then the vigilantes would be jailed before dawn. As he drew near Cherry Malotte's house he saw a light through the drawn curtains. A heavy rain-drop plashed upon his face, another followed, and then he heard the patter of falling water increasing swiftly. Before he could gain the door the storm had broken. It swept up the street with tropical violence, while a breath sighed out of the night, lifting the litter from underfoot and pelting him with flying particles. Over the roofs the wind rushed with the rising moan of a hurricane and the night grew suddenly noisy ahead of the tempest.

He entered the door without knocking, to find the girl removing her coat. Her face

gladdened at sight of him, but he checked her with quick and cautious words, his speech almost drowned by the roar outside.

"Are you alone?" She nodded, and he slipped the bolt behind him, saying:

"The marshals are after me. We just had a 'run in' at the Northern and I'm on the go. No—nothing serious yet, but they want the vigilantes, and I must get them word. Will you help me?" He rapidly recounted the row of the last ten minutes while she nodded her quick understanding.

"You're safe here for a little while," she told him, "for the storm will check them. If they should come, there's a back door leading out from the kitchen and a side entrance yonder. In my room you'll find a French window. They can't corner you very well."

"Slapjack and Dex are out at the shaft house—you know—that quartz claim on the mountain above the Midas." He hesitated. "Will you lend me your saddle-horse? It's a black night and I may kill him."

"What about these men in town?"

"I'll warn them first, then hit for the hills."

She shook her head. "You can't do it. You can't get out there before daylight if you wait to rouse these people, and McNamara has probably telephoned the mines to send a party up to the quartz claim after Dex. He knows where the old man is as well as you do, and they'll raid him before dawn."

"I'm afraid so, but it's all I can offer. Will you give me the horse?"

"No! He's only a pony and you'd founder him in the tundra. The mud is knee-deep. I'll go myself."

"Good heavens, girl, in such a night! Why, it's worth your life. Listen to it! The creeks will be up and you'll have to swim. No, I can't let you."

"He's a good little horse, and he'll take me through." Then, coming close, she continued, "Oh, boy! Can't you see that I want to help? Can't you see that I—I'd *die* for you if it would do any good?" He gazed gravely into her wide blue eyes and said awkwardly, "Yes, I know. I'm sorry things are—as they are—but you wouldn't have me lie to you, little woman?"

"No. You're the only true man I ever knew. I guess that's why I love you. And I do love you, oh, so much! I want to be good and worthy to love you, too." She laid her face against his arm and caressed him with clinging tenderness, while the wind

yelled loudly about the eaves and the windows drummed beneath the rain. His heavy brows knit themselves together as she whispered:

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" with such an agony of longing in her voice that her soft accents were sharply distinguishable above the turmoil. The growing wildness seemed a part of the woman's passion, which whipped and harried her like a willow in a blast.

"Things are fearfully jumbled," he said finally. "And this is a bad time to talk about them. I wish they might be different. No other girl would do what you have offered to-night."

"Then why do you think of that woman?" she broke in fiercely. "She's bad and false. She betrayed you once, she's in the play now; you've told me so yourself. Why don't you be a man and forget her?"

"I can't," he said simply. "You're wrong, though, when you think she's bad. I found to-night that she's good and brave and honest. The part she played was played innocently, I'm sure of that, in spite of the fact that she'll marry McNamara. It was she who overheard them plotting and risked her reputation to warn me."

Cherry's face whitened while the shadowy eagerness that had rested there died utterly. "She came into that dive alone? She did that?" He nodded, at which she stood thinking for some time, then continued: "You're honest with me, Roy, and I'll be the same with you. I'm tired of deceit, tired of everything. I tried to make you think she was bad, but in my own heart I knew differently all the time. She came here to-day and humbled herself to get the truth, humbled herself to *me* and I sent her away. She suspected, but she didn't know, and when she asked for information I insulted her. That's the kind of a creature I am. I sent her back to Struve, who offered to tell her the whole story."

"What does that renegade want?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Why, I'd rather—" The young man ground his teeth, but Cherry hastened.

"You needn't worry; she won't see him again. She loathes the ground he walks on."

"And yet he's no worse than that other scoundrel. Come, girl, we have work to do; we must act, and act quickly." He gave her his message to Dexty, then she went to her room and slipped into a riding-habit. When

she came out he asked, "Where is your rain-coat? You'll be drenched in no time."

"I can't ride with it. I'll be thrown anyway and I don't want to be all bound up. Water won't hurt me." She thrust her tiny revolver into her dress, but he took it and upon examination shook his head.

"If you need a gun you'll need a good one." He removed the belt from his own waist and buckled his Colts about her.

"But you," she objected.

"I'll get another in ten minutes." Then, as they were leaving, he said, "One other request, Cherry. I'll be in hiding for a time, and I must get word to Miss Chester to keep watch of her uncle, for the big fight is on at last and the boys will hang him sure if they catch him. I owe her this last warning. Will you send it to her?"

"I'll do it for your sake, not for her—no, no—I don't mean that. I'll do the right thing all around. Leave it here and I'll see that she gets it to-morrow. And—Roy—be careful of yourself." Her eyes were starry and in their depths lurked neither selfishness nor jealousy now, only that mysterious glory of a woman who makes sacrifice.

Together they scurried back to the stable, and yet in that short distance she would have been swept from her feet had he not seized her. They blew in through the barn-door, streaming and soaked by the blinding sheets that drove scythe-like ahead of the wind. He struck a light, and the pony whinnied at recognition of his mistress. She stroked the little fellow's muzzle while Glenister cinched on her saddle. Then when she was at last mounted she leaned forward:

"Will you kiss me once, Roy, for the last time?"

He took her rain-wet face between his hands and kissed her upon the lips as he would have saluted a little maid. As he did so, unseen by both of them a face was pressed for an instant against the pane of glass in the stable wall.

"You're a brave girl and may God bless you," he said, extinguishing the light. He flung the door wide and she rode out into the storm. Locking the portal, he plunged back toward the house to write his hurried note, for there was much to do and scant time for its accomplishment, despite the helping hand of the hurricane. He heard the voice of Bering as it thundered on the Golden Sands and knew that the first great storm of the fall had come. Henceforth he saw that the vio-

lence of men would rival the rising elements, for the deeds of this night would stir their passions as Æolus was rousing the hate of the sea.

He neglected to bolt the house-door as he entered, but flung off his dripping coat and, seizing pad and pencil, scrawled his message. The wind screamed about the cabin, the lamp flared smokily, and Glenister felt a draft suck past him as though from an open door at his back.

"I can't do anything more," he wrote. "The end has come and it has brought the hatred and bloodshed that I have been trying to prevent. I played the game according to your rules, but they forced me back to first principles in spite of myself, and now I don't know what the finish will be. To-morrow will tell. Take care of your uncle, and if you should wish to communicate with me, go to Cherry Malotte. She is a friend of both of us. Always your servant,

"ROY GLENISTER."

As he sealed this he paused, while he felt the hair on his neck rise and bristle and a chill race up his spine. His heart fluttered, then pounded onward till the blood thumped audibly at his ear-drums and he found himself swaying in rhythm to its beat. The muscles of his back cringed and rippled at the proximity of some hovering peril, and yet an irresistible feeling forbade him to turn. A sound came from close behind his chair—the drip, drip, drip of water. It was not from the eaves, nor yet from a faulty shingle. His back was to the kitchen-door, through which he had come, and although there were no mirrors before him, he felt a menacing presence as surely as though it had touched him. His ears were tuned to the finest pin-pricks of sound, and he heard the faint sighing "squish" of a sodden shoe upon which a weight had shifted. Still something chained him to his seat. It was as though his soul laid restraining hand upon his body, waiting for the instant.

He let his hand seek his hip carelessly, but remembered where his gun was. Mechanically he addressed the note in shaking characters, while behind him sounded the constant drip, drip, drip that he knew came from saturated garments. For a long moment he sat, till he heard the stealthy click of a gun-lock muffled by finger-pressure. He set his face and slowly turned. The Bronco Kid was standing behind him as though risen from the sea, his light clothes wet and clinging, his feet centered in a spreading puddle. The

dim light showed the convulsive fury of his features above the leveled weapon, whose hammer was curled back like the head of a striking adder. His eyes gleamed with frenzy. Glenister's mouth was powder-dry, but his mind was leaping riotously like dust before a gale, for he divined himself to be in the deadliest peril of his life. When he spoke, the calmness of his voice surprised himself.

"What's the matter, Bronco?" The other made no reply, till he repeated, "What do you want?"

"That's a hell of a question," the gambler said hoarsely. "I want you, of course, and I've got you."

"Hold up! I am unarmed. This is your third try, and I want to know what's back of it."

"*Damn* the talk!" cried the faro-dealer, moving closer till the light shone on his features, which commenced to twitch. He raised the revolver he had half lowered. "There's reason enough and you know it."

Glenister looked him fairly between the eyes, gripping himself with firm hands to stop the tremor he felt in his bones. "You can't kill me," he said. "I am too good a man to murder. You might shoot a crook, but you can't kill a brave man when he's unarmed. You're no assassin." He remained rigid in his chair, however, moving nothing but his lips, meeting the other's look unflinchingly. The Kid hesitated an instant, while his eyes, which had been fixed with the glare of hatred, wavered a moment, showing the faintest sign of indecision. Glenister cried out exultantly:

"Ha! I knew it. Your neck-cords quiver." The gambler grimaced.

"I can't do it. If I could, I'd have shot you before you turned. But you'll have to fight, you dog. Get up and draw."

Roy refused. "I gave Cherry my gun."

"Yes, and more too," the man gritted. "I saw it all."

Even yet Glenister had made no slightest move, realizing that a feather's weight might snap the gambler's nervous tension and bring the involuntary twitch that would put him out swifter than a whip is cracked.

"I have tried it before, but murder isn't my game." The Kid's eye caught the glint of Cherry's revolver where she had discarded it. "There's a gun—get it."

"It's no good. You'd carry the six bullets and never feel them. I don't know what this is all about, but I'll fight you whenever I'm heeled right."

"Oh, you black-hearted hound!" snarled the Kid. "I want to shoot, but I can't. I used to be a gentleman and I haven't lost it all, I guess. But I won't wait the next time. I'll down you on sight, so you'd better get ironed in a hurry." He backed out of the room into the semi-darkness of the kitchen, watching with lynxlike closeness the man who sat so quietly under the shaded light. He felt behind him for the outer door-knob and turned it to let in a white sheet of rain, then vanished like a storm wraith, leaving a parched-lipped man and a zigzag trail of water which gleamed in the lamplight like a pool of blood.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEREIN A TRAP IS BAITED

GLENISTER did not wait long after his visitor's departure, but extinguished the light, locked the door, and began the further adventures of this night. The storm welcomed him with suffocating violence, sucking the very breath from his lips, while the rain beat through till his flesh was cold and aching. He thought with a pang of the girl facing this tempest, going out to meet the thousand perils of the night. And it remained for him to bear his part as she bore hers, smilingly.

The last hour had added another and mysterious danger to his full measure. Could the Kid be jealous of Cherry? Surely not. Then what else?

The tornado had evidently driven his trailers to cover, for the streets were given over to its violence, and Roy encountered no hostile sign as he was buffeted from house to house. He proceeded cautiously and yet with haste, finding certain homes where the marshals had been before him peopled now only by frightened wives and children. A scattered few of the vigilantes had been taken thus, but the warring elements had prevented their families from spreading the alarm or venturing out for succor. Those whom he was able to warn dressed hurriedly, took their rifles, and went out into the drifting night, leaving empty cabins and weeping women. The great fight was on.

Toward daylight the remnants of the vigilantes straggled into the big, bleak warehouse on the sand-pit, and there beneath the smoking glare of lanterns cursed the name of McNamara. As dawn grayed the ragged

eastern sky-line, Dextry and Slapjack blew in through the spindrift, bringing word from Cherry and lifting a load from Glenister's mind.

"There's a game girl," said the old miner as he wrung out his clothes. "She was half gone when she got to us, and now she's waiting for the storm to break so that she can come back."

"It's clearing up to the east," Slapjack chattered. "D'you know, I'm gettin' so rheumatic that ice-water don't feel comfortable to me no more."

"What's our next move?" asked Dextry of his partner. "When do we hang this politician? Seems like we've got enough able-bodied piano-movers here to tie a can on to the whole outfit, push the town site of Nome off the map, and start fresh."

"I think we had better lie low and watch developments," the other cautioned. "There's no telling what may turn up during the day."

"That's right. 'Stranglers' is like spirits—they works best in the dark."

As the day grew, the storm died, leaving ramparts of clouds hanging sullenly above the ocean's rim, and those skilled in weather prophecy foretold the coming of the equinoctial. In McNamara's office there were great stir and the coming of many men. The boss sat in his chair smoking countless cigars, his big face set in grim lines, his hard eyes peering through the pall of blue at those he questioned. He worked the wires of his machine until his dolls doubled and danced and twisted at his touch. After a gusty interview he dismissed Voorhees with a merciless tongue-lashing, raging bitterly at the man's failure.

"You're not fit to herd sheep. Thirty men out all night and what do you get? A dozen mullet-headed miners. You bag the mud-hens, and the big game runs to cover. I wanted Glenister, but you let him slip through your fingers. Now it's war. What a mess you've made! If I had even *one* helper with a brain the size of a flaxseed, this game would be a gift, but you've bungled every move from the start. Bah! Put a spy in the bull-pen with those prisoners and make them talk. Offer them anything for information. Now get out!"

He called for a certain deputy and questioned him regarding the night's quest, remarking finally:

"There's treachery somewhere. Those men were warned."

"Nobody came near Glenister's house except Miss Chester," the man replied.

"What?"

"The judge's niece. We caught her by mistake in the dark."

Later one of the men who had been with Voorhees at the Northern asked to see the receiver and told him:

"The chief won't believe that I saw Miss Chester in the dance-hall last night, but she was there with Glenister. She must have put him wise to our game or he wouldn't have known we were after him." His hearer made no comment, but, when alone, rose and paced the floor with heavy tread while his face grew savage and brutal.

"So that's the game, eh? It's man to man from now on. Very well, Glenister, I'll have your life for that, and then—you'll pay, Miss Helen." He considered carefully. A plot for a plot. If he could not swap intrigue with these miners and beat them badly, he deserved to lose. Now that the girl gave herself to their cause he would use her again and see how well she answered. Public opinion would not stand too great a strain, and although he had acted within his rights last night, he dared not go much farther. Diplomacy, therefore, must serve. He must force his enemies beyond the law and into his trap. She had passed the word once; she would do so again.

He hurried to Stillman's house and stormed into the presence of the judge. He told the story so artfully that the judge's astonished unbelief yielded to rage and cowardice, and he sent for his niece. She came down, white and silent, having heard the loud voices. The old man berated her with uncontrolled fury, while McNamara stood silent. The girl listened with entire self-control until her uncle made a reference to Glenister that she found intolerable.

"Hush! I will not listen!" she cried passionately. "I warned him because you would have sacrificed him after he had saved our lives. That is all. He is an honest man, and I am grateful to him. That is the only foundation for your insult."

McNamara with apparent candor broke in:

"You thought you were doing right, of course, but your action will have terrible consequences. Now we'll have riot, bloodshed, and heaven knows what. It was to save all this that I wanted to break up their organization. A week's imprisonment would have done it, but now they're armed and belligerent and we'll have a battle to-night."

"No, no!" she cried. "There mustn't be any violence."

"There is no use trying to check them. They are rushing to their own destruction. I have learned that they plan to attack the Midas to-night, and I'll have fifty soldiers waiting for them there. It is a shame, for they are decent fellows, blinded by ignorance and misled by that young miner. This will be the blackest night the North has ever seen." With this McNamara left the house and went in search of Voorhees, remarking to himself:

"Now, Miss Helen—send your warning—the sooner the better. If I know those vigilantes, it will set them crazy, and yet not crazy enough to attack the Midas. They will strike for me, and when they hit my poor, unguarded office, they'll think hell has moved North."

"Mr. Marshal," said he to his tool, "I want you to gather forty men quietly and arm them with Winchesters. They must be fellows who won't faint at blood—you know the kind. Assemble them at my office after dark, one at a time, by the back way. It must be done with absolute secrecy. Now, see if you can do this one thing and not get balled up. If you fail, I'll make you answer to me."

"Why don't you get the troops?" ventured Voorhees.

"If there's one thing I want to avoid, it's soldiers, either here or at the mines. When they step in, we step out, and I'm not ready for that just yet." The receiver smiled evilly.

Helen meanwhile had fled to her room, and there received Glenister's note through Cherry Malotte's messenger. It rekindled her worst fears and bore out McNamara's prophecy. The more she read of it the more certain she grew that the crisis was only a question of hours, and that with darkness, Tragedy would walk the streets of Nome. The thought of the wrong already done was lost in the lonely girl's terror of the crime about to happen, for it seemed to her she had been the instrument to set these forces in motion, that she had loosed this swift-speeding avalanche of greed, hatred, and brutality. And when the crash should come—the girl shuddered. It must not be. She would shriek a warning from the housetops even at cost of her uncle, of McNamara, and of herself. And yet she had no proof that a crime existed. Although it all lay clear in her own mind, the certainty of it arose only from her

intuition. If only she were able to take a hand—if only she were not a woman. Then Cherry Malotte's words anent Struve recurred to her, "A bottle of wine and a woman's face." They brought back the lawyer's assurance that those documents she had safeguarded all through the long spring-time journey really contained the proof. If they did, then they held the power to check this impending conflict. Her uncle and the Boss would not dare continue if threatened with exposure and prosecution. The more she thought of it, the more urgent seemed the necessity to prevent the battle of to-night. There was a chance here, at least, and the only one.

Adding to her mental torment was the constant vision of that face in the curtains at the Northern. It was her brother, yet what mystery shrouded this affair, also? What kept him from her? What caused him to slink away like a thief discovered? She grew dizzy and hysterical.

Struve turned in his chair as the door to his private office opened, then leaped to his feet at sight of the gray-eyed girl standing there.

"I came for the papers," she said.

"I knew you would." The blood went out of his cheeks, then surged back up to his eyes. "It's a bargain, then?"

She nodded. "Give them to me first."

He laughed unpleasantly. "What do you take me for? I'll keep my part of the bargain if you'll keep yours. But this is no place, nor time. There's riot in the air, and I'm busy preparing for to-night. Come back to-morrow when it's all over."

But it was the terror of to-night's doings that had led her into his power.

"I'll never come back," she said. "It is my whim to know to-day—yes, at once."

He meditated for a time. "Then to-day it shall be. I'll shirk the fight, I'll sacrifice what shreds of duty have clung to me, because the fever for you is in my bones, and it seems to me I'd do murder for it. That's the kind of a man I am, and I have no pride in myself because of it. But I've always been that way. We'll ride to the Sign of the Sled. It's a romantic little road-house ten miles from here, perched high above the Snake River trail. We'll take dinner there together."

"But the papers?"

"I'll have them with me. We'll start in an hour."

"In an hour," she echoed lifelessly, and left him.

He chuckled grimly, and seized the telephone. "Central—call the Sled Road-House—seven rings on the Snake River Branch. Hello! That you, Shortz? This is Struve. Anybody at the house? Good. Turn them away if they come and say that you're closed. None of your business. I'll be out about dark, so have dinner for two. Spread yourself and keep the place clear. Good-by."

Strengthened by Glenister's note, Helen went straight to Cherry Malotte and told her project. "Don't go with him," the woman advised her earnestly. "He's a bad man."

"But I *must*. The blood of those men will be on me if I don't stop this tragedy. If those papers tell the tale I think they do, I can call off my uncle and make McNamara give back the mines. You said Struve told you the whole scheme. Did you see the *proof*?"

"No, I have only his word, but he spoke of those documents repeatedly, saying they contained his instructions to tie up the mines in order to give a foothold for the lawsuits. He bragged that the rest of the gang were in his power and that he could land them in the penitentiary for conspiracy. That's all."

"It's the only chance," said Helen. "They are sending soldiers to the Midas to lie in ambush, and you must warn the vigilantes." Cherry paled at this and ejaculated:

"Good Lord! Roy said he'd lead an attack to-night." The two stared at each other.

"If I succeed with Struve I can stop it all, all of this injustice and crime, everything."

"Do you realize what you're risking?" Cherry demanded. "That man is an animal. You'll have to kill him to save yourself, and he'll never give up those proofs."

"Yes, he will," said Helen fiercely, "and I defy him to harm me. The Sign of the Sled is a public road-house with a landlord, a telephone, and other guests. Will you warn Mr. Glenister about the troops?"

"I will, and bless you for a brave girl. Wait a moment." Cherry took from the dresser her tiny revolver. "Don't hesitate to use this. I want you to know also that I'm sorry for what I said yesterday."

As she hurried away, Helen realized with a shock the change that the past few months had wrought in her. In truth it was as Glenister had said, his Northland worked strangely with its denizens. What of that shrinking girl who had stepped out of the sheltered life, strong only in her untried honesty, to become a hunted, harried thing,

juggling with honor and reputation, in her heart a half-formed fear that she might kill a man this night to gain her end? The elements were molding her with irresistible hands. Roy's contact with the primitive had not roughened him more quickly than had hers.

She met her appointment with Struve, and they rode away together, he talkative and elated, she silent and icy.

Late in the afternoon the cloud-banks to the eastward assumed alarming proportions. They brought with them an early nightfall, and when they broke, let forth a tempest which rivaled that of the previous night. During the first of it armed men came sifting into McNamara's office from the rear and were hidden throughout the building. Whenever he descried a peculiarly desperate ruffian the Boss called him aside for private instruction and gave minute description of a wide-shouldered, erect youth in white hat and half boots. Gradually he set his trap with the men Voorhees had raked from the slums, and when it was done, smiled to himself. As he thought it over he ceased to regret the miscarriage of last night's plan, for it had served to goad his enemies to the point he desired, to the point where they would rush to their own undoing. He thought with satisfaction of the rôle he would play in the United States press when the sensational news of this night's adventure came out. A court official who dared to do his duty despite a lawless mob. A receiver who turned a midnight attack into a rout and shambles. That is what they would say. What if he did exceed his authority thereafter? What if there were a scandal? Who would question? As to soldiers, no, decidedly no. He wished no help of soldiers at this time.

The sight of a ship in the offing toward dark caused him some uneasiness, for, notwithstanding the assurance that the course of justice in the San Francisco courts had been clogged, he knew Bill Wheaton to be a resourceful lawyer and a determined man. Therefore, it relieved him to note the rising gale, which precluded the possibility of interference from that source. Let them come to-morrow if they would. By that time some of the mines would be ownerless and his position strengthened a hundredfold.

He telephoned the mines to throw out guards, although he reasoned that none but madmen would think of striking there in the face of the warning which he knew must have

been transmitted through Helen. Putting on his rain-coat, he sought Stillman.

"Bring your niece over to my place to-night. There's trouble in the air and I'm prepared for it."

"She hasn't returned from her ride yet. I'm afraid she's caught in the storm." The judge gazed anxiously into the darkness.

During all the long day the vigilantes lay in hiding, impatient at their idleness and wondering at the lack of effort made toward their discovery, not dreaming that McNamara had more cleverly hidden plans. When Cherry's note of warning came they gathered in the back room and gave voice to their opinions.

"There's only one way to clear the atmosphere," said the chairman.

"You bet," chorused the others. "They've garrisoned the mines, so let's go through the town and make a clean job of it. Let's hang the whole outfit to one post." This met with general approval, Glenister alone demurring. Said he:

"I have reasoned it out differently and. I want you to hear me through before deciding. Last night I got word from Wheaton that the California courts are against us. He attributes it to influence, but, whatever the reason, we are cut off from all legal help either in this court or on appeal. Now, suppose we lynch these officials to-night. What do we gain? Martial law in two hours, our mines tied up for another year, and who knows what else? Maybe a corrupter court next season. Suppose, on the other hand, we fail—and somehow I feel that we will—for that boss is no fool. What then? Those of us who don't find the morgue will end in jail. You say we can't meet the soldiers. I say we can and must. We must carry this row to them. We must jump it past the courts of Alaska, past the courts of California, and up to the White House, where there's one honest man, at least. We must do something to wake up the men in Washington. We must get out of politics, for McNamara can beat us there. Although he's a strong man he can't corrupt the President. We have one shot left, and it must reach the Potomac. When Uncle Sam takes a hand we'll get a square deal, so I say let us strike at the Midas to-night and take her if we can. Some of us will go down, but what of it?"

Following this harangue, he outlined a plan which in its unique daring took away their breaths, and as he filled in detail after detail

they brightened with excitement and that love of the long chance which makes gamblers of those who thread the silent valleys or tread the edge of things. His boldness stirred them and enthusiasm did the rest.

"All I want for myself," he said, "is the chance to run the big risk. It's mine by right."

Dextry spoke breathlessly to Slapjack in the pause which ensued:

"Ain't he a heller?"

"We'll go you," the miners chimed to a man, and the chairman added, "Let's have Glenister lead this forlorn hope. I am willing to stand or fall on his judgment." They acquiesced without a dissenting voice, and with the firm hands of a natural leader the young man took control.

"Let's hurry up," said one. "It's a long 'mush' and the mud is knee-deep."

"No walking for us," said Roy. "We'll go by train."

"By train? How can we get a train?"

"Steal it," he answered, at which Dextry grinned delightedly at his loose-jointed companion, and Slapjack showed his toothless gums in return, saying:

"He sure is."

A few more words, and Glenister, accompanied by these two, slipped out into the whirling storm, and a half-hour later the rest followed. One by one the vigilantes left, the blackness blotting them out an arm's length from the door; till at last the big, bleak warehouse echoed hollowly to the voice of the wind and water.

Over in the eastern end of town, behind dark windows upon which the sheeted rain beat furiously, other armed men lay patiently waiting—waiting some word from the bulky shadow which stood with folded arms close against a square of gray, while over their heads a wretched old man paced back and forth, wringing his hands, pausing at every turn to peer out into the night and to mumble the name of his sister's child.

CHAPTER XIX

DYNAMITE

EARLY in the evening Cherry Malotte opened her door to find the Bronco Kid on her step. He entered and laid off his rubber coat. Knowing him well, she waited for the disclosure of his errand. His sallow skin

was without trace of color, his eyes were strangely tired, deep lines had gathered about his lips, while his hands kept up constant little nervous explorations as though for days and nights he had not slept and now hovered on the verge of some hysteria. He gave her the impression of a smoldering mine with the fire eating close up to the powder. She judged that his body had been racked by every passion till now it hung jaded and weary, yielding only to the spur of his restless, revengeful spirit.

After a few objectless remarks, he began abruptly:

"Do you love Roy Glenister?" His voice, like his manner, was eager, and he watched her jealously as she replied without quibble or deceit:

"Yes, Kid; and I always shall. He is the only true man I have ever known, and I'm not ashamed of my feelings."

For a long time he studied, and then broke into rapid speech, allowing her no time for interruption.

"I've held back and held back because I'm no talker. I can't be, in my business; but this is my last chance, and I want to put myself right with you. I've loved you ever since the Dawson days, not in the way you'd expect from a man of my sort, perhaps, but with the kind of love that a woman wants. I never showed my hand, for what was the use? That man outheld me. I'd have quit faro years back only I wouldn't leave this country as long as you were a part of it, and up here I'm only a gambler, fit for nothing else. I'd made up my mind to let you have him till something happened a couple of months ago, but now it can't go through. I'll have to down him. It isn't concerning you—I'm not a welsher. No, it's a thing I can't talk about, a thing that's made me into a wolf, made me skulk and walk the alleys like a dago. It's put murder into my heart. I've tried to assassinate him. I tried it here last night—but—I was a gentleman once—till the cards came. He knows the answer now, though, and he's ready for me—so one of us will go out like a candle when we meet. I felt that I had to tell you before I cut him down or before he got me."

"You're talking like a madman, Kid," she replied, "and you mustn't turn against him now. He has troubles enough. I never knew you cared for me. What a tangle it is, to be sure. You love me, I love him, he loves that girl, and she loves a crook. Isn't that

tragedy enough without your adding to it? You come at a bad time, too, for I'm half insane. There's something dreadful in the air to-night——"

"I'll have to kill him," the man muttered doggedly, and, plead or reason as she would, she could get nothing from him except those words, till at last she turned upon him fiercely.

"You say you love me. Very well—let's see if you do. I know the kind of a man you are and I know what this feud will mean to him, coming just at this time. Put it aside and I'll marry you."

The gambler rose slowly to his feet. "You do love him, don't you?" She bowed her head, and he winced, but continued, "I wouldn't make you my wife, that way."

At this she laughed bitterly. "Oh, I see. Of course not. How foolish of me to expect it of a man like you! I understand what you mean now, and the bargain will stand just the same, if that is what you came for. I wanted to leave this life and be good, to go away and start over and play the game square, but I see it's no use. I'll pay. I know how relentless you are, and the price is low enough. You can have me—and that—marriage talk—I'll not speak of again. I'll stay what I am for his sake."

"Stop," cried the Kid. "You're wrong. I'm not that kind of a sport." His voice broke suddenly, its vehemence shaking his slim body. "Oh, Cherry, I love you the way a man ought to love a woman. It's one of the two good things left in me, and I want to take you away from here where we can both hide from the past, where we can start new, as you say."

"You would marry me?" she asked.

"In an hour, and give my heart's blood for the privilege; but I can't stop this thing, not even if your own dear life hung upon it. I *must* kill that man."

She approached him and laid her arms about his neck, every line of her body pleading, but he refused steadfastly though the sweat stood out upon his brow.

She begged, "They're all against him, Kid. He's fighting a hopeless fight. He laid all he had at that girl's feet, and I'll do the same for you."

The man growled savagely. "He got his reward. He took all she had——"

"Don't be a fool. I guess I know. You're a faro-dealer, but you haven't any right to talk like that about a good woman, even to a bad one like me."

Into his dark eyes slowly crept a hungry look, and she felt him begin to tremble the least bit. He undertook to speak, paused, wet his lips, then carefully chose these words:

"Do you mean—that he did not—that she is—a good girl?"

"Absolutely."

He sat down weakly and passed a shaking hand over his face, which had begun to twitch and jerk again as it had on that night in the gambling-hall when his vengeance was thwarted.

"I may as well tell you that I know she's more than that. She's honest and high-principled. I don't know why I'm saying this, but it was on my mind and I was half-distracted when you came. She's in danger to-night, though—at this minute. I don't dare to think of what may have happened, for she's risked everything to make reparation to Roy and his friends."

"What?"

"She's gone to the Sign of the Sled alone with Struve."

"Struve!" shouted the gambler, leaping to his feet. "Alone with Struve on a night like this?" He shook her fiercely, crying, "What for? Tell me quick!"

She recounted the reasons for Helen's adventure, while the man's face became terrible.

"Oh, Kid, I am guilty for letting her go. Why did I do it? I'm afraid—afraid."

"The Sign of the Sled belongs to Struve, and the fellow who runs it is a rogue." The Bronco looked at the clock, his eyes blood-shot and dull like those of a goaded, fly-maddened bull. "It's eight o'clock now—ten miles—two hours. Too late!"

"What ails you?" she questioned, baffled by his strange demeanor. "You called me the one woman just now, and yet—" He swung toward her heavily.

"She's my sister."

"Oh, I—I'm glad. I'm glad—but don't stand there like a wooden man, for you've work to do. Wake up. Can't you hear? She's in peril!" Her words whipped him out of his stupor so that he drew himself somewhat under control. "Get into your coat—Hurry! Hurry! My pony will take you there." She snatched the garment from the chair and held it for him, and the life ran back into his veins. Together they dashed out into the storm as she and Roy had done, and as he flung the saddle on the buckskin, she said:

"I understand it all now. You heard the talk about her and Glenister; but it's wrong.

I lied and schemed and intrigued against her, but it's over now. I guess there's a little streak of good in me somewhere, after all."

He spoke to her from the saddle. "It's more than a streak, Cherry; and you're my kind of people." She smiled wanly back at him under the lantern light.

"That's left-handed, Kid. I don't want to be your kind. I want to be his kind—or your sister's kind."

Upon leaving the rendezvous, Glenister and his two friends slunk through the night, avoiding the life and lights of the town, while the wind surged out of the voids to seaward, driving its wet burden through their flapping slickers, pelting their faces as though enraged at its failure to wash away the purposes written there. Their course brought them to a cabin at the western outskirts of the city, where they paused long enough to adjust something beneath the brims of their hats.

Past them ran the iron rails of the narrow-gaged road which led out across the quaking tundra to the mountains and the mines. Upon this slender trail of steel there rolled one small, ungainly teapot of an engine which daily creaked and clanked back and forth at a snail's pace, screaming and wailing its complaint of the two high loaded flat-cars behind. The ties beneath it were spiked to planks laid lengthwise over the semi-liquid road-bed, in places sagging beneath the surface till the humpbacked, short-waisted locomotive yawed and reeled and squealed like a drunken fish-wife. At night it panted wearily into the board station, and there sighed and coughed and hissed away its fatigue as the coals died and the breath relaxed in its lungs.

Early to bed and early to rise was perforce the motto of its grimy crew, who lived near by. To-night they were just retiring when stayed by a summons at their door. The engineer opened it to admit what appeared to his astonished eyes to be a Krupp cannon propelled by a man in yellow oiled clothes and white cotton mask. This weapon assumed the proportions of a great one-eyed monster which stared with baleful fixity at his vitals, giving him a cold and empty feeling. Away back beyond this Cyclops of the Sightless Orb were two other strangers likewise equipped.

The fireman arose from his chair, dropping an empty shoe with a thump, but, being of the West, without cavil or waste of wind he stretched his hands above his head, balancing

on one foot to keep his unshod member from the damp floor. He had unbuckled his belt, and now, loosened by the movement, his overalls seemed bent on sinking floorward in an ecstasy of abashment at the intrusion, whereupon with convulsive grip he hugged them to their duty, one hand and foot still elevated as though in the grand hailing sign of some secret order. The other man was new to the ways of the North, so backed to the limit of his quarters, laid both hands protectingly upon his middle, and doubled up, remarking fervidly:

"Don't point that damn thing at my stomach."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the fireman with unnatural loudness. "Have your joke, boys."

"This ain't no joke," said the foremost figure, its breath bellying out the mask at its mouth.

"Sure it is," insisted the shoeless one. "Must be—we ain't got anything worth stealing."

"Get into your clothes and come along. We won't hurt you." The two obeyed and were taken to the sleeping engine and there instructed to produce a full head of steam in thirty minutes or suffer a premature taking off and a prompt elimination from the realms of applied mechanics. As stimulus to their efforts two of the men stood over them till the engine began to sob and sigh reluctantly. Through the gloom that curtained the cab they saw other dim forms materializing and climbing silently on to the cars behind; then, as the steam-gage touched the mark, the word was given and the train rumbled out from its shelter, its shrill plaint at curb and crossing whipped away and drowned in the storm.

Slapjack remained in the cab, gun in lap, while Dexty climbed back to Glenister. He found the young man in good spirits, despite the discomfort of his exposed position, and striving to light his pipe behind the shelter of his coat.

"Is the dynamite aboard?" the old man questioned.

"Sure. Enough to ballast a battle-ship."

As the train crept out of the camp and across the river bridge, its only light or glimmer the sparks that were snatched and harried by the blast, the partners seated themselves on the powder-cases and conversed guardedly, while about them sounded the low murmur of the men who risked their all upon this cry to duty, who staked their lives

and futures upon this hazard of the hills, because they thought it right.

"We've made a good fight, whether we win or lose to-night," said Dexty.

Roy replied, "My fight is made and won."

"What does that mean?"

"My hardest battle had nothing to do with the Midas or the mines of Anvil. I fought and conquered myself."

"Awful wet night for philosophy," the first remarked. "It's apt to sour on you like milk in a thunder-storm. S'pose you put overalls an' gum boots on some of them Boston ideas an' lead 'em out where I can look 'em over an' find out what they're up to."

"I mean that I was a savage till I met Helen Chester and she made a man of me. It took sixty days, but I think she did a good job. I love the wild things just as well as ever, but I've learned that there are duties a fellow owes to himself, and to other people, if he'll only stop and think them out. I've found out, too, that the right thing is usually the hardest to do. Oh, I've improved a lot."

"Gee! but you're popular with yourself. I don't see as it helps your looks any. You're as homely as ever—an' what good does it do you after all? She'll marry that big guy."

"I know. That's what rankles, for he's no more worthy of her than I am. She'll do what's right, however, you may depend upon that, and perhaps she'll change him the way she did me. Why, she's worked a miracle in my attitude toward life—my manner——"

"Oh, your manners are good enough as they lay," interrupted the other. "You never did eat with your knife."

"I don't believe in hara-kiri," Glenister laughed.

"No, when it comes to intimacies with decorum, you're right on the job along with any of them Easterners. I watched you close at them 'Frisco hotels last winter, and say—you know as much as a horse. Why, you was wise to them tablewares and pickle-forks equal to a head waiter, and it give me confidence just to be with you. I remember putting milk and sugar in my consommé the first time. It was pale and in a cup and looked like tea—but not you. No, sir! You savvied plenty and squeezed a lemon into yours—to clean your fingers, I reckon."

Roy slapped his partner's wet back, for he was buoyant and elated. The sense of nearing danger pulsed through him like wine.

"That wasn't just what I meant, but it

goes. Say, if we win back our mine, we'll hit for New York next, eh?"

"No, I don't aim to mingle with no higher civilization than I got in 'Frisco. I use that word 'higher' like it was applied to meat. Not that I wouldn't seem apropos. I'm stylish enough for Fifth Avenue or anywheres, but I like the West. Speakin' of modes an' styles, when I get all lit up in that gray worsted suit of mine, I guess I make the jaded sightseers set up an' take notice—eh? Somethin' doin' every minute in the cranin' of necks—what? Nothin' gaudy, but the acme of neatness an' form, as the feller said who sold it to me."

Their common peril brought the friends together again into that close bond which had been theirs without interruption until this recent change in the younger had led him to choose paths at variance with the old man's ideas; and now they spoke, heart to heart, in the half-serious, half-jesting ways of old, with that mutual love and understanding which had consecrated their partnership beneath each whimsical remark.

Arriving at the end of the road, the vigilantes debouched and went into the darkness of the cañon behind their leader, to whom the trails were familiar. Finally he bade them pause, and gave his last instructions.

"They are on the alert, so you want to be careful. Divide into two parties and close in from both sides, creeping as near to the pickets as possible without discovery. Remember to wait for the last blast. When it comes, cut loose and charge like Sioux. Don't shoot to kill at first, for they're only soldiers and under orders, but if they stand—well, every man must do his work."

Dextry appealed to the dim figures forming the circle.

"I leave it to you, gents, if it ain't better for me to go inside than for the boy. I've had more experience with giant powder an' I'm so blamed used up an' near gone it wouldn't hurt if they did get me, while he's right in his prime—" Glenister stopped him.

"I won't yield the privilege. Come now—to your places, men."

They melted away to each side while the old prospector paused to wring his partner's hand.

"I'd ruther it was me, lad, but if they get you—God help 'em!" He stumbled after the departing shadows, leaving Roy alone. With his naked fingers, Glenister ripped open the powder-cases and secreted the contents upon his person. Each cartridge held dyna-

mite enough to devastate a village, and he loaded them inside his pockets, inside his shirt, and everywhere that he had room till he was burdened and cased in an armor one-hundredth part of which could have blown him from the face of the earth so utterly as to leave no trace except, perhaps, a pit ripped out of the mountainside. He looked to his fuses and saw that they were wrapped in oiled paper, then placed them in his hat. Having finished, he set out, walking with difficulty under the weight he carried.

That his choice of location had been well made was evidenced by the fact that the ground beneath his feet sloped away to a basin out of which bubbled a spring. It furnished the drinking-supply of the Midas, and he knew every inch of the crevice it had worn down the mountain, so felt his way cautiously along. At the bottom of the hill where it ran out upon the level, it had worn a considerable ditch through the soil, and into this he crawled on hands and knees. His bulging clothes handicapped him so that his gait was slow and awkward, while the rain had swelled the streamlet till it trickled over his calves and up to his wrists, chilling him so that his muscles cramped and his very bones cried out with cold. The sharp schist cut into his palms till they were shredded and bleeding, while his knees found every jagged bit of bed-rock over which he dragged himself. He could not see an arm's length ahead without rising, and having removed his slicker for a greater freedom of movement, the rain beat upon his back till he was soaked and sodden and felt streamlets cleaving downward between his ribs. Now and again he squatted upon his haunches, straining his eyes to either side. The banks were barely high enough to shield him. At last he came to a bridge of planks spanning the ditch, and was about to rear himself for another look when he suddenly flattened into the stream bed, half damming the waters with his body. It was for this he had so carefully wrapped his fuses. A man passed over him so close above that he might have touched him. The sentry paused a few paces beyond and accosted another, then retraced his steps over the bridge. Evidently this was the picket-line, so Roy wormed his way forward till he saw the blacker blackness of the mine buildings, then drew himself dripping out from the bank. He had run the gantlet safely.

Since evicting the owners, the receiver had erected substantial houses in place of the

tents he had found on the mine. They were of frame and corrugated iron, sheathed within and suited to withstand a moderate exposure. The partners had witnessed the operation from a distance, but knew nothing about the buildings from close examination.

A thrill of affection for this place warmed the young man. He loved this old mine. It had realized the dream of his boyhood and had answered the hope he had clung to during his long fight against the Northland. It had come to him when he was disheartened, bringing cheer and happiness, and had yielded itself like a bride. Now it seemed a crime to ravage it.

He crept toward the nearest wall and listened. Within was the sound of voices, though the windows were dark, showing that the inhabitants were on the *qui vive*. Beneath the foundations he made mysterious preparation, then sought out the office building and cook-house, doing likewise. He found that back of the seeming repose of the Midas there was a strained expectancy.

Although suspense had lengthened the time out of all calculation, he judged he had been gone from his companions at least an hour and that they must be in place by now. If they were not—if anything failed at this eleventh hour—well, those were the fortunes of war. In every enterprise, however carefully planned, there comes a time when chance must take its turn.

He made his way inside the blacksmith shop, and fumbled for a match. Just as he was about to strike it he heard the swish of oiled clothes passing and waited for some time. Then, igniting his punk and hiding it under his coat, he opened the door to listen. The wind had died down now and the rain sang musically upon the metal roofs.

He ran swiftly from house to house, and when he had done, at the apexes of the triangle he had traced, three glowing coals were sputtering.

The final bolt was launched at last. He stepped down into the ditch and drew his .45, while to his tautened senses it seemed that the very hills leaned forth in breathless pause, that the rain had ceased, and the whole night hushed its thousand voices. He found his lower jaw set so stiffly that the muscles ached. Leveling his weapon at the eaves of the bunk-house, he pulled trigger rapidly, the bang, bang, bang, six times repeated, sounding dull and dead beneath the blanket of mist that overhung. A shout sounded behind him, and

then the shriek of a Winchester ball close over his head. He turned in time to see another shot stream out of the darkness where a sentry was firing at the flash of his gun, then bent himself double and plunged down the ditch.

With the first impact overhead the men poured forth from their quarters armed and bristling, to be greeted by a volley of gunshots, the thud of bullets, and the dwindling whine of spent lead. They leaped from shelter to find themselves girt with a fitful hoop of fire, for the "Stranglers" had spread in the arc of a circle and now emptied their rifles toward the center. The defenders maintained surprising order considering the suddenness of their attack, however, and ran to join the sentries, whose positions could be determined by the nearer flashes. The voice of a man in authority shouted loud commands. No demonstration came from the outer voids, nothing but the wicked streaks that stabbed the darkness. Then suddenly, behind McNamara's men, the night glared luridly as though a great furnace-door had opened and then clanged shut, and with it came a hoarse, thudding roar that silenced the rifle-play. They saw the cook-house disrupt itself and disintegrate into a thousand flying timbers and twisted sheets of tin which soared upward and outward over their heads and into the night. As the rocking hills ceased echoing, the sound of the vigilantes' rifles recurred like the cracking of dry sticks, then everywhere about the defenders the earth was lashed by falling *débris* while the iron roofs rang at the fusillade.

The blast had come at their very elbows, and they were too dazed and shaken by it to grasp its significance. Then, before they could realize what it boded, the depths lit up again till the rain-drops were outlined distinct and glistening like a gossamer veil of silver, while the office building to their left was ripped and rended and the adjoining walls leaped out into sudden relief, their shattered windows looking like ghostly, sightless eyes. Men cowered behind the nearest objects or behind each other's bodies, waiting for the sky to vomit over them its rain of missiles. Their backs were to the vigilantes now, their faces to the center. Above the thunder of hoofs and the scream of terrified horses they suddenly heard a human voice, shrieking from pain. A wrenched and doubled mass of zinc had hurtled out of the heavens and struck some one down. Sensing what had happened,

the men fled only to be overtaken by another and greater light by which they saw each other running, falling, groveling. This time they were hurled from their balance by a concussion which dwarfed the two preceding ones. Some few stood still, staring at the rolling smoke-bank as it was revealed by the explosion, their eyes gleaming white, while others buried their faces in their hollowed arms as if to shut out the hellish glare, or to shield themselves from a blow.

Out in the heart of the chaos rang a voice loud and clear:

"Beware the next blast!" At the same instant the girdle of sharpshooters rose up, smiting the air with their cries and charged in like madmen through the rain of detritus. They fired as they came, but it was unnecessary, for there was no longer a fight. It was a rout. The defenders, feeling they had escaped destruction only by a happy chance in leaving the bunk-house the instant they did, were not minded to tarry here where the heavens fell upon their heads. To augment their consternation, the horses had broken from their stalls and were plunging through the confusion. Fear swept over the men—blind, unreasoning, contagious; and they rushed off into the night, colliding with their enemies, overrunning them in their panic to quit this spot. Some dashed off the bluff and fell among the pits and sluices. Others ran up the mountain-side, and cowered in the brush like quail.

As the "Strangers" assembled their prisoners near the ruins, they heard wounded men moaning in the darkness, so lit torches and searched out the stricken ones. Glenister came running through the smoke-pall, revolver in hand, crying:

"Has any one seen McNamara?" No one had, and when they were later assembled to take stock of their injuries he was greeted by Dexty's gleeful announcement:

"That's the deuce of a fight. We ain't got so much as a cold-sore among us."

"We have captured fourteen," another announced, "and there may be more out yonder in the brush." Glenister noted with growing surprise that not one of the prisoners lined up beneath the glaring torches wore the army blue. They were miners all, or thugs and ruffians gathered from the camp.

"Didn't you have troops from the barracks to help you?" he asked.

"Not a troop. We haven't seen a soldier since we went to work."

At this the young leader became alarmed. Had this whole attack miscarried? Had this been no clash with the United States forces after all? If so, the news would never reach Washington, and instead of accomplishing his end, he and his friends had thrust themselves into the realms of outlawry, where the soldiers could be employed against them with impunity, where prices would rest upon their heads. Innocent blood had been shed, court property destroyed. McNamara had them where he wanted them at last. They were at bay.

The unwounded prisoners were taken to the boundaries of the Midas and released with such warnings as the imagination of Dexty could conjure up; then Glenister assembled his men, speaking to them plainly.

"Boys, this is no victory. In fact, we're worse off than we were before. There's a chance to get away now before daylight and before we're recognized, but if we're seen here at sunup we'll have to stay and fight. Soldiers will be sent against us, of course, but if we hold out and the struggle is fierce enough, it may reach to Washington. How many of you will stick?"

"All of us," said they in unison, and, accordingly, preparations for a siege were begun. Barricades were built, ruins removed, buildings transformed into block-houses. All through the night the weary men labored.

It was perhaps four hours after midnight when a man sought Glenister out:

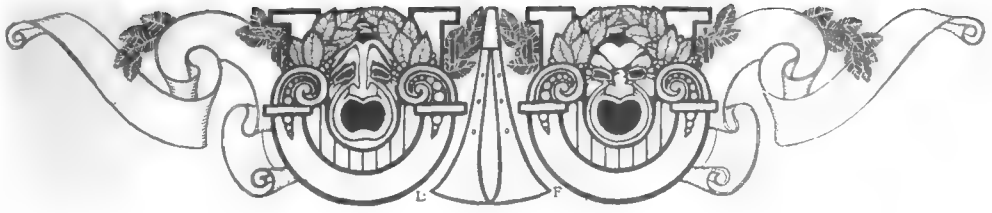
"Somebody's callin' you on the Assay Office telephone—says it's life or death." Glenister hurried to the building, which had escaped the shock of the explosions, and, taking down the receiver, was answered by Cherry Malotte.

"Thank God, you're safe," she began. "The men have just come in and the whole town is awake over the riot. They say you've killed ten people in the fight—is it true?"

He explained to her briefly that all was well, but she broke in:

"Wait, wait! McNamara has called for troops and you'll all be shot. Oh, what a terrible night it has been! Now, listen carefully—yesterday Helen went with Struve to the Sign of the Sled and she hasn't come back." The man at the end of the wire cried out at this, then choked back his words to hear what followed.

"*The Spoilers*" will be concluded in the May number.



THE PLAYERS

GENTLEST, most exquisite, most genial of satirists is James M. Barrie, and wisest of all who write in English what is in the heart and mind of youth. Surely no other dramatist could effectively attack the problem play in a way so benignly joyous, so humanly interesting as has the little Scotchman in "*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*."

This play, quite as much as "*The Admirable Crichton*" or "*Peter Pan*," is a fantasy, a twentieth-century fairy tale. The charm of it is that it shows life from a new point of view, and arranges familiar persons and situations in a new perspective. These persons and situations are the ordinary materials of the problem play. The point of view is that of a romancing schoolgirl of sixteen. Mr. Barrie's criticism of these plays consists in letting us see them and the life they represent through the eyes and with the unflinching directness of a sweet and innocent girl.

This girl, *Amy Grey*, is the heroine of "*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*." She is very sure that her mother and father, who have just come home from India, belong to this problem-play world, and when she hears *Mrs. Grey* make an appointment that confirms her impression, she has a holy joy in her resolve to save her mother by sacrificing herself to the wicked man. It is the carrying out of *Amy's* idea that makes the complications of the comedy. The girl hasn't the faintest conception of what the problem play means; it is her sincere ignorance of the ugly things which stand out in such bold relief in the minds of grown-ups that gives humor to her self-sacrifice and provides the undercurrent of pathos that runs through her romancing. The effect is to make the problem play seem a cheap and tawdry representation of vulgar facts rather than a just picture of human life.

As fine as the girl's attitude is that of her

mother. Blessed with an imagination which enables her to see the whole situation from the daughter's point of view, *Mrs. Grey* meekly permits *Amy* to believe that she has saved her from an awful fate, realizing that this is the surest way of winning back a love she fears she has lost. She even lets it appear that her husband is bullying her, by way of arousing the chivalry of her son, who, too, turns to his mother. And in the joy of regaining her children's love *Mrs. Grey* is willing to let go her grasp upon youth and be *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* the rest of her days. It is a brilliant play in its construction, its character drawing, its lines. Mr. Barrie is so good-naturedly impersonal, so comfortably unbiased, that when he has sweetly held the sex play up to ridicule, he seems to have disclaimed all responsibility. His attitude is that of one who has simply pointed out, in a spirit of pure benevolence, realities that have been overlooked. He has a marvelously persuasive art that makes us accept his view-point, no matter how different it may be from the conventional one.

Ethel Barrymore is the star of "*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*," but the name part hardly fits her. She is too youthful even for a young mother anxious to retain her youth; yet it is interesting that her most effective scene is that in which she strikes the note of mother love. When the play was given in London, Ellen Terry played *Mrs. Grey*, while Irene Van Brugh, who is much older than Miss Barrymore, played *Amy*. I think Miss Barrymore would have been more effective in that rôle. Beatrice Agnew, who is the *Amy* of the present performance, is so natural, so sympathetic, so profoundly in earnest, and so youthful as to be most satisfying. The part of the son is played by a boy actor named Cyril Smith, who has long been a favorite in London, and who is one of those prodigies that occasionally surprise us.

John Barrymore has the part of the man who should be the villain, but who is really a most harmless young person; and he plays it with a subtle emphasis, a nicety of distinction, which prove he, too, has the family genius. He is remarkably good, also, as the *Clown* in "Pantaloen," a one-act Barrie play which precedes "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," and in which Lionel Barrymore is the star. Barrie and the Barrymores indeed dominate this double entertainment. "Pantaloen" is described as "a plea for an ancient family," a family of which we know very little in this country, while the English are familiar with it from their earliest childhood. Many of the fine points are therefore wasted upon us.

The impression of the complete dominance of these pantomimists' lives by their profession, their separateness from the public, is admirably given. Most convincing is Lionel Barrymore as the old *Pantaloen*, so old that he sometimes misses his laugh, the greatest of tragedies to him. He is wholly subservient to the young *Clown* who rules the little circle off the stage with the same malicious selfishness and fantastic arrogance that make him supreme before the public. *Pantaloen* thinks it a great honor that the *Clown* should want to marry *Columbine*, his daughter, but she and *Harlequin* love each other, and so they run away, leaving poor old *Pantaloen* all alone, for the *Clown*, too, deserts him. But in the end *Columbine* and *Harlequin* return with a little *Joey*, as they call the *Clown* in private life, who knows about the slapsticks and the red-hot poker, and in the joy of feeling these whipped about his legs, *Pantaloen* is happy again.

Beatrice Agnew is the *Columbine*, and so thoroughly does she enter into the spirit of her part that one might think she had long been trained as a dancer. As a matter of fact, she knew nothing of it until she began studying the part. Yet she can even perform the difficult feat of standing on the tips of her toes. Miss Agnew has been in Miss Barrymore's company for several seasons. She first attracted attention as *Amy Spencer* in "Cousin Kate."

At twenty-five, Channing Pollock has had produced a play that will give him an enduring reputation. "The Little Gray Lady" is a drama of "local color," that is to say, the old, familiar plot—love, estrangement, reconciliation—in a new and unfamiliar setting. We are so accustomed to seeing love affairs carried on in the drawing-room that we are surprised and pleased to find them just as

interesting in the back yard. After we have been persuaded that intrigues which involve men's fortunes and honor occur only in the great world, we are interested by the discovery that human nature is just the same among the little clerks and clerkesses of Washington. That is the significance of the local color device and that is the chief value of "The Little Gray Lady," that and the sweetness of its sentiment, the freshness of its comedy.

It is the same dear, familiar story, old as love itself, and dear as womankind—the story of the man who loved a woman but wandered into evil ways, and the woman who suffered, and loved him, and by her constancy saved him. You can find the theme of this play in Shakespeare's sonnet, "Two loves I have of comfort and despair." Wagner found it in the old German folk-tales and set it to music in "Tannhäuser."

Mr. Pollock has left out the music and substituted for the supernatural settings the more familiar hammock, intervals of moonlight, and the back porch of a second-class Washington boarding-house, but the story is the same. The characters are mostly clerks in the Treasury Department, with a boarding-house keeper, her husband, a disappointed but hopeful inventor, and a ubiquitous small boy who hangs over the back fence and makes things lively when the boarders are feeling a trifle dull. The heroine is pretty, patient, fair-haired, large-eyed, while the *Tannhäuser* is a fairly decent example of the mole-kind at twenty-five who makes a door-mat of himself for the sake of the landlady's vixen daughter. He steals a hundred-dollar bill from the Government, tries to elope with the vixen, but is discovered, foiled, and saved—all by *The Little Gray Lady*. And after he has proved himself a fairly honest sort of a scoundrel, he brings the play to an end by marrying the boarding-house model of patience.

It is a clean and clever comedy, and it has real characters, one of them a new type of dangerous woman, "the working-girl coquette," a vain, mercenary creature with a little hoard of cheap and tawdry artifices and a stock of cynical wisdom—the net product of the somewhat promiscuous experiences of a boarding-house career. It falls to Dorothy Donnelly to play this part, and she does it admirably. Nothing could be farther removed from her performances in "Candida" and in the Ibsen plays, and yet, in its way, it is as fine as those. Her long, exhausting work in stock



ograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals, New York.

ROTHY DONNELLY AS RUTH JORDAN AND JOHN W. ALBAUGH, JR., AS PERRITON CARLYLE
IN "THE LITTLE GRAY LADY."



Photograph by Byron, New York.

LEONARD SHEPHERD AS TRILUZIO IN "MONNA VANNA"

companies shows excellent results in her career.

The commendation by those who spin the fates of plays in New York, of so simple and artless an appeal to the interests of the heart as is "The Little Gray Lady," and the response made by the public, are fine tributes to the art of the playwright.

The much-discussed "Clansman" is more convincing and therefore more effective on the stage than between covers, because it has the advantage of stage illusions, of fine pictorial effects, and a company of admirable actors. This work of a former popular preacher whose sensational sermons attracted large audiences when he occupied a New York pulpit is advertised as "a play with a mission." Everything about it, and especially the methods employed to exploit it, indicate

that the real mission is to make money. "The Clansman" dramatizes that crime which is so often avenged by lynching. Everything in it leads up to the really dramatic and theatrically powerful scene in which the Ku-Klux Klan, making use of the device of hypnotism, brings out the horror of the crime, dwelling upon it to the last point of acceptability. Another feature which marks "The Clansman" as a melodrama of eccentricities is the effort of *Silas Lynch*, the mulatto lieutenant-governor of South Carolina, to marry the daughter of *Senator Stoneman*, the Northern radical leader of the reconstruction period, who preaches the gospel of equality and the brotherhood of man, but revolts at the suggested application of his favorite doctrine.

"The Clansman" is remarkably well played. Holbrook Blinn, whose *Napoleon* in "The Duchess of Dantzic" was the best portrayal of the character the stage has known, makes *Senator Stoneman* a powerful creation, subtly convincing, impressively real—something the



Photograph by Bangs, San Francisco.

FRANK MACVICAR AS WOLF LARSEN
IN "THE SEA WOLF."

book failed to do. The veteran Joseph Wheelock, Sr., as *Dr. Cameron*, Murray Woods as *William Pitt Shrimp*, and Austin Webb as *Silas Lynch* are excellent. Sidney Ayres, who is the *Ben Cameron*, and who starred last season in "Texas," looks and acts like one of the imperial race.

There doesn't seem to be very much of George Bernard Shaw in Stanislaus Stange's stage version of "Cashel Byron's Profession" save the central idea. The story is one of the brilliant Irishman's earlier works. In this dramatic form one misses Shaw's clear, logical thinking, his biting wit, his fantastic representation of truths. The most interesting feature of the play is, perhaps, James F. Corbett, who plays the hero. In the part of the young prize-fighter, who takes his profession very seriously and who wins the young heiress, he acts with an intelligence, a wholeheartedness, a naturalness, a lightness of touch, and a sincerity that entitle him to serious consideration as a comedian. He does not suffer seriously beside so finished and artistic a player as Margaret Wycherly, who has won distinction in the old morality play, *Everyman*, and in W. B. Yeats's poetic dramas. Corbett is not lacking in the traits of the player—it should be remembered that he has been before the footlights pretty constantly for ten years. In this rôle his very crudities are to his advantage, and he sails ahead with a breezy enthusiasm that is refreshing. Among the newer dram-



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

SARAH TRUAX, WHO WILL PLAY PRINCESS IRENE IN "THE PRINCE OF INDIA."



Photograph by Kujawa, St. Louis.

GRACE WALTON AS *LADY CLAIRE* IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL."

artists developed in England, none has attracted so much attention as Alfred Sutro, whose play, "The Walls of Jericho," was a tremendous success in London, and attracted scarcely less favorable attention in New York, where James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering played it for some six months. One-act plays by Mr. Sutro that have been presented from time to time in this country proved chiefly that he can write exceedingly clever dialogue. There was much interest when it was announced that Ellis Jeffreys, the English actress who was leading woman of the Haymarket Theatre in London, and who established herself in New York last season by her cleverness

in "The Prince Consort" and as *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance," would be seen in what Mr. Sutro considered his best comedy, "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt." It proved to be one part comedy and three parts dialogue, very clever, very witty dialogue, but not the kind that gets over the footlights. It flows along like the bubbling cheerfulness of a brook, whose music fascinates at first and then gently lulls one to sleep.

The name part is played by Frank Worthing, who is far from universally popular, although he has many enthusiastic admirers. He wants to marry *Lady Clarice Howland*, a



Photograph by Murceau, Philadelphia.

ODETTE TYLER, WHO IS PLAYING *MARYLAND CALVERT* IN "THE HEART OF MARYLAND."

society widow, famous for her verbal pyrotechnics, and in order to pursue his wooing unhindered, maroons her in an out-of-the-way inn, having arranged for a breakdown of his motor-car and the employment of all the horses in the neighborhood in giving a monstrous piece of granite an outing. He turns out to be a bit of a cad, and of course *Lady Clarice* outwits him. Miss Jeffreys is charming; her acting is really a lesson in manners.

The most remarkable exemplification of versatility in fine characterization that I have ever seen is Henry de Vries's in "A Case of Arson." The one-act play is a gloomy drama, absorbingly interesting in its development. A

magistrate, inquiring into the cause of a fire in which a little child lost her life, examines seven witnesses, and Mr. de Vries plays each of these characters. He is scarcely off the stage before he returns so completely changed in every way that it is difficult indeed to believe that one man plays all the parts. Even as an exhibition of dexterity these changes would be marvelous, but that is the least important part of the performance. The man's very mind seems to undergo subtle transformations. It is absolutely impossible to detect, in inflection or mannerism, a detail that is not absolutely individual to each character. I doubt if there is a player on the



Photograph by Byron, New York.

JOSEPH WEBER AS PHILIP GRABFELDER AND MARIE DRESSLER AS MATILDA IN "TWIDDLE-TWADDLE."

stage that could portray any one of these seven characters as well as Mr. de Vries.

He is a Hollander by birth, and he has been on the stage since he was twelve, winning distinction in a great variety of rôles. "A Case of Arson" was first played in London in Dutch. It made so strongly favorable an impression that, a year later, it was translated

into English, and in that time Mr. de Vries had practically mastered the language.

The latest farce to come from the pen of Richard Harding Davis is "The Galloper," but it doesn't travel as fast as the name might indicate. The action takes place in Athens and within the Turkish lines during the war between Greece and Turkey. Raymond Hitchcock, the star, plays the part of a New Yorker who impersonates a most remarkable war correspondent, one of whose exploits has gained him the sobriquet from which the farce gets its name. There isn't a more amusing entertainer on the stage than Raymond Hitchcock; he has a cheerful, breezy personality, and a wit that is as sharp as a needle-point and about as sympathetic. He doesn't attempt to play *Copeland Schuyler*; he is only himself.

The feminine interest of the farce is supplied by a heroine who is engaged in an amazing search for certain jewels hidden by *Alcibiades*; a vaudeville performer who is the divorced wife of *Kirke Warren*, the real *Galloper*; and a widow from Newark who follows *Warren* to Greece because she is in love with him. Incidentally, the pearls are found in the fireplace of an inn, in all their



Photograph by The Stanford Studio, San Francisco.

ELEANOR ROBSON AS ELEANOR LANG IN "THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING."

pristine whiteness—they and the chamois bag having resisted the ravages of time and the smoke of twenty-four hundred years! There are ever so many bright lines, clever characterizations, and a few situations, but the first act would drag hopelessly were it not for Herbert Corthell, who proved his gift of humor as the fat sophomore in "Strongheart." The last act, which develops into pure melodrama, is by far the best of the three.

It is impossible to classify "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," which has to do with life in New Rochelle, one of the most popular of New York's suburbs, except by calling it a George M. Cohan show. Musical comedy and melodrama rolled into one make a remarkably cheerful and interesting entertainment, of which Fay Templeton is the star, although she is given no opportunity to do anything except to sing two songs. Only her great skill as an actress and her magnetic personality save her from being overwhelmed.

The real star part of the play is that of *Kid Burns*, a character perfectly familiar to New Yorkers who know anything about the life beyond the pale of respectability. It falls to Victor Moore to play this part of the slangy, uneducated young man who has picked up



Photograph by The Kinkaid Studio, Denver.

MAY FERNIER, JOSEPH MURPHY'S LEADING WOMAN IN "KERRY GOW."

a precarious existence without work, but has never been really dishonest. His acting and the lines of the author combine to produce one of the most delightfully humorous, lovable, and clear-cut characters on the stage. *Kid Burns* is delighted with the innocence of the conventional New Rochelle folk, upon whom he unloads all his old stories and ex-



Photograph by Hall, New York.

ELSIE JANIS AS DOROTHY WILLETTS AND AUBREY BOUCICAULT AS DEXTER JOYCE IN "THE VANDERBILT CUP."

pressions. Yet his greatest charm lies in the fact that he is, after all, the most innocent and unsophisticated person in the play. Victor Moore is really a finished and original actor. He has been on the stage for fifteen years—just half his life, the first ten years of which were passed on a New Jersey farm. For a year or two he earned a spear in Boston theatres. Then he had trying experiences in "fly-by-night" companies. One season he worked for thirty-five weeks at a salary of \$10 a week.

This isn't his first Broadway engagement. He appeared with John Drew in "Rosemary" for a hundred and seventy-five nights, with a salary of \$4 a week, on which he lived, cooking his own meals in his room. He played in stock companies and showed he was equal to any part. Four years ago he went into vaudeville, playing "Change Your Act," with Emma Littlefield, and I always thought it the best skit on the novelty stage.

"Mlle. Modiste," in which Fritzi Scheff is starring, really comes very near the comic-opera standard, so clear and interesting is the love-story which Henry Blossom has told, so admirable is Victor Herbert's music. The rôle of the Paris milliner who becomes a prima donna fits the brilliant, captivating Fritzi perfectly, and she sings with all her old-time charm. There is an abandon about her, a joyous spontaneity, that make her one of the most fascinating creatures that ever appeared before the footlights, and one can quite understand why she was willing to give up grand opera for the lighter music.

One of the best things about "Mlle.

Modiste" is the absence of a low comedian, which usually means a most tiresome clown. Apart from Fritzi herself, most of the humor is furnished by Claude Gillingwater, who plays the part of an American millionaire. He

is a real actor, and he has the blessed gift of humor. He was long associated with David Belasco, and I remember him as the consul in "Madame Butterfly" with a deal of pleasure.

The old-time acclaim and enthusiasm is again awakened in Joe Weber's Music Hall by one of those extravagant hodgepodes of absurdly broad humor, beautiful women, gorgeous costumes, and a vast deal of activity. The name doesn't matter, but this season it is known as "Twiddle-Twaddle," which fits it excellently well. Of course there is Mr. Weber himself in the familiar fat make-up,

speaking the usual syncopated dialect. And there is Marie Dressler, who is better than three ordinary shows and who shifts from the broadest burlesque to the keenest satire with a humor so keen, so generous, so benignant, that one would be lost in admiration if it were possible to stop laughing long enough. Her mirth-provoking capacity almost reaches the distinction of virtuosity.

Also there are Charles A. Bigelow, who is funny only when a part suits him, and Edward J. Connelly, who is a finished actor first and a comedian afterward; Ernest Lambert, who does the burlesque foreign nobleman caricature, to say nothing of the blond and chubby Bonnie Maginn. They all have something to do in this mad, rollicking thing, and each makes the most of his opportunity.



Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

H. REEVES SMITH AS LONAWANDA IN "THE REDSKIN."



The Fight for the Big Three

By THOMAS W. LAWSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article reports the progress of the contest for the control of the Mutual Life and New York Life Insurance Companies, and discloses the dangerous and corrupt tactics of the officers to obtain proxies. The author indorses the Armstrong recommendations, and outlines the plans of the Committee of Governors for controlling forthcoming elections of trustees.

IN an early chapter of my story I described the function of the great insurance companies in the scheme of the "System," and explained that their ready millions represented the flux in the money-making operations of the giant combinations of Rogers, Rockefeller, Stillman, Morgan, and Ryan. For the vast flotations engineered by these men there must be available a bulk of loose coin which may be put in and taken out as occasion requires. This money is most necessary at the earliest stages of a deal, before the interest of the subsidiary bankers and of the public has been enlisted, for it not only furnishes the means for the undertaking, but confers that appearance of substantiality which is so important to its ultimate success.

I have contended from the start that no surer blow could be dealt the "System" than to deprive it of the privilege of using these gold depositories of the people in its swindles. If it should actually lose control of the vast assets of these institutions, there would be a revolution in financial conditions. A new lining-up of the Wall Street powers would come perforce. The omnipotence of the great groups of "Standard Oil," Morgan and Perkins and Ryan, would be destroyed and more scrupulous and more conservative financial methods would become compulsory.

If my readers will bear in mind how essential it is to the power of the "System" that it should keep the Big Three within its clutches, they will have no difficulty in understanding what I am about to set forth. The garrison of a beleaguered city must defend its water-supply with its life-blood, and it

is not concerned about the rules of prudence or fair play in keeping the enemy from gaining possession of its reservoirs. So it is with the "System" when its financial reservoirs are threatened. During the past few weeks the activity of the insurance companies has become feverish. For this there was good warrant. The "System" had begun to realize its danger.

As soon as the press began a discussion of the personnel of the Committee of Governors and leading citizens whom I had nominated to be the custodians of my proxies and who were to continue the fight where I had left it, the insiders grew seriously alarmed. Their wide-flung contention that I had been collecting proxies for a selfish, ulterior purpose was at once negatived, for it was obvious that my sole interest was that of the policy-holder. There was a new influx of proxies into my office, while the insurance companies, on the other hand, were flooded with reports from their agency force all over the country describing the resentment of the policy-holders and the difficulty of securing proxies to keep the present régime in power. At this stage I announced that, though I was glad to receive as many proxies as possible, I would go further—I would indorse the suggestion in the written appeal for proxies sent out by the officers of the Big Three, that policy-holders come to the annual meetings in person. In order to secure a representative attendance, I agreed within certain limits to furnish transportation. At this the big men of the "System" grew panic-stricken. Before them loomed a picture of seventy-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand citizens, the best men in the country—Big Three

policy-holders, all gathered in New York to attend their annual meetings. They saw in advance great congregations in the parks and in Madison Square Garden, and they realized the terrific physical dangers of facing that outraged gathering with any such adroit word-juggles as hitherto had served the purpose of distracting attention from their plunderings. It is one thing to plot and scheme in a Wall Street office against the pocketbooks and welfare of a million of substantial American citizens, but quite another to face a few thousand of these citizens and satisfy their personal interrogations. Imagine the officers and trustees of the Mutual and the New York Life on the stage of the Garden, brought there by a determined demand for their presence to answer the charges that I, personally, should bring against them. Imagine the character of the demand for restitution that such a gathering would formulate. The panorama of pictures to which the suggestion gave rise was not calculated to allow the Rogerses, the Rockefellers, the Stillmans, or the Ryans to sleep well of nights.

Contemplating such a contingency, as well as the difficulties their agents were encountering in gathering proxies, it is hardly surprising that in their desperation the insurance powers sacrificed common prudence and let down the bars. If substantial policy-holders would not turn over to them their proxies, why not furnish enough men with new policies to drown out Lawson and all other forms of opposition? From all sides I began to receive proof that insurance was being written far below regular rates, and worse, that policies were actually being exchanged for proxies, without any cash consideration whatever. This is a strong charge to bring against men prominent as the officers of the New York Life and the Mutual, but I am not exaggerating the facts, as I shall show later.

When I began my exposé of the conditions in the big insurance corporations, I detailed certain transactions about which I happened to have information, and in reply the officials of the Big Three spent hundreds of thousands of their policy-holders' money to prove—not that I had lied—but that they had refused to insure me and that consequently I was disgruntled. These pleasing allegations were accompanied by insinuations of blackmail. In response, I published facsimiles of letters from President McCall,

inviting me to take out insurance in the New York Life and a facsimile of a gorgeous \$1,000,000 policy sent me by the Equitable in an effort to persuade me to become one of its policy-holders. My purpose at that time was to show the people the character of the men in control of the billions of their savings and, though a personal issue was injected, I made my point. Indeed, that controversy was the beginning of the end. I am about to set forth here proof of a crime in which there is no personal question whatever, but which involves the integrity of a great institution and endangers its policy-holders. This evidence is especially disquieting because the public has been led to believe that, as a result of the dethroning of McCall and McCurdy and the substitution of "honest" men, new and decent methods would henceforth prevail within these great institutions. Yet in the very midst of the hue and cry of exposure, I find them going out into the highways and byways and actually issuing policies for large amounts without a cent of cash premium, in consideration of the proxy of the assured. I present herewith one such policy for a thousand dollars, the story of which is told in the affidavit that accompanies it. Examination of the signature to the policy shows that it is that of the new president of the New York Life, Alexander E. Orr, who of course is only a dummy for the old management, although the Rogers-Morgan-Rockefeller-Ryan-Stillman combination would have the world believe that he stands for a new and virtuous order of things.

My readers, especially those who are policy-holders in the Big Three, owe it to themselves to examine carefully this policy and the agent's contract in connection therewith and the accompanying affidavit. It plainly proves to what length of audacity these desperate men will go in their efforts to keep themselves in control of their gold-supply. The policy is in full force when delivered over to the policy-holder, yet the agent's contract (that presented here is a true copy of one actually signed and delivered to the agent of the company by a new policy-holder in exchange for a policy he received for nothing) absolutely nullifies it. By this method the large insurance companies, in an emergency like this now confronting them, are enabled to write any number of thousands of policies, enter them as new business, record as among their assets premiums which they have not received, obtain and use the proxies

NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company

Agrees to pay ONE THOUSAND Dollars,

to Julia M., wife of

of the Insured, or to such Beneficiary as may have been designated in the manner herein provided, at the Home Office of the Company, in the City of New York, immediately upon receipt and approval of proofs of the death of MORRIS HURTIG , the Insured, if such death shall occur before the end of the Accumulation Period of this Policy.

CHANGE OF BENEFICIARY—The Insured may change the Beneficiary at any time and from time to time by a written declaration, which may be made by the Insured or by a duly authorized agent of the Insured, and the right to make or change the designation of the Beneficiary. If any Beneficiary or Irrevocably Designated Beneficiary dies before the death of the Insured, the right to make or change the designation of the Beneficiary shall devolve upon the Beneficiary or Irrevocably Designated Beneficiary's estate. Every change, designation or declaration must be made by written notice to the Company at the Home Office, accompanied by that Part of the Policy which shall take effect only when endorsed on this Policy by the Company.

This Policy participates in the Profits of the Company as herein provided:

The Accumulation Period will end Twenty years after the date specified on the third page as the date on which the Policy takes effect. If the Insured is living at the end of the Accumulation Period, and if the premiums have been duly paid, and not otherwise, the Company will apportion to this Policy its share of the Accumulated Profits and the Insured shall then have the option of one of the following

Three Accumulation Benefits:

- (1.) Receive the Entire Cash Value, as stated below, converted into an Annual Income for Life, and discontinue this Policy; or,
- (2.) Receive the Entire Cash Value, as stated below, in Cash, and discontinue this Policy; or,
- (3.) Receive the Entire Cash Value, as stated below, converted into Non-participating Paid-up Insurance payable at death only, subject to evidence of insurability satisfactory to the Company, and discontinue this Policy.

This Policy is in the Standard Accumulation Class, and the mortality experience of the Company among persons insured in that class will be used in determining its share of the Profits.

THE COMPANY WILL SEND TO THE INSURED, before the end of the Accumulation Period, a written statement of the results under the Three Accumulation Benefits. If the Company does not receive from the Insured a written selection of one of these Benefits, before the end of the Accumulation Period, or within three months thereafter, it is agreed that this Policy shall be discontinued under the Second Benefit, and the Entire Cash Value shall be paid to the Insured in one sum with interest at such rate per annum as the Company may declare on such funds.

The Company guarantees that the Entire Cash Value of this Policy at the end of the Accumulation Period

shall be { ONE THOUSAND Dollars, in Cash,
(and this Policy's share of the Accumulated Profits then apportioned, also in Cash.

[100-112, Twenty-Year Endowment—C—S. A.]

NEW YORK LIFE POLICY ISSUED TO MORRIS HURTIG WITHOUT CONSIDERATION SAVE THE SURRENDER OF HIS PROXY TO THE RÉGIME IN POWER.

Cash Loans.

The Insured may obtain Cash Loans on the sole security of this Policy, on written request, at any time after it has been in force two full years, if premiums are duly paid to the anniversary of the insurance next succeeding the date when the loan may be obtained. The Insured shall pledge this Policy and its accumulations as collateral security for such loans, in accordance with the terms contained in the Company's then existing form of Policy Loan Agreement. The amount of loan available at any time is stated on the second page, and includes loans then unpaid. Interest will be at the rate of 5% per annum, payable in advance to the next anniversary, and annually in advance on that date and thereafter.

This Policy is Automatically Non-forfeitable,

AS FOLLOWS:

First.—If any premium is not paid on or before the date when due, and if there is no indebtedness to the Company,—

The insurance will automatically continue from such due date as Term Insurance as follows, and no longer, namely: for 37 days if premiums have been paid for 3 months; for 45 days if for 6 months; for 53 days if for 9 months; for 60 days if for one year and less than two years; and for the period specified on the second page, if premiums have been paid for two or more years. And the amount of cash, if any, on each \$1,000 of this Policy, specified on the second page with and following such period of Term Insurance, will be payable to the Insured at the end of said term, if then living.

In lieu of such Automatic Term Insurance, if premiums have been paid for two or more years, on the Insured's written request within six months from said due date but not otherwise, this Policy will be endorsed for the amount of Paid-up Insurance stated on the second page. Such Paid-up Insurance shall be payable at the death of the Insured, if death occurs within the Endowment Period, or to the Insured, if living at the end of such period.

Second.—If any premium or interest is not paid on or before the date when due, and if there is an indebtedness to the Company,—

Insurance for the net amount that would have been payable as a death-claim on said due date, will automatically continue from said due date as Term Insurance for such time within the Endowment Period as any excess of three-fourths of the reserve under this Policy over such indebtedness will purchase at the age of the Insured on said due date, according to the Company's present published table of Single Premiums for Term Insurance, and so on until said excess be more than sufficient to purchase Term Insurance to the end of the Endowment Period, a Pure Endowment shall be purchased, payable to the Insured in cash at the end of said period if then living, for such amount as the remainder of such excess will purchase at the age of the Insured on said due date.

In lieu of such Automatic Term Insurance and Pure Endowment, on the Insured's written request within six months from said due date but not otherwise, this Policy will be endorsed for such amount of Paid-up Insurance, as said excess will purchase at the age of the Insured on said due date, according to the Company's present published table of Single Premiums. Such Paid-up Insurance shall be payable at the death of the Insured, if death occurs within the Endowment Period, or to the Insured, if living at the end of such period.

The Automatic Term Insurance, the Pure Endowment, and the Paid-up Insurance, as specified above, shall be payable under the same conditions as this Policy, but shall be without participation in profits, cash loans or further payment of premiums.

REINSTATEMENT.—If any premium or interest is not paid on the date when due, the Company will restore this Policy as of the date of such non-payment, on payment by the Insured of a 5% interest on the amount due, within one month thereafter, with interest. The Company will also restore this Policy as of the date of such non-payment, at any time after one month and within the Automatic Term Insurance period, on the Insured's written application to the Home Office with evidence of insurability satisfactory to the Company, payment of a sum equal to the unpaid premium that would have been due on the date when due up to the time of reinstatement together with interest, and the payment of any arrears of premiums on the Automatic Term Insurance or the Paid-up Insurance began, with interest, except that within the last two years of the Accumulation Period this Policy will not be restored if it has then been converted, as Automatic Term Insurance or as Paid-up Insurance, for a period of more than three years.

INSTALMENT BENEFITS.—The Insured may change the mode of payment of the proceeds of this Policy as a death-claim from payment in one sum, as provided on the first page, to payment by Annual Instalments, as provided on the fourth page.

GENERAL PROVISIONS.—(1) Only the President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, or the Treasurer has power on behalf of the Company to make or modify this or any contract of Insurance, or to make or modify the terms, conditions, and provisions, and the Company shall not be bound by any promise or representation heretofore or hereafter made, unless made in writing by one of said officers. (2) Premiums must be paid at the Home Office, unless otherwise provided, and, in any case, in exchange for an official receipt signed by one of the above-named officers and countersigned by the person to whom payment is made. (3) If the age of the Insured is incorrectly stated, the amount payable under this Policy shall be the insurance which the actual premium would have purchased at the age of the Insured. (4) In any apportionment or distribution of Profits, the principles and methods which may be adopted by the Company for such apportionment and distribution, and in determination of the amount payable to the Insured, shall be conclusive upon the Insured and upon all parties having or claiming any interest under this Policy. (5) Any indebtedness to the Company will be deducted in any settlement of this Policy or of any benefit thereunder. (6) Any assignment of this Policy must be in writing, signed and countersigned by the Insured, and retained by the Company and the other to be returned. The Company has no responsibility for the validity of any assignment. (7) The Insured may, without the consent of the Beneficiary, receive every benefit, exercise every right and enjoy every privilege conferred upon the Insured by this Policy.

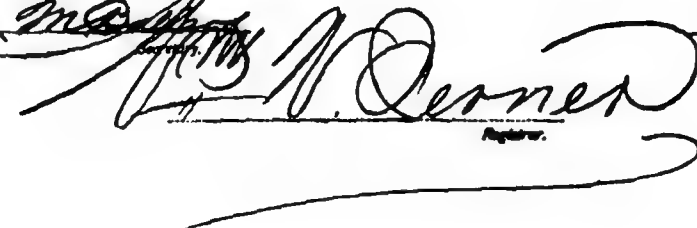
This Policy is free of conditions as to residence, occupation, travel, habits of life, and manner, time or place of death. No permit or extra premium will be required for military or naval service in time of war or in time of peace.

THIS POLICY IS INCONTESTABLE.

This Policy takes effect as of the Twenty-second day of January Nineteen Hundred and six

This Agreement is made in Consideration of the sum of
Sixty Dollars and three Cents, the
receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, constituting payment for the period terminating on the Twenty-second day
of January Nineteen Hundred and seven and in further consideration of the payment of a like sum on said
date, and thereafter on the Twenty-second day of January in
every year during the continuance of this Policy, until premiums shall have been paid for Twenty years in all
from the date on which this Policy takes effect.

In Witness Whereof, the NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY has caused this Agreement to be signed
by its President and Secretary, and countersigned by its Registrar or Assistant Registrar.


THIS POLICY IS SIGNED BY THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE, A. E. ORR.

of the assured; and yet these policies may be withdrawn by the company at its will.

In view of recent disclosures of insurance methods I submit copies of letters showing the character of the fight being made to obtain proxies on behalf of the companies.

Herewith is a letter, self-explanatory, forwarded to me by J. C. Wooster:

NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.

JOHN A. MCCALL, *President.*

NEBRASKA BRANCH OFFICE,

New York Life Building.

OMAHA, NEB.,

February 12, 1906.

MR. J. C. WOOSTER,
Hot Springs, S. D.

My Dear Wooster: Your letter of February 9th regarding proxy before me. I will say this, Wooster, that this is absolutely the thing to do, viz., sign this proxy and send it in as thereby you are with the right crowd. The very best people who carry policies with us, almost without exception, are signing and giving us this proxy. By the very best people, I mean men of large affairs who understand the insurance as well as other situations. Take it here in Omaha, all the bankers, wholesale men, and prominent professional men are, as I say, without exception giving us this proxy. Just received one this morning from the Judge of the First Judicial District in this State. I enclose you also a circular letter from ex-Governor Adams of Colorado. Nobody takes Lawson seriously, so please don't make the mistake of doing this yourself. With best wishes, I beg to remain

Yours very sincerely,
J. F. PRENTISS.

I call attention to the line "you will be with the right crowd"; also "without exception all are giving us this proxy." As a matter of fact I was receiving an avalanche of proxies from Omaha and Nebraska from persons in all conditions of life at the time this letter was written.

Herewith is the letter of ex-Governor Alva Adams, of Colorado:

PUEBLO, COLO., January 17, 1906.

MR. S. A. SELOVER, *Agency Director,*
New York Life-Insurance Co.,
Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Sir: As a policy-holder in your company I desire that Clarence H. Mackay, John Claflin, and Oscar S. Straus act as my proxy at such meetings as

Receipt for Policy delivered for inspection.	Morris Hurtig of Malden, Massachusetts, on his oath deposes and says: I am the Morris Hurtig insured by policy No. 3,768,219 in the New York Life Insurance Company, dated January 22, 1906, which policy I now hold and exhibit to the Notary Public who takes this affidavit. For this policy I have paid no money, no note, nor anything of value whatsoever, but I signed a receipt for the policy which receipt, omitting the date and name of the agent is as follows: 190..... "RECEIVED from, Agent of the NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Policy No. 3,768,219 issued by said Company upon my life. Said policy is delivered to me and received by me for inspection only, and I hereby agree that said Company shall incur no liability thereunder unless the first premium thereof shall have been paid in full to, and accepted by, said Company during my lifetime and good health, and I further agree to return said policy to said Company upon demand by it, at any time prior to the said acceptance by it of said premium." and at the request of the agent, I further signed a proxy appointing Messrs. Claflin, Straus & Mackay my proxies to vote for me at meetings of the policy holders of the New York Life Insurance Company. <i>Morris Hurtig</i> COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. SUFFOLK, ss. Boston, <i>February 12, 1906.</i> Then personally appeared the above-named Morris Hurtig and made oath that the foregoing affidavit by him subscribed is true. Before me <i>Charles S. Davis</i> NOTARY PUBLIC.
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COPY OF AFFIDAVIT OF MORRIS HURTIG, WHO OBTAINED A POLICY OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, WITHOUT CONSIDERATION SAVE THE SURRENDER OF A PROXY TO MESSRS. CLAFLIN, STRAUS AND MACKAY.

may be held to elect trustees and officers; or to determine questions of policy relating to the future management of the New York Life-Insurance Company.

"The Fight for the Big Three" is continued on page 65 of the *Advertising Section*.



ENTRANCED AND BREATHLESS AT THE FEET OF MISS AGATHA AGNEW KNOWLSON.

The Mount of Comprehension

By AMELIA HAMILTON McALLISTER

Illustrations by Edmund Frederick

THE Wharton baby had, up to present date, fully realized the fondest hopes of its expectant parents, and the family practitioner had assured Mrs. Jack Wharton that her Bud of Promise was making a "record trip" on the precarious voyage of life.

Even in respect to such minor matters as dark eyelashes and curly hair was the mind of the anxious mother at rest; and yet Mrs. Jack Wharton saw her way to the betterment of this most bewitching of babies, through the helpful agency of the Woman's Ethical Child-Culture Class.

This was the second meeting of the W. E. C. C. C., and twenty-four well-gowned women, gathered from the upper ranks of society, sat entranced and breathless at the feet of Miss Agatha Agnew Knowlson, who was automobiling around the absorbing question—"What Is The Child?"

The room was bare, as to adornment; twenty-four severe-looking chairs upheld twenty-four "joyful mothers of children" at the knees of their prophetess. A spindle-legged table with a white cloth and some tea-cups and saucers was the only suggestion of possible coziness, but destined to disappoint-

ment was the hopeful woman who anticipated a cup of tea with which to wash down the beautiful theories of Miss Agatha Agnew Knowlson, for the preceptress had no intention of introducing any such triviality into the momentous question under discussion; the cups and saucers being in evidence merely in case of a possible demonstration when the theme, "What the Child Shall Eat," should be treated.

"The Child," said Miss Knowlson, thrillingly, "is firstly a little animal; there is slight difference between the tiny bear-cub and the puling infant!"

A rustle of suppressed indignation manifested itself in twenty-four silken petticoats as twenty-four joyful mothers turned uneasily in their seats.

"But the difference—which is infinitesimal until its development—is the Soul; and the Child is at first Soul-latent. The mother-instinct is to satisfy the Animal in the Child—while the Beautiful sleeps!—but I say, O Mothers, put you forth spiritual fingers and waken the Child-Spirit!"

"Beautiful!" murmured a fashionable mother; "the Child-Spirit, how wonderful!"

"Put you forth spiritual fingers," scribbled

Mrs. Jack Wharton in her little brown note-book, feeling the while a pang of conscience that she had remembered too much the Almighty Bottle, as the clamoring cry of the little animal had demanded.

"The dawn may never be too faint in the east for the appeal to reach the Child-Spirit," continued Miss Knowlson, turning her eloquent eyes full on the face of Mrs. Jack Wharton; "and you, who neglect to evoke the Spiritual, will develop the Bestial!"

Mrs. Jack blushed guiltily; it was true she had busied herself with the material wants, the meals, the hours of sleep, and all the hygienic eceteras suggested by the family physician. Was, therefore, the little pink bundle at home degenerating into the Bestial?

"Do not leave the soul of your child to awaken of its own accord; it may sleep for years—and there you have the Soul-dormant! Be to your flowering-bud its Sun; the flower can never resist the Sun-touch. If you are wise in your generation, be Sun-Mothers!"

"Sun-Mothers," scribbled twenty-four entranced women, thinking of twenty-four individual babies awaiting their redemption at home in their peaceful cradles.

"Do not leave the child to the family doctor!" was the next astonishing text thrown out on the startled silence, and the W. E. C. C. stirred uneasily.

"The family doctor is generally a man!" Again silence, which in this case, as in others, gave consent.

"The Man-Nature cannot ethically deal with the Child-Nature. He prescribes medicine, raiment, food—the sum total is Animal. Employ Woman as your Child-doctor; the result is different: Woman imparts the Ideal through the tips of her fingers, she goes forth to meet the soul of the Child, she calls, she touches, it responds—the sum total is a combination of Animal and Spiritual which makes the well-rounded Child. We do not hope for the Child-Beatified! We hope against the Child-Bestialized, but we pray for the Child-Perfect! Our next class-subject will be 'Child, and the Soul-Touch.'"



GOWNED IN SOMETHING SOFT AND BLACK.

There was a movement in the audience, a scraping of chairs; an anxious parent went forward to put a timid question to the oracle in black serge. A general shutting of note-books, donning of wraps, and the W. E. C. C. filed quietly out of the plain little room, its twenty-four brains full to the popping-point of beautiful brand-new theories to be put into practise on some luckless little Tom, Dick, or Harry at home.

Mrs. Wharton walked her four blocks in complete absorption; her mind was in a state of conversion—and confusion, but where to begin in evoking the soul of her one-year-old treasure was a baffling question.

That night at the dinner-table Wharton persistently talked Tammany; pudding and politics got hopelessly entangled, and he finally brought up with the Japanese-Russian disturbance.

"You don't care a fig for the pluck of the Japs, or the Czar of all the Russias, do you, Janice?" chided her husband, laughingly, thinking how pretty she was in the soft, white gown, her fair head rising above her round throat like a rose on its stem. He finished his glass of *crème de menthe* and went

around to her, leaning over her tall chair with a tender touch of her hair that he had not forgotten in their three years of married life. "What makes you so distraite, dear? Anything wrong with that immaculate cook of ours? I don't think I could endure life without the promise of an occasional *soufflé* of hers."

"Jack," said Mrs. Wharton, suddenly, "it's not the cook—it's the W. E. C. C. To-day was the second meeting, you know—it was wonderful!" Mrs. Jack drew a long breath and pulled out the note-book, which she had secreted in her napkin for the purpose of her husband's enlightenment.

Wharton fell back and groaned. "Agatha Agnew Knowlson!" he deplored.

"But, dear," pleaded Janice earnestly, "she is simply wonderful! When you meet her you——"

"I sha'n't ever meet her—not in a blue moon!"

"Yes, you will. I've asked her to dine with us on Thursday."

"Then business of the most imperative kind will force me to leave you and Agatha Agnew *tête-à-tête*!"

Mrs. Wharton's marital experience had taught her that when Wharton said a thing in that decisive manner, it was time to desist; so she merely coaxed him into the library, and, after installing him in a chair of surpassing comfort, she seated herself on the arm, with the missionary's zeal for conversion strong in her soul, and her note-book open in her hand.

"Now please—Jacky!"

"When you call me that I s'pose I'll have to adore and be still!"

"What is the Child?" read Janice, solemnly. "The difference is slight between the tiny bear-cub and the puling infant!"

"Disgusting!" muttered Wharton from the depths of the leather chair. "It takes an old maid with a disappointed past hitched to her petticoats to enlighten a lot of healthy, happy women as to the rearing of their own children."

"Don't, Jack—you can't understand. Miss Knowlson looks at the subject from a purely ethical standpoint. She wants to develop the Ideal, and they're all so beautiful—her theories! Of course it's hard—" Janice gave a little sigh; "last week she forbade us rocking the dears to sleep; she said mother-discipline was one of the strongest things in life!"

A cry from upstairs broke the stillness below, and Mrs. Jack instinctively jumped to her feet. "That's Baby!" she said, anxiously; then she re-seated herself with a stern resignation.

"You look like a martyr sitting on tacks," laughed Wharton. "Is this discipline, too?"

Janice nodded. "Yes," she said, miserably. "Miss Knowlson says the cup of woe must be put to the Child's lips early. He must learn that life has tears in it—it is a preparation for later vicissitudes."

"And you are going to let him cry?"

"I—I suppose so; he will stop presently, and then, Miss Knowlson says, you lay the foundation of philosophy in the Child-Mind."

"Oh! hang Miss Knowlson! she ought to adorn the public pillory—if we had one!"

"There—you see, Baby has stopped! Oh, yes, Miss Knowlson is theoretically perfect."

"Miss Knowlson's surplus energy ought to be put into something strictly personal. If she'd marry, and devote her scatter-brained theories to a lot of little Agatha Agnews it wouldn't so much matter."

"Miss Knowlson doesn't believe in matrimony—she says woman is nearer perfection in the single life!"

"Is she cross-eyed, or anything non-attractive to mankind, for instance?"

"Oh, dear, no, Jack, Miss Knowlson is very beautiful!"

"I think I'll stay home for dinner when Agatha Agnew comes!" laughed Wharton. "She's worth investigation."

"The Child-Soul—" began Janice, much relieved.

"Not another line!" commanded Wharton. "Let's talk of something more satisfactory—you, for instance!"

The entertainment of her prophetess caused Janice Wharton some anxiety; everything must be truly esthetic—from the carefully chosen menu to the exact tint of the rose candles. She cast a final glance at the dinner-table, with its delicate damask, fair, frail flowers, and glimmer of glass and silver. The mellow light of the shaded sconces cast a soft gleam over the whole, making the table glow like a gem in the dark wainscot-setting of the high-ceiled room.

It was just as she was putting on the mysterious little finishing pats which women know how to administer, that the click of a latch-key in the hall-door announced her lord's return.

"Do go up and dress, Jack," she said, hurriedly.

"I want you to look your very nicest. Miss Knowl-

son will have to approve my husband even if she doesn't believe in husbands as an institution."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's husband!" quoted Wharton, laughingly. "Fancy Agatha Agnew coveting such a hopelessly material creature as yours truly! By the way,



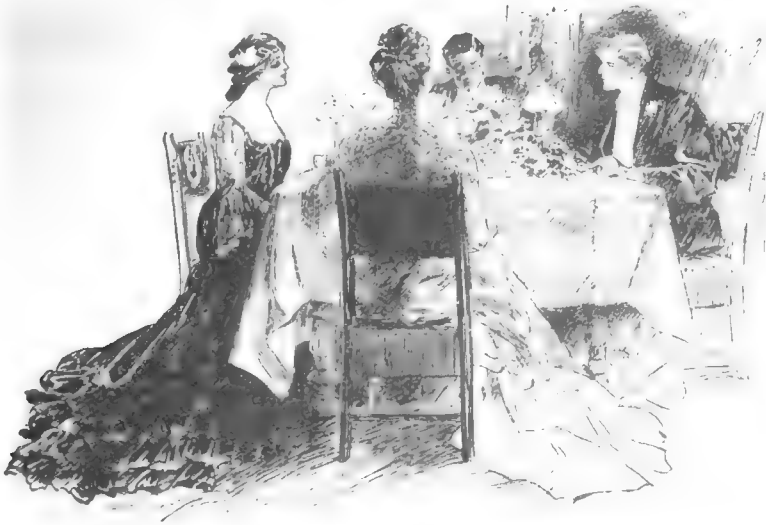
"NOW PLEASE—JACKY!"

will you have a fourth cover laid? I've asked Paul Lovering—thought he and Agatha'd hit it off, and if they don't, she'll do for a caricature in his new novel!"

"Oh, Jack, why *did* you?" Janice ex-

Mr. Lovering confessed that he had never heard of Miss Agatha Agnew Knowlson's lectures to mothers' clubs, and his manner implied that he didn't care.

"You won't like her, Paul," assured Whar-



THE EYES OF THE PROPHETESS AND MR. PAUL LOVERING WERE CONTINUALLY SEEKING EACH OTHER ACROSS THE ROSE-SHOWER.

claimed in dismay; "Miss Knowlson doesn't care for men, and it was going to be so cozy, just by ourselves."

"Three is a horrid number, Jan, and I'm not going to feel *de trop* in my own house. Then have you considered that *you* might be placed in a hideous position, in case Agatha and I should discover a possible affinity?"

"Well, I know she'll hate him!" wailed Janice, pulling a full pink rose into greater prominence, "and Paul won't like her a bit!"

"Oh, I don't know about Paul; she won't talk Child-Culture to him—and then you say she's pretty!"

"Not *pretty*," scornfully, "*beautiful*!"

"Well, Paul has an eye for the beautiful—he's tremendously esthetic; and then you see, since Miss Knowlson's bent on converting my wife, I am going to return that little courtesy by converting Miss Knowlson!"

"Do you mean you are going to stoop to—match-making—with such a woman as Miss Knowlson?"

"I'm afraid I do," assented Wharton.

An hour later the Whartons and Mr. Paul Lovering were drawn up around a redly glowing fire in the library awaiting the arrival of the other guest—and dinner.

ton, gravely; "she's a little effeminate thing, without an idea in her head, and just bulging with sentiment."

"Oh!" interrupted Janice, indignantly; but the ringing of the door-bell cut short the defense of her friend.

While the guest's wraps were being laid aside in Janice's most artistic blue chamber, Wharton found himself unconsciously watching the door for the arrival of the strong-minded Miss Knowlson.

The prophetess was gowned in something soft and black; her hair, waving away from her brow, and coiled low on her neck, gave her an air of beautiful simplicity, which Mr. Paul Lovering instantly decided to incorporate in his forthcoming heroine, and which Mr. John Wharton epitomized as "not half bad."

The introductions were made, and dinner was announced almost immediately. Neither Mr. Wharton nor his wife was slow to notice that the eyes of the prophetess and Mr. Paul Lovering were continually seeking each other across the rose-shower which formed the centerpiece of the small table.

"Really," exclaimed Janice, after dinner, in the ear of her designing husband, "they *do* seem to enjoy each other!"

"I guess they do! Agatha Agnew's thrown Child-Culture to the four winds!"

A sentence, in Miss Knowlson's vibrant voice, wafted itself across the room. "After I had read your 'Mount Magnetic,' Mr. Lovering, it seemed to absorb me—I lived in it, so to speak!"

Wharton smothered an irreverent laugh. "Now perhaps she'll leave the Child-Bestial and the Child-Spiritual alone a bit!"

It was three years after the little dinner at which Wharton had inserted the initiatory wedge that was designed to sunder Miss Agatha Agnew Knowlson from her beatific theories.

Miss Knowlson's wedding-cards had long ceased to afford Jack Wharton a pleasure that caused him to hug himself delightedly as he contemplated the partnership that Agatha Agnew and Mr. Paul Penrose Lovering had entered upon.

The W. E. C. C. C. had vanished, for theoretical Agatha Agnew Knowlson had died the death, and Mrs. Paul Lovering was just an ordinary woman, with the humanizing effect of a husband and a baby.

Mrs. Jack Wharton pursued the tenor of her way, beckoning Jack Junior into the straight and narrow path (without that guiding star which had been Miss Knowlson), darning the yawning rents in his socks and administering doses of discipline, according to the promptings of her maternal heart and conscience.

Mrs. Jack looked earnestly for any trace of the fearful Child-Bestial that her preceptress had foretold, but she was obliged to confess that her little Junior, though he exhibited no unhealthy "want-to-be-an-angel" qualities, showed every sign of a characteristically well-rounded youngster.

On this particular evening she had finished tucking Small Jack into his crib, had heard his sleepily irreverent "Now I lay me," and, against all maternal discipline, had sat beside him until he finally dropped away into Poppyland; then she settled herself in the firelit library, and watched the driftwood flames leap, blue, and bronze, and emerald green. She wished that Somebody had not been forced to attend a solemn Board of Directors'

meeting down-town.—Somebody was very indispensable in business affairs—and some others.

Mrs. Jack drifted off into a bit of a doze with a little dream wrapped up in it, and at this juncture a wished-for latch-key clicked, and Somebody stood in the doorway looking down on the small, drooping figure in the big chair.

Something aroused Janice, and the dream slipped away, as Wharton bent over her. "There are little raindrops on your coat, Jacky," she said, softly. "Aren't you glad to exchange a nice fire, a big chair, and me, for the horrid cold outdoors?"

Wharton acquiesced satisfactorily. "Where do you think I've been?"

"Why, that old Directors' meeting—not there? Nor the Club?—oh, I don't know!"

"The Loverings'!"

"You have? then you've seen Agatha's baby; tell me about him."

"Well, it's just a commonplace young chap, with a little parental halo round its head, a pair of imaginary winglets on its shoulder-blades, and Agnew Penrose Lovering for its title. I forgot its lungs, didn't I? They're immense!"

"How do you know?"

"My dear, I heard them! It was peacefully asleep upstairs, when such a scream rent the air, that, experienced parent as I am, I suspected it had waked up on a needle—or swallowed its bottle—or something tragic!"

"And what did Agatha do?" questioned Janice, breathlessly.

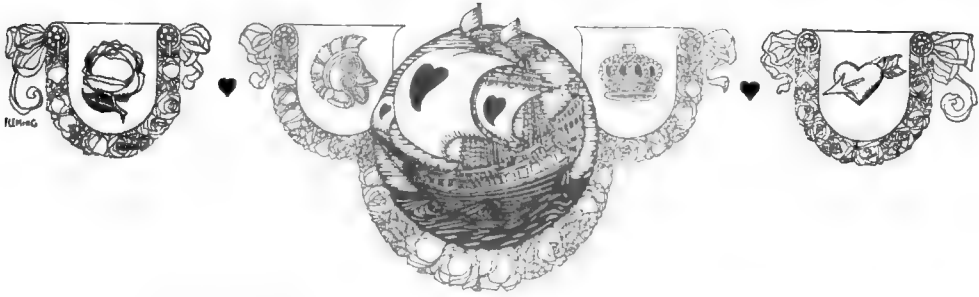
"Agatha Lovering jumped and flew to the rescue in a manner which would have shocked the superb theories of Agatha Knowlson. And after all, it wasn't a needle or a bottle; Paul went up, and on his return diagnosed it as 'loneliness.' I didn't see Agatha again; she was making little trips up and down the carpet with the Child-Bestial in her arms!"

"Oh, Jack, I'm sort of glad Agatha feels that way; it's—it's——"

"Saner," agreed Wharton; "and to think I was the humble instrument, through Providence, who brought that woman to her senses!"



Little Stories of Real Life



Bob-White

By Clinton Dangerfield

I HERD by myself," said the old Covenanter sternly; "I ask naught of you pleasure-loving, godless Virginians. Can ye not let a mon alone?"

"I am willing enough to let you alone, sir," returned young Peyton frankly. "It's your quail I want. I'll pay you almost anything for the privilege of shooting in that wheat-stubble—there's hundreds of acres of it, as level as a table, a monstrous fine breeding-place. I suppose the coveys have been accumulating there for years?"

"As they shall continue to accumulate," retorted the Scotchman grimly, a satisfied curl on his thin lips. "And now I warn ye—if I'm bothered any further about yon birds, I'll tak' a hand in the shootin' myself—but it's ye and your kind will furnish my marks. I'll pepper your blood-stained hunting-togs with fine shot the first time—with buck the next. Off with ye—off, I say! Ye are seeds of destruction—offending weeds in the eye of the Lord."

"Nice thing to know the Almighty's personal opinion so closely," retorted the young Cavalier, turning on his heel. He might have added more, have defied the possibility of a lead sprinkling; but his eyes suddenly flashed up to a window, whereby stood the prettiest, demurest, yet most coquettish lass in all the Old Dominion—Ailsie Cameron. Her father caught the look, and waxed furious.

"Out of my gate, ye offscouring!" he shouted, making a boarlike charge at the young huntsman, while Ailsie screamed from her window:

"Dinna hurt my father, Mr. Peyton! Father, be careful!"

Young Peyton was scarcely more than a lad, spoiled and unused to crossing, but he kept his temper, and when the old man would have laid his cane on the boy's shoulder, Peyton contented himself with using his musket in fencing, and so retreated to the gate; his superior skill enabling him to parry every attack.

Once outside the gate he swung into his saddle and galloped off, crying to Ailsie that she would yet be an aristocrat's charming bride.

"If I hadn't a sweetheart of my own," he added, as a Parthian shot, "I'd win you myself."

"The Lord suffereth such men as an ensample of folly, as a warning to the wise!" thundered the Covenanter, stalking swiftly back to the house. His gaunt, unshaven face relaxed into a malicious sneer as a silver chorus of "*Bob—bob-white—bob-white!*" rose from the wheat-field.

"I rejoice that these revelers find something unattainable," he muttered; "it is a downfall and a wound to their evil pride."

Meanwhile, young Peyton had reached his home and, throwing his reins to a negro slave, walked up on the wide piazza, where the family and a half dozen guests were assembled.

"Good news!" cried the group. "Manning has come!"

"Manning? Why, that's fine!" said the lad heartily. "Oh, there he is now! Hallo, Manning! Paris hasn't spoilt you for old Virginia, eh?"

Manning, tall, slender, elegant, answered Peyton's warm hand pressure with a grasp as earnest; but the newcomer's voice was

drawling in affectation as he returned, with a faint shrug:

"Not much difference between one place and another. They are all fatiguing. I've not been so exhausted in years."

The weary droop of his eyelids gave point to his words as he came lazily out on the piazza. He sank, with a poise almost effeminate, into a wide rocker, his long white fingers resting idly in his lap.

Peyton laughed.

"You've not changed a bit, Jack Manning. Too bad you're so f-fatigued! Listen, all of you—I've just come from a raid on Praise-God Barebones. You know I said I'd have that shooting if it cost the price of six horses."

"Nothing like getting what you go after," drawled Manning, "especially with so amiable a neighbor."

"But I didn't get it," confessed the lad, pulling a rueful face. "He threatened to pepper my jacket with shot if I came near him again, and I had to fight him off all the way to the gate—regular fencing match."

"With the pretty Ailsie looking on?"

"Exactly! And he announces publicly that he will shoot any man who says 'quail' to him again. The President himself couldn't get a day's sport in those fields."

"But some one else might," insinuated Manning softly.

Something in his tone irritated the lad.

"I'll wager Centaur, my brown gelding, and his dam against a button that *you* can't, anyway!"

"Not against a button," said Manning lazily, "but against their worth, at whatever figure you please. And the time?"

"Set it yourself," returned Peyton; "only I warn you I'm sure to win."

"Shall we say to-morrow? The weather is superb. To-morrow I promise you I will bring a bag of quail from Mr. Cameron's fields to Cousin Lucy." His eyes turned affectionately to his hostess.

But that lady protested in alarm.

"No, no, Jack! I'll not have it! You mustn't go near the man. He is thoroughly dangerous. I've lived here fifty years and I know his record."

"Just to please you, Cousin Lucy," returned Manning gently, "I'll promise not to get hurt."

"Besides, this is no time to think of sport," chimed in a bright-faced, red-lipped girl. "There's the great Woodlawn ball to-night."

And you're home just in time for it. You must show me the latest step from Paris."

"Delighted!" murmured Manning with a leisure that bore a different implication. But Mary Arden did not heed it. She was a thorough coquette, a petted beauty, herself accustomed to hunting—only the game was not quail.

That night she regarded her new partner with much satisfaction as he approached; his grooming was perfect; and his effeminacy was half drowned in his lazy grace.

Manning, now in his twenty-fifth year, had been abroad since the completion of his college course, and Peyton feared that his cousin

had been undone indeed by an overdose of Europe.

"He must have lost off in everything," the boy muttered, "he's so lackadaisical! Cameron will do him up with one finger. I'd no business making that wager. I'll keep an eye on him. I don't want him killed."

It was with this philanthropic purpose that Peyton mounted his gray about six o'clock next morning, having drawn from Manning that he meant to tackle the Covenanter near that hour. Manning had gone home with a friend, who owned an irreproachable brace of setters. Peyton himself had not been to bed at all, but had had time enough to change his elaborate suit for his riding-clothes before he rode out into the freshness of the morning.

He had just reached a hillock, near the Cameron yard, wherein he could see without being seen, and was halting to reconnoiter, when he saw the farmer stride down to the gate, about to ride out to a far field.

Then both Covenanter and Cavalier opened their eyes in amazement.

For, from the opposite direction, a figure came stepping daintily down the road, a tall, slenderly elegant figure, lifting shining, be-ribboned shoes uneasily from the dust. The newcomer halted opposite Mr. Cameron, and



CONTENTED HIMSELF WITH USING HIS MUSKET IN FENCING.

the Covenanter stared with astonishment at the incongruous clothing of the stranger.

For the latter seemed just to have left the ballroom, except that he carried a gun. In his exquisitely ruffled shirt-front a diamond flashed; the purest of pearl buttons glistened and gleamed on his full-frocked, sky-blue coat; his satin small-clothes shone in the sunshine; his well-turned calves were covered by a pair of immaculate silk stockings, gartered with love-knots of pale-blue ribbon. Below his stockings sparkled jeweled pump-buckles.

"Aw—good morning," he drawled softly to the Covenanter. "The roads are monstrous soiling this morning. Is it always so wet in the grass?"

"Wet?" the farmer stared; "that's dew—have ye ne'er seen dew afore?"

"I've read about it," confessed the stranger. "How pretty it is! But never mind." He glanced back uncomfortably at the dogs behind him. "Do you think they bite?"

"You should know. Are they not yours?"

"They are merely borrowed," announced the other, twitching back one foot as the dogs snuffed at his ankle. "You see, sir, I'm but just over from Paris. They tell me a man must hunt here. So I got these dogs and this"—he held it off suspiciously—"this gun."

The befrilled and helpless figure, the suspected dogs, the gun held so doubtfully, were too much for Cameron. He burst into a fit of laughter.

When he recovered himself he asked, half choked:

"And where will ye hunt?"

"I came to consult you," confided the stranger. "I will pay you a hundred dollars for a day in your fields, unless," he added anxiously, "unless you think I might kill too many birds?"

Cameron roared again.

"I dinna think ye wull," he remarked, when he was able. "I wish I had a glass case to keep ye in an' time to set an' luke at ye and the dogs—an' ye to keep the gun aye in that manner! Too many birds? A hundred dollars? I hae aye said no *mon* should hunt my fields—but I dinna think ye come in yon noun's catagorry."

The stranger took no offense at this.

"Will it be very damp?" he inquired nervously.

"Na, na," said the other encouragingly. "Ye will have a braw time, especially when ye cross from one field to another. Them stockings are just the things for chickweeds. Come awa' with ye!"

The Covenanter and his protégé disappeared together, the latter's smooth-shaven face eloquent of uneasiness—while, from a certain hillock, a youth rode away in a speechless condition.

"But he's still got to get his birds," muttered Peyton. "A bagful was the wager, and I bet he don't hit one! Hi, there, nigguh—where the deuce you goin'?"

A small, woolly-headed, bow-legged darky of twelve grinned broadly.

"Gwine to carry birds fo' Marse Jack—he done tole me whar to fin' him."

Cameron placed the would-be sportsman, and then rode away chuckling, the hundred dollars in his pocket.

It was some time before he reached the far field; but all along the road he heard sounds that told him that the stranger had at least screwed up courage to burn powder. The shots came at rapidly successive intervals.

At ten o'clock Cameron was still away, when he saw one of the house negroes flying toward him.

"What are you doing out here?" inquired the Scotchman sternly.

"Oh, marse," gasped the negro, who chanced to be the family butler, "I done sneak across to de fields, to see what all dem shots mean. Marse, you better come home an' stop dat man! He killin' ebbery thing in sight. Dat little Snowball he got wid him to kyarry his birds is tyin' dem po' quail on strings an' wroppin' 'em all round him. Marse, dat little nigger fa'ly covered wid fedders—he doan look human!"

"I don't believe it!" shouted Cameron. "That, that—*thing*—couldn't shoot!"

Nevertheless he galloped home, and hurried to the field of action.

A paralyzing sight met his eyes.

The stranger still stepped daintily; his amazing costume was still, except for some damage to his stockings, quite immaculate; but his gun was now carried very differently.

He nodded curtly to Cameron, but capped



SEEMED JUST TO HAVE LEFT THE BALLROOM.

and reloaded his musket meanwhile with lightning despatch.

The dandy moved toward the dogs, a few birds were flushed, there came two puffs of smoke almost simultaneously. Two birds fell. The dogs retrieved, the birds were handed to Snowball, and even before Cameron could pull himself together the performance was repeated with mechanical precision. No haste on the man's part, faultless action by the dogs, a very trinity of destructive perfections—man, dogs, and gun.

Cameron turned in horror to Snowball, and found the little darky's grinning countenance capping a thatch of birds, tied round him in every conceivable manner; a very peripatetic pyramid of feathers.

The despairing Covenantanter shouted to the sportsman:

"Stop, or I'll hae no birds left! Stop, i' the name o' Providence!"

"Why should I?" inquired the sportsman, pausing a moment. "Never had better sport in my life!"

"I'll gie ye back part of your money."

"Thanks—I've no use for it."

"All o' it, then—ye'll nae leave aye bird!"

"I've no use for money—it's the root of all evil."

"De'il hae—and the Lord forgi'e me for swarin'. What *wull* stop ye?"

"Five minutes' conversation with Miss Ailsie."

"A crack wie my dochter—ye scatter-brained gowk! Never!"

Crack went the gun, the dogs retrieved. The birds were handed to Snowball, who disposed them joyously about his person.

"Stop—ye wild ne'er-do-weel! What for should ye want to see Ailsie?"

"I used to know her a little, when we were children."

"Ye talked by stealth then. An' since she's grown up I've forbade her all havers with you godless Episcopalians."

"All right. No use talking then. I'm busy."

Two puffs of smoke jetted out, several feathered forms whirled madly and came

plunging down, the dogs retrieved, the enriched Snowball received them and girded his thighs as a bee does with her treasure.

Cameron yielded.

"Stop, ye mad satin-broke de'il! Come i' the house then, and crack wi' Ailsie if ye must."

Miss Maud's Assignment

By G. W. Ogden

THOSE familiar with the ancient history of the paper said Miss Maud had not always been there. It seems the paper had once been edited by a person inclined to run to whiskers and libelous utterances. As a result of some highly seasoned revelations concerning the inner life of a leading member of the bar—for which, being true, there appeared to be no redress in law—the legal torch had gone gunning for the eminent journalist.

Unfortunately there were many men with whiskers in that day and locality; but the lawyer, who had only a slight knowledge of the editor's appearance, concluded that if he stood in front of the newspaper office and cracked away at every man going in or coming out who bore a criminal resemblance to the editor, he surely would get him in time. Of course there was logic in that line of reasoning, but aside from the fact that it was a dangerous precedent to establish, it did not promise well for the hairy-faced citizens of the town. To conclude was to act, with the legal gentleman, and he let go at the first man that came out of the newspaper office wearing brown whiskers and a black coat.

It chanced to be the estimable father of Miss Maud, and he went down with a hole in his lung. It has nothing to do with the story, at all, but it may be comforting to some people to learn that the next man along was the editor, and that he cleared the atmosphere of legal talent by the rapid and judicious use of a navy six, which he always carried in the outer pocket of his coat.

Of course that didn't help the situation for Miss Maud's father. He had a large family of ravenous children, girls, every one of them, and all too small to turn a wheel in the bread factory, Miss Maud excepted. Financial difficulties, also, blocked the way to smooth



HURRIED TO THE FIELD OF ACTION.

going, like a pile of building material in the street. The editor was sympathetic and grateful. He put Miss Maud on his staff to do society. Her unmistakable nose for news

was responsible for her being shifted to the city editor's gang, where she went the bitter way of all cubs in getting the necessary education, and made good. Finally she reached the exchange editor's desk, and there she stuck.

Capable, too, from the floor up. Careless, very careless, of her hair, neglectful of those poor little arts that make a pretty woman's face prettier and a homely one's not so plain, Miss Maud was not a beauty show. She worked her mouth, too, with the shears, at least the left corner of it, and held the clippings in the palm of her hand, bottom side up, while she daubed paste on them. Bits of paste, naturally, found their way into her hair, adhered to her eyebrows and nose, and gummed her skirt. The burden of carrying a wheezy-lunged father—that hole never did quite heal—and seven growing girls wore on Miss Maud, and the inequality of it, the plain injustice, soured her heart and sharpened her tongue. At least it helped to. She probably would not have been so entirely acrid had it not been for a man.

She wore one dress an unbelievably long time, and she had apparently never had but one hat. It was a plain, round, masculine sailor, black and hard, so hard that it defied pins, except in one spot near the center, where years of persistent jabbing and drilling and poking had found its vulnerable point. Anchored with one pin to Miss Maud's abundant heap of rich brown hair, the old thing flipped and tipped in the wind in a manner alarming to all women who beheld it. But it didn't bother Miss Maud. She had hardened and broadened and grown great in the nip-and-tuck struggle, so we thought, beyond the mere question of a hat. In the office, divested of her coat, Miss Maud went in for plain comfort. It was palpable to all eyes that she disdained that torturing article of feminine gear that crushes the floating ribs into the stomach and crowds the liver over

against the heart. The waists and skirts Miss Maud possessed never appeared to be on friendly terms, and drew apart in a manner of formal coldness that threatened the dignity of the wearer and the decorum of the office.

"I always turn my head when Miss Maud passes," Billy Dill used to say, "for fear her skirt's going to drop off."

It might be kinder to avoid mention of the coat, but as no unkindness is intended, and as you will understand, as we all did, that the drain of a wheezy father and seven growing sisters left little in the bottom of the barrel for Miss Maud to

primp on, let the coat go in. It appeared during our time, that is to say, it was comparatively modern in advent, but old in pattern. But it had individuality, like all of Miss Maud's belongings, and the envious and scornful had no ground for saying it was old in style, because there was not another like it. Close-fitting around the waist, with large black buttons, and long of skirts, it was like the coats in the pictures of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Miss Maud buttoned it in the middle, only, and that caused it to creep up in the back and bulge out on the chest. But Miss Maud didn't give a jim-crow dash for appearances, so everybody said.

Everybody on the paper knew there had been a man. Just when, where, what he was, or who, nobody appeared to know, any more than they knew why he had thrown up his assignment and tintured Miss Maud's life with gall.

Miss Maud was down for an assignment once in a while on the city editor's book, so she was not especially surprised one afternoon when he told her he wanted her to help out on the Dukes' of Athens annual ball. He didn't know, just then, where he would use her, but would like her to hold herself in readiness. The Dukes of Athens—ordinarily grocery men, liquor men, shoe men, and all manner of wholesale mercantile men, and wholesale only, retailers being considered vulgar—stirred the city to its foundations once each year. They pulled off a big street parade, followed by a ball, and that ball was *the* social event until the next one. Invitations might be procured



A PERSON INCLINED TO WHISKERS.

at five dollars a couple, provided you were not a retailer of liquor; and if your name didn't appear in the papers next day along with those of the others who had been there, you couldn't hold up your head, that was all.

It was the custom for the papers to describe the costumes worn by the women occupants of the boxes at the ball, and some woman member of the staff, generally the society editor, gathered the data, working around the hall from stall to stall. It was a distasteful piece of business, save for those who were to be duly and fully credited with so many yards of bare neck, so much silk, so much lace, and other fol-de-rols. And Miss Maud drew it, the society editor having her hands full of other details of the ball.

Miss Maud was never insubordinate, being a regular, but she was finely sarcastic, and she said a few things about that assignment, just a few. The day before the ball she confronted the city editor.

"I've not got the glad rags to wear to such a blowout as the Dukes' of Athens ball," she snorted. "Will the paper stand for it if I rent an outfit at Seiben's?"

"Sure thing," said he, glad to get over Miss Maud's great obstacle so easily. "Get anything you want, and go in a carriage. We'll foot the bill, with pleasure. You know very well, Miss Maud, there's not a reporter in the city that can cover that assignment as well as you."

Miss Maud was too old a fish to bite at such bait, and her only answer was a lofty sniff. But she came to the office in a carriage on the night of the ball, gloriously transformed—all in white, and in her hair, so luxuriantly beautiful, a white rose caught in blissful captivity. Her face was not beautiful, no amount of dressing could have brought it to that, but there was a goodness in it, and a dignity, and a soul. We all wondered why we had not loved Miss Maud, as we pressed around her with sincere words of felicitation on her "make-up," as Billy Dill called it, and all of us attended her to the door and saw her off for the hall.

It was a heavy night for local, and the city editor thought nothing more of Miss

Maud until the lead of the ball story was in. Then he looked at his watch and wondered why she didn't show up. It was one o'clock.

"Boxes are jammed," said Button, the man who had done the decorations, "and I don't suppose she's got around yet."

Still, the city editor didn't worry. He knew Miss Maud would write it out as she went along, and come in cranky, but with her stuff all up. Time enough for an hour, if the foreman would pass it out in small takes, to catch the city edition. But when two o'clock came, with no sight of Miss Maud, he got busy with the telephone. Couldn't get any answer from the hall, so he sent the boy, in a froth and a foam, to hunt Miss Maud and chase down her copy.

Before he returned Miss Maud came. The rose in her hair was drooping, and the red fire of excitement burned in her cheeks. She sat down with a tired sigh in the copy-reader's chair, looked squarely into the city editor's questioning eyes, and laughed—of all things for Miss Maud to do, actually laughed!

"I fell down on that assignment to-night, Mr. Seton," she said.

The city editor pushed back from his desk and regarded her with his awful frown. "Fell down on it," said he, very evenly, very coldly; "well?"

"Fell down," she repeated guiltily, but not contritely, vigorously nodding her head.

"How? What was there to do but pick it up? What have you been doing the past five hours that you couldn't call me up, so I could put some one else on it?"

"Dancing," murmured Miss Maud, looking down somewhat abashed; "just dancing."

The city editor jumped. "The devil you have!" said

he, looking closely into her flushed face.

"Dancing," she sighed.

He smiled. "All right," said he gently, "all right, Miss Maud. You certainly had a good time coming to you if anybody in the hall did, and I hope you got it. I'll try to fix it up with the old man, and we'll have to cut the costumes out. Personally, I think it's rotten stuff, anyway."

She glanced up quickly, a new, moist brightness in her eyes. "It's good of you, Mr.



NEVER HAD BUT ONE HAT.

Seton," she said. She went to the door, stopped, came back, placed her elbows on his desk and rested her chin in her hands, in an intimate way quite new to her. "I'm going to tell you," she said, "but if you'd been cross I wouldn't have said a word. I've got another assignment, an assignment for life."

"Then he's come back?" Seton said eagerly, beaming on her.

She nodded, blushing like some young and foolish thing.

"Good girl," said Seton; "bully for you!"

It appears that it was the man. Just as all of us at the office had done when we saw Miss Maud transformed, he cracked his heels over the floor and went down, figuratively, on his marrow-bones at her feet when he saw her queening it in the paper's box. And Miss Maud, being a woman, accepted his explanation for the past years of neglect—whatever it was, we never took much stock in it—and the bound her heart gave when the load was taken off sent her with him to the glistening floor. Of course she danced, being a woman, therefore not so far removed from childishness and savagery as some of us, and, we suspected, cried a little too, now that it had all come out right.

The man turned out to be one of those oddities who chop their first name down to a cap., one F. August Cromer, in the wholesale shoe line. Decent sort of a man too, if one did not consider his treatment of Miss Maud, and well heeled, not speaking of shoes.

We realized, when the time came, that something must be done in the way of a wedding-present for Miss Maud; not that she would expect it, but that she would appreciate it. Picturing her, as familiar association with her made us do, in the shabby old sailor, we came to a point on the question. It must be a hat, one with plumes and fixtures, bows and cereals and buds. Billy Dill, being on the staff of Miss Maud's fifth sister, brought that young woman into the game to help us. The business office, hearing of it somehow, in the sneaking, ad-getting, ear-to-the-ground way business offices have, wanted in, even offering to get it at a discount for us at Finkel's,

Finkel being an advertiser. Not on your life! This was going to Miss Maud without the smirch of business-office fingers—theatre-ticket, circus-pass grabbing fingers—on it. And so it went.

It stood us fifty dollars, and that, the force being small, cleaned us up. But it left us happy, and Miss Maud's sister added to that good feeling as she held the astounding creation—that's what they called it—out on her hand and looked at it with smiling eyes.

"Maud will think more of this than of her husband, I'm afraid," said she. "She always wanted a hat like that."

My goodness, we had never dreamed it!

"There's one thing more," said Sandy, the tow-headed irresponsible who did police, "and that's this." He drew

a square thing from the drawer of his desk, something carefully wrapped, and bearing a card addressed to "F. August Cromer," in fat-shanked, round-bellied letters, such as they teach you to write in those knowledge factories where they make of you a Useful Member of Society, Capable of Earning as High as Twenty-five Dollars Weekly.

"A present for the groom," said he. "I went at this thing on my own responsibility, and if the rest of you don't approve, you don't need to come in. It cost me two dollars to have it engrossed at Sprawler's College, and two more for the frame. But I got time on all of it."

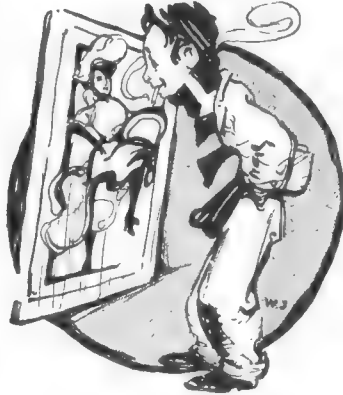
He removed the wrapping and displayed a foot-square frame, which he leaned against the wall at the back of his desk. We stepped up and read, in the same sweeping, tail-curling, large-bellied letters as those on the card, done in black ink on fine parchment:

F. AUGUST CROMER,

DEAR SIR:

YOU BE GOOD TO HER.

"Thinking that, as he forgot in the past, he *might* forget in the future," said Sandy. And we nodded unanimous approval.



SENT THE BOY IN A FROTH AND A FOAM.



WITH THE PROCESSION



PROTECTION OF NIAGARA FALLS

ARE Niagara Falls to be given away to electric-power companies to be despoiled and ruined for the advantage of a handful of capitalists and shareholders, or are they to be secured for the perpetual enjoyment of the people of New York, of the United States, of Canada, and of the world? Though the people sleep upon their rights, the electric-power grabbers never sleep. The average flow of the Niagara River is 222,400 cubic feet a second. It is estimated that 200,000 cubic feet a second pass through the Canadian channel and the rest through the American channel. Note, however, that the average minimum flow of the river is only 165,340 feet a second. On the Canadian side a diversion of 32,500 cubic feet a second is already authorized, nearly one-fifth of the whole minimum flow, more than one-fifth of the Canadian minimum flow. So much injury to Horseshoe Falls is irremediable. On the American side the diversion of 27,200 cubic feet a second is authorized and irremediable. Old companies with doubtful rights, new companies with new schemes of injury exist. Some of these propose to tap the river above the rapids, and so impair the American Falls. The minimum flow through the American channel is estimated at 16,900 cubic feet a second. The crest of the fall is almost 1,100 feet long. The entrance to the channel at the head of Goat Island is slightly more than 700 feet. Lower, even a little, the depth of the water at the channel entrance, and the beauty of the water falling over the crest will be greatly injured. Neither the rapids nor the American Falls presents a majestic aspect at low water. What is to be done? First, everybody who wants the Falls saved must wake up. He must petition, remonstrate, supplicate. Joint action of the United States and Canada must provide for the perpetual

protection of the Falls. The Constitution of the State of New York should be amended so as to provide for such protection. No more diversion of Niagara; annulment of charters of companies which have not already begun operations under them; no more grants. The President, Congress, the Legislature of New York must "get busy," and first of all, you, I, everybody who doesn't want a great work of nature ruined for the benefit of a few sordid Philistines.

The American Civic Association, with headquarters in the North American Building, Philadelphia, is appealing for help to save the Falls. It solicits both your cooperation and your contributions. It will win out—if *you* will help.

THE WINDING STAIR OF THE AUTOMOBILE

ALWAYS something new under the sun. Paris has a circular garage wherein automobiles take the elevator, so to speak, to the top floor, using their own motive power to climb along a spiral track a mile long, which winds around a central hall. The automobile whizzes in from the street and makes the climb along easy grades. Garages in the thirtieth story may come to be the rage. But should the gradients be easy, as in easy Paris? Should they not be dizzy and precipitous? Our youth must not grow soft. They must have exercise.

THE VOYAGE OF THE DEWEY

THE shrimps and the sharks quit playing of their larks as they see the queerest craft in their experience going by. A steel box, 500 by 134 feet, and 42 feet above the water. This is the floating dry dock, the Dewey. Square tanks, eighteen feet deep, are underneath.

The sides are in all, above and beneath the water, sixty-four feet high. Pump out her tanks, and she will lift up a twenty-thousand-ton ship as easily as an elephant conquers a peanut. She can dock herself, but she is too big to steer herself. Three stout colliers, each with a wireless telegraph plant, are towing her by a line a mile and a half long. She must be nearly to Manila by this time—she started early in January—if the monsoons have been favorable. When she is ready for business, the United States will be on even terms with Great Britain and Japan so far as docking in the Pacific is concerned.

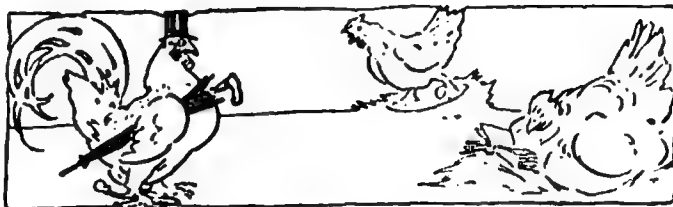
LIFE-INSURANCE REFORM

THE admirable work of Charles E. Hughes as chief counsel of the Armstrong Committee is continued in the creative recommendations of the committee's report. Among these are the mutualization in fact of so-called mutual insurance companies and in form of stock companies; the prohibition of syndicates, speculative investments, and other schemes for skinning the policy-holders; the annual distribution of policy-holders' profits and the prohibition of deferred distribution; the limitation of business and of salaries; the prohibition as a criminal offense of political contributions from the policy-holders' money; the bestowal upon the policy-holders of the power of direct appeal to the courts without the aid of the attorney-general of New York; and the suppression of assessment insurance. Whatever may be the fate of these recommendations, they will not make the millennium of life-insurance. The existing insurance law of New York State distinctly prohibits an officer or director from selling or aiding in the purchase or sale of securities or profiting by the corporation's loans; and to violate that prohibition has been and is to disqualify the offender permanently from being an officer of an insurance company. Of what use is this law? Of what use will be new ones? Of what use has been or ever will be the State Insurance Department, a political subway? We hope that the great work of Mr. Hughes will be crowned with criminal and civil prosecution of all the offenders who can be reached. But are "the big fellows" much disturbed? No, when this cruel war is over they will be doing business at the old stand and probably by the same methods under new names. As for the industrial companies, apparently their philan-

thropic labors are to go on unchecked. If you want a permanently good system, abolish commissions and cut out the big salaries and the useless places. There has been an able investigation. How much real reform there will be is another thing.

WIRE AND FIRE

THE window is the coign of vantage by which fire attacks and conquers the "fire-proof" building. The more light, the more danger. But now you can have wired glass windows, with metallic frames and sashes. So you are safe from outside inflammation until this metal reaches the melting point. Burning lard is reasonably "hot stuff." Well, the Armour lard-refinery in Chicago got afire. Lard by the ton begot an incredible heat, but the wire glass windows did their duty, and buildings within thirty feet of that greasy Gehenna did not burn. Moreover, this wire glass stood a stream with a pressure of 110 pounds. People that live in wire glass houses can afford to throw stones.



MISSIONARY HENS

CERTAIN Presbyterian women of Mercer County, Kentucky, formed a foreign missionary society, and devised an original financial plan for fattening its treasury. The proceeds of all eggs laid on Sunday were to go to foreign missions. The hens seem to have applied themselves with particular zeal to their Sunday industry. The sale of Sunday eggs was big enough to support four missionaries in Japan; and four go there this spring. Rocs and eagles, swans and peacocks may be more impressive than the hen, but handsome is as handsome does; and the missionary hens of Kentucky have done handsomely and their best.

SHORT WEIGHT AND MEASURE

THE Bureau of Weights and Measures of New York City began work in 1905. It has visited more than 25,000 shops and found more than 1,600 violations of the law. It destroyed more than 1,300 false scales and

measures. Short yardsticks are common. Some scales are set against the customer to the amount of from four ounces to two pounds. Some grocers drill holes out of their weights or shave off the bottom, cutting down a pound to eight or nine ounces. Plenty of fish peddlers act on the principle that twelve ounces make a pound. Some butchers stick a piece of meat or putty on the bottom of the bar before beginning business, or hang on the slide "S" hooks or pads of tickets. The poorer the neighborhood, the shorter the weight and measure. These are "business methods" of about the meanest sort. This continued small extortion makes the gorge rise.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS

THE Balfour Ministry hung to power by its eyelids, and had come to disgust the country by its shilly-shallying and its insincerity. Whatever else may be said of "Pretty Fanny" Balfour, his "way" of keeping an office showed great mental ingenuity. Great Britain does not pine for protection, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain seems to have added another party to his considerable list of scalps. His "home district," as we should say in the United States, was faithful to him. Which shows the advantage of courage. The Liberals have a majority over all. Whether they can keep it long is another matter. The foreign policy is to remain unchanged. A Liberal government with a strong foreign policy is something new, at least as far as this generation is concerned. The Gladstonian tradition has waned. The strength of the Labor Party in the House of Commons is noteworthy, marking the increasing democracy of Great Britain. The number of "groups" in the House makes one think of France, Germany, and Austria-Hungary rather than of usual British Parliamentary conditions.

Oh, fling the films of sleep
From off those happy eyes;
From its full throat the organ note
Peals: Oh, great Andrew, rise.

To die like a rose in aromatic pain is a luxury to be enjoyed but once. To be awakened every morning by music, to lie abed and hear a concert in his palace music hall, this is among the happinesses of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. From seven to eight every morning an accomplished organist draws sweet sounds

from the great organ. If Mr. Carnegie does not want to get up, he can afford to lie abed. Perhaps that is an even greater, if less refined, pleasure than the organ aubade. Still, would it not be a better arrangement to be soothed to sleep by the organ and to be roused from sleep by Mr. Carnegie's favorite instrument, the bagpipe?

THE RELIGIOUS RAILROAD

THE Hedjaz Railroad, which is to unite Damascus with Mecca, is being built for the purpose of carrying pilgrims to and from the latter, the holy city of the Mussulmans. For the larger part of its course of some 1,200 miles it will pass through deserts, idle and unfertile regions. Still, it will benefit some of the country about the Jordan, a district whose crops have no market on account of the want of transportation; and branch lines for commercial and industrial uses will be constructed. From Damascus to Maan, about 400 miles, the road has been doing business for some months. The Germans superintend the job. Turkish soldiers do the work; and they don't get union pay. To Mecca by rail, personally conducted! The world is growing smaller every day.



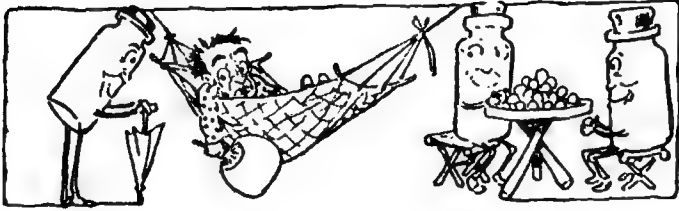
THE LUCKIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

SOME curious newspaper philosopher tells the world that the present Duchess of Devonshire is considered "the luckiest woman in the world." Because she has been a duchess twice, first of Manchester and then of Devonshire. Because Chatsworth is one of the most renowned of "the lordly homes" of England. Because she has other houses, many and fair, in England, Ireland, France, the Riviera, and because the duke is the type of "milor," the territorial magnate, the calm patrician. Do these things make her the luckiest woman in the world? What is "luck," anyway? Shall we not call youth and health and high spirits and amiability part of the highest merely earthly luck? There are millions of women "luckier" than any ancient duchess, and not subject to the ennui

which is pretty sure to be the lot of those who "have everything." A little enjoyment, a little ease is better than too much.

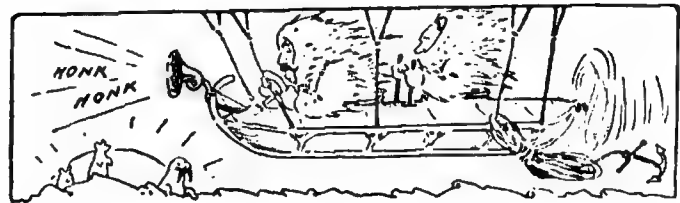
WALRUSES ASHORE

DIGGING the Coast Line Railway, the engineers found, in Santa Cruz, Cal., a petrified mastodon and a great pile of sea walrus tusks, some of them two or three feet long. In far-away time some mighty glacier laid waste the coast, covered up animals of many kinds, and made this curious ivory cache. From the mastodon to the Pullman: a reasonably long way.



QUININ

PRONOUNCE it as you please. A very beneficent conqueror is quinin, perhaps the most successful of doctors. It has saved millions of lives in India, cutting down by more than one-half the mortality from malarial fever. To the pioneer, the explorer, the new settler it is more necessary than firearms. Wherever there are swamps and fever and ague, it is the chief life-saver. Great is its work in colonization, in war, in travel and discovery, in the building of railroads and canals. On the Isthmus of Panama it helps fight the climate. It is a sort of universal prophylactic and bracer; and we all make faces at it because it doesn't flatter the palate.



AIR-LINE TO THE POLE

MR. WALTER WELLMAN, of Washington and Chicago, is going to the north pole and way stations in an air-ship built in Paris under Santos-Dumont's supervision, and Santos-Dumont will be a member of the expedition. The ship will be 196 feet long, with a surface of 23,000 square feet and a volume of 226,000 cubic feet. Its weight, including equipments, will be 7,000 pounds; its ascensional force, 15,300 pounds. So it can carry a load of a little more than 8,000 pounds. Three motors will give it seventy horse-power, and a speed limit of eighteen miles an hour. It will carry gasoline enough to go, in calms, 1,800 miles at twelve miles an hour. From the starting-point in northern Spitzbergen to the pole is 550 geographical miles. The scheme looks seductive enough on paper, but its possibilities or probabilities of accident are great. But

"FOR CHRIST AND THE CHURCH"

IN February, 1881, Dr. Francis E. Clark, a young Maine clergyman, after many experiments in interesting boys and girls in religion, found, as he tells us, that "nothing but religion appealed to the religious nature of young people." With some forty boys and girls he organized the first Christian Endeavor Society. It represented but a single religious denomination. Now it represents a hundred. It has members in fifty different nations or colonies. Its "Fellowship with Fidelity" and other characteristic mottoes are heard in eighty languages. It has forty publications in fifteen languages. It holds meetings all

the game of staking human life for the solution of the most fascinating of geographical mysteries grows even more absorbing as the air-ship is developed.

THE INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES

THIRTEEN years ago last month the original telephone patent issued to Alexander Graham Bell expired by limitation. At once independent telephone exchanges began business, although under difficulties. For the first time farmers were allowed to buy telephones. In the Western States the independent telephone movement had especial strength. It has spread over the whole country, even including New England, the birthplace and stronghold of the Bell monopoly, until now the independent companies assert that they have more than 3,000,000 members, some 400,000 more than the Bell. From 1893 to 1896, or thereabouts, they had to fight, every step of their way, business opposition and patent litigation; but in the past ten years the independents put in more telephones than their opponents did in twenty-seven. We do not say this to the prejudice of the Bell Company, which will, we hope, be as progressive in the future as it has been obstructive and arbitrary in the past. Facts are facts; and the work of the independent telephone people has been of vast importance to the "plain people" as well as an instructive and successful case of good, solid, hot battling and bucking against a wealthy and pig-headed monopoly.

THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD CHAMPION

HAIL to Willie Hoppe, nineteen and champion of the world at 18-inch balk-line billiards. He has played since he was six. Another instance of the value of early education. Considering what marvelous dexterity, skill, precision, judgment of eye, and delicacy of hand a scientific game of billiards requires, the billiard champion must rank among the great artists of the world; and Willie Hoppe has conquered the world at an earlier age than Alexander did.

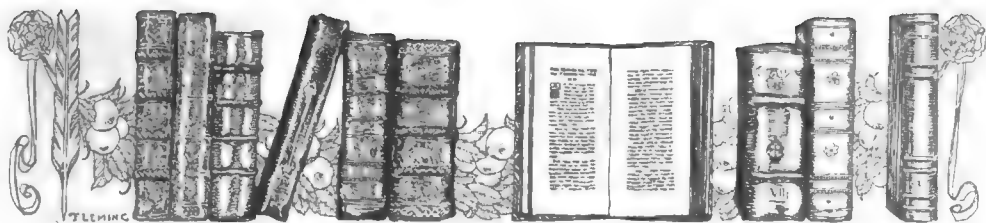
THE RAILROAD OVER THE KEYS

MR. H. M. FLAGLER, who has done so much in Florida, is to extend the Florida East Coast Railroad from Homestead to Key West, 126 miles to the south. The extension will

be rich in engineering difficulties. More than sixty miles of it will go over the keys. Some sixty miles of rock embankment will have to be built. A stretch of water six miles long will be crossed on four concrete viaducts, one of them nearly two miles long. These will have fifty-foot spans and rest on piers set into the solid rock. They will measure twenty-eight feet at the rock surface and more than twenty at the springing line of the span, whose crown will be twenty-five feet above the water. A dry dock and piers to accommodate ships 400 feet long and drawing from twenty to thirty feet of water will be built at Key West, which will then have ample terminal facilities and be directly connected with New York.

ANTIFOREIGN FEELING IN CHINA

THE inevitable result of the Japanese victory over Russia and of the guaranty of the integrity of China by the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been an increase of Chinese chauvinism, always strong enough. The boycott of American goods may have been caused immediately by the injudiciously rigid enforcement of the Chinese Exclusion Act, but it seems to be part of a sort of general patriotic movement, a revival of the organized campaign against foreign devils. The Chinese army is being trained by Japanese officers. Naturally, the Chinese resent the extraterritorial privileges. Naturally, too, they are resolved to grant no more railway or commercial concessions to foreigners. Apparently, officialdom and the press have been doing their best to stimulate these various means of national self-assertion, and the Chinese students in Japan go home inflated, perhaps, with the belief that China can be as independent as Japan in her relations with foreign powers. Of course, sporadic attacks upon foreigners are always to be apprehended in China, and it seems not improbable that the cry "China for the Chinese" may be heard again and more loudly. Our Government must protect its citizens and its interests in China; but this may be a matter of growing difficulty if China gets strong. The army is full of secret societies in sympathy with the Empire Reform Association, an antiforeign league. The United States forces in the Philippines have been wisely increased. The Peking legations and the missionaries have been warned. Is another and worse Boxer outbreak coming?



A Row of Books

"THE WHEEL OF LIFE"

It will surely be observed that Laura Wilde, in Ellen Glasgow's exceptionally clever story of "The Wheel of Life" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), was great at soul-analysis. Her habit of introspection was persistent. Few readers, we imagine, will be able to discover in their own love-affairs anything like the amount of psychology that attaches to Laura's. But Laura was a poet, and the soul has come to be very particularly the poet's business. What is more, the psychology in this story is keen and good, and it is set forth with a very nice literary art. We have followed it with interest. The compliment that is involved here will be understood when we add that plenty of novels are supplied with a psychology that our conscience, supporting our inclination, readily permits us to skip.

We are made by the skill of the novelist to see as well as did Laura herself, the great beauty of Laura's friend, Gerty Bridewell. Gerty is pictured for us at the intimate and roseate hour of her awaking in the morning. The scene is her very bedchamber. Our attention is directed to the delicate white things and satin things that she wore and that were spread over her. Her hair was "brilliant red," and we are made to feel that in this case, at least, red is a lovely as well as a glorious color. She "stifled a yawn with her pillow," thought of the shower-bath, and sighed as "she pressed the pillow more firmly under her cheek." All very natural, very real—what the critics call "convincing." Her dresses, too, were beautiful; they are shown to us, with much effective art of presentation, later. Moreover, Gerty had an inter-

esting mind. She talked well—so well, with such nice discernment, that it was a bolt out of the blue for us when once (see page 11) she spoke of Roger Adams as the "brainiest" man of her acquaintance. But there is no other dire and dreadful thing in the record of Gerty's conversation. She was cynical, because her large and florid husband made her jealous, but her speech, with the single astonishing exception noted, was as choice and as handsome as her person and her dresses.

Laura's psychology faltered a little in the case of Arnold Kemper. It was copious enough, but the fascinations of Arnold were rather blinding. He was a strong man. His power of self-regulation was such that he invariably consumed at breakfast two eggs, four pieces of toast, and two cups of coffee—precisely that and not a swallow of coffee or a morsel of toast more. We respect psychology. The thread of its investigations sometimes holds us, as we have confessed. At the same time we suppose that the succinct and plain reason why Laura threw Arnold over was the discovery of Mme. Alta, the opera-singer, in Arnold's bachelor apartment. It was well that Arnold should make way for Roger Adams, the magazine editor. Roger was more in sympathy with Laura than Arnold could ever have been. His business in a considerable measure was concerned with poems, and he understood Laura's poetry. So, for that matter, did St. George Trent, the young Virginian, who had learned all of it by heart; but Trent was little more than a boy; he recovered from his fever on account of Laura with something like alacrity; and we know that he was quite happy soon afterward with Christina Coles,

the very pretty Virginia girl, whose soul was in literature, and who wrote for the magazines many stories which were cruelly returned to her.

It is true, moreover, regarding Adams, that that editor deserved compensation for long years of great unselfishness and great unhappiness. Adams's wife used drugs and she did worse, but he was good to her to the end. He is properly the hero of this story, the final teaching of which is goodness. The moral heroism of Adams and the passing passion of Laura for Kemper are the strong chief subjects of the tale. They are brought out with sufficient incident and with excellent dramatic effect; and so the story has more to recommend it than its abundant and interesting psychology. We should add, doubtless, that the scene of the story, which is New York, is recognizably projected and fairly vivified by the application of "local color." Altogether, in our opinion, an admirable piece of work.

"LODGINGS IN TOWN"

ARTHUR HENRY'S story of "Lodgings in Town" (A. S. Barnes & Co.) records the experiences and feelings in New York of a youth who came from the West. We ourselves remember coming to New York once upon a time, and looking with the enthusiasm of ignorance for that dense canopy of smoke which covered London on the approach of Charles Dickens. It did not greet our eager eyes. We ran through depressing suburbs utterly revealed in a translucent air. We were dreadfully disturbed by the clear ugliness of things. It was years before we understood that we lacked either imagination or a pleasant mendacity. There was some soft coal in those days, but it was not sufficient to make a canopy perceptible from afar off. It was long before it was our happiness to enter the city of Pittsburg. There we said to ourselves, quite according to the inclination of our remembering heart, that Dickens had indeed exaggerated and sublimated the article of smoke, but not too much.

Every newcomer in New York, if he is not too stolid, brings probably his imagination and his clear perception, which may be a good deal in contrast. This tale sets forth with good humor the awakening of a newcomer in New York to the facts that indubitably prevail. We have often thought that there is less glamour in a city where we are called

upon to earn our bread than in a city which we visit confidently with money and a return ticket in our pocket. Doubtless the poor people of Europe who come to us find us interesting because we have a good deal to eat.

This book is full of what we call "realistic" impressions. Imagination is in them nevertheless. The tale is a reporting of the city, with a reporter's privileges. It records what we know, also what we do not believe. There is acceptable humor—a good deal of effective fun. There is an interview with Charles M. Schwab. The author tells us what he (not Mr. Schwab) earned by writing for the newspapers and magazines. We will add that he was fairly fortunate. We have his word for it that his literary endeavors secured to him fifty or sixty dollars a week. Possibly Mr. Schwab could not, leaving out any color proceeding from his own personality, in the same way earn as much. Our author rode about, seemingly without embarrassment, in one of the tragical "Seeing New York" monsters.

But why will story-tellers write "trilogies"? The word appears on the cover of the book. It has in our ears a formidable sound. It denotes a literary structure almost too towering and important to be sustained by the ordinary imagination. A trilogy! We crane our necks painfully to see the top of it. We should be more at ease if it were merely a Pentateuch or a Septuagint. The late Mr. Frank Norris, a vigorous mind, mapped out a trilogy. He escaped handsomely from "The Octopus," but we suspect that he fell into "The Pit." What the pediment or cupola of this ambitious pile would have been, of course and unhappily we shall never know.

Let us be patient with the works of our inspiration. Give them time, and let time give them proof. When they are big enough, if our modesty permits, let us saddle them with mighty captions.

"CHRISTOBEL'S SECRET"

WE have heard and we are inclined to believe that it is not right to reveal very much of an author's carefully evolved story, and we will content ourselves with saying of Mary Lord's novel, entitled "Christobel's Secret" (The Grafton Press), that two years after Christobel, a young lady of Alexandria, Va., had married the Duke of Norwalk, whom she respected but did not love, the Duke was thrown from his horse and killed by striking

"with his head a rock which had been left near the main drive because it was a peculiar work of nature," and that thereafter she was free to marry Henry Laffret, the companion of her childhood, who said to her, on his arrival at Norwalk Castle: "Darling Christobel, now you are mine—only mine—forever!"

"THE DEBTOR"

MRS. MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN is a realist, but we have always forgiven her for it. Truth is, she is a good deal more. The glammers in the world which are not real, except to the mind which is competent to apprehend the fact of them, are a possibility and a habit with her. We have too often been made to feel that realism is a dull and platitudinous matter—a suppression which takes unhappy notice of the limitations of the very limited. We have been made aware, in books, of plenty of realism of the sort which drives us forth from the house to the end that we may not hear tongues that have no music in them and that fancy in no wise directs. Our friend the "Baron" Evans, a beautiful and reassuring intelligence, once spoke of somebody who was undoubtedly a realist as being "as platitudinous as hell." We do not know how platitudinous the place of expiatory torture is. It is no matter. The ardor of the comparison does not detract from the truth of it. We believe that the person under consideration was platitudinous, and we believe that realism has come in large measure to deserve the strong characterization that the Baron Evans was able and good enough to invent.

Mary Wilkins (as we must in the piety of memory call her) has written a book quite according to her competent habit in "The Debtor" (Harper & Brothers). It is made to appear, initially, that there has been a removal from eastern Massachusetts to a suburb of the American metropolis. "Bainbridge lies near enough to the great City to perceive after nightfall, along the southern horizon, the amalgamated glow of its multitudinous eyes of electric fire. In the daytime the smoke of its mighty breathing, in its race of progress and civilization, darkens the southern sky. The trains of great railroad systems speed between Bainbridge and the City."

Between Bainbridge and the City. That signifies, we suppose, the new conditions. That tells us of the transplanting of an ob-

server—a favored, favorite, imaginative, ever-delightful observer—from Massachusetts to New Jersey. There is no disappointment in this book. It is a full, satisfying story. The genius of the historian, her interest and charm of narrative, her discernment and power of interpretation of character, her sympathy, her lovable humor, her nice sense of scene, her ability of sensible dramatic portrayal, are made apparent all through it.

We beg pardon, but we should like to add a personal word. It seems to us that Mary Wilkins has set a desirable pattern. She has told good stories and left them to advertise themselves. It pleases us to think that she is as well liked, and is rewarded as well, as some of her calling who have not been so silent. A modest and a properly distinguished literary character. The trumpeters will take notice.

"PARADISE"

READERS who are like us will be interested in Barbara, in Alice Brown's story of "Paradise" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). We meet Barbara on a country road at night. She was cloaked and hooded in one ample enveloping garment. Her pace was hurried, for the good reason that she feared that somebody whom she dreaded was in pursuit of her. She was, in fact, running away from Benedict, a juggler, possessed of strange and presumably dark powers, who had taken her from the poorhouse and taught her palmistry and the casting of horoscopes. We were glad when Malory Dwight, driving home from a vain quest of a nurse to take charge of his ailing sister, overtook Barbara and, in the friendly country fashion, gave her a lift in his wagon. It seemed very pleasantly opportune when the fleeing girl offered herself to do the nursing that was wanted. The invalid was duly astonished when the providential nurse, casting off her cloak, stood revealed in a yellow gauze dress with spangles and wearing a tinsel crown.

We were pleased to find, as we went on, that this realistic story of New England was enlivened by the author's own very considerable and very effective wit and fancy. The characters and scenes were not out of a camera merely. Something of the magical work of the crucible, of handsome transmutation, was added. We were reminded not a little of the treatment that Mr. Eden Phillpotts bestows upon his Devonshire moors and people. We feel it hardly necessary to say

that we were gladdened by these reasonable sublimations. It pleased us to sit in rooms where logs and pine-cones blazed in open fireplaces, and where pewter mugs and pitchers hung from smoke-darkened beams. Pleasanter than stoves, we thought, whether air-tight or Franklin or self-feeders. It was a pleasure to meet the doctor, an enormous man and a genius, whose unconcealed vice it was to get drunk now and then and to roll out passages from the Scriptures and from Shakespeare in a fine bass voice that reverberated among the pans and kettles of his favorite resting-place, the kitchen. Uncle Timmie Gale was another whom it was a delight to be with—a fine old man who had kept house for himself for forty years, and read the Bible through forty times, to the end that he might be sure of going to heaven, a place concerning which he had a consuming curiosity. "Over forty year," said Uncle Timmie, "I've kep' the rules, blow high, blow low. I've washed out stockin's when I'd ruther tied up my feet in an old bag. I've gone to meetin' when I wanted to smoke a pipe an' read a dime novel. I ain't done one o' the things I hankered arter for over forty year, an' s'pos'n it should all fush out at the end." We trust that it did not fush out. He starved himself at last, his curiosity about heaven was so great. "Git off'n my chist," he said grimly to Ann Parsons, the respected village nurse, who cared for him in his last and only illness, and who had bent over him to listen to his breathing. "Your hair smells o' taller candles." That was Uncle Timmie's way of speaking. He loved to cut people with his sarcasms and his other shafts of humor.

The other characters in the story, too, are good in their several ways. They converse in interesting fashion, have interesting schemes, do interesting things. Jotham Nash, who never ailed, spent his long life in fancying himself an invalid. His imaginary lung fevers and dropsies and attacks of hob-nail liver were a crowded procession. There are very interesting love complications in the story. It is all excellently told. A thoroughly readable and clever tale.

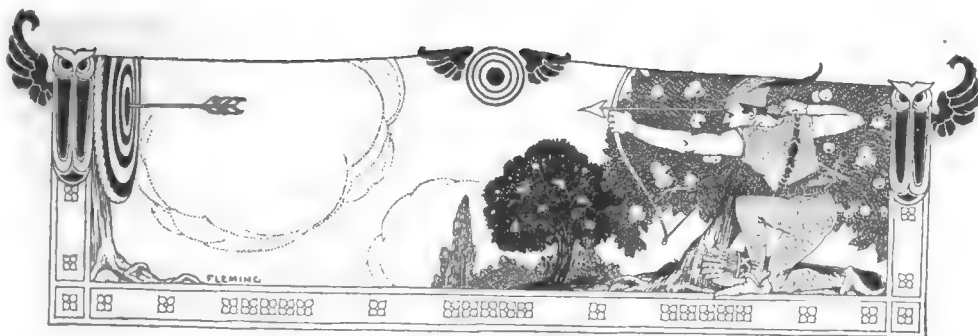
"THE LONG DAY"

FROM the Century Company comes to us the anonymous "true story of a New York working girl," entitled "The Long Day."

This working girl has excited our surprise rather than our tearful sympathy. She had a gifted pen. When she came to New York from Pennsylvania she came with a circumstance of picturesque apprehension and emotion which will surely impress even the careless reader. Presently she read Lombroso, an inquirer and expositor who is not read by many working girls, we dare say. We have always lent an ear to foreign genius, and Professor Lombroso attracted our attention years ago. He traced a most interesting association of crime and tattooing. When we read him we thanked heaven that we had never allowed ourselves to be illustrated in India ink. This working girl had a splendid vocabulary, obviously fitted for the uses of a magazine, and why she worked we do not know. We wish sincerely that there was nothing skeptical in our nature. We remember well what an odium attached to Thomas. When this working girl comes to us and shows to us her calloused hands we shall believe that she worked.

"THE WOOD FIRE IN NO. 3"

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, according to all that we have learned, is a favorite of everybody. Since Joseph Jefferson, we know of no entertainer who is more sincerely welcomed. He somehow seems to be able to assert himself and at the same time to give no offense—a rare ability. He draws pictures of the fire-side. We wish that we might sit with him by the blazing logs—or by the register or steam radiator for that matter. We know that in the absence of visible and crackling wood his wise and kind voice would be a compensation. We believe that we could sit at peace and full of gratitude if he would draw charcoal pictures for us and tell us yarns. We have been attracted by his latest book, as we have been by his books previously. "The Wood Fire in No. 3" is a cheerful title, connoting an agreeable figure stretching its legs in front of the fire in question. This book, published by the Scribners, is a collection or constellation of ingenious and delightful tales. The story of Boggs, who was slain and flung into a pool, and who is his own historian, is happily included here. There are nine tales, and if there were nineteen no fault would be found. Excellent illustrations in color, by Alonzo Kimball, emphasize the effect.



STRAIGHT TALK

By "EVERYBODY'S" READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

"EVERYBODY'S" STRIKE

EVERYBODY'S has strenuously maintained that its influence would be used to correct abuses wherever found and that it would be for all time the implacable enemy of any trust or combination formed to deprive the people of their hard-earned dollars. Then why has EVERYBODY'S apparently joined the enemy's ranks, the Typothetæ, and taken sides with that octopus in its endeavors to prevent the printers from securing shorter hours for their labors in American printing offices?

You assert on page 110, advertising section of the February issue, that the readers of EVERYBODY'S will have to pay an increased price for coal, books, stationery, etc., if the printers win the eight-hour day. Was that the reason why in January of 1905 you went on strike against your 300,000 readers and notified them that you would raise the price to fifteen cents—five cents more, or fifty per cent. increase on the old rate? The printers had not then notified their employers that they intended to demand an eight-hour day. But perhaps you wisely anticipated their action.

I cheerfully acquiesced in your demands, paid my fifteen cents for EVERYBODY'S, because I wanted it on the point of merit alone, and it is on that point the printers request the eight-hour day—merit as skilled workmen. Your demands affected 300,000 readers of your magazine every month. The printers' demands affect probably 20,000 book and job printers, or one-tenth the

number you arbitrarily held up for an increase of fifty per cent.

If you recognize merit, intelligence, and skill (and you say you do, on page 287, three bottom lines), is it not to your financial advantage to employ such workmen in conducting your immense enterprise? I should be extremely sorry to see EVERYBODY'S put on the "We Don't Patronize" list of the printers' organizations and affiliated crafts, but such expressions as those in your February issue will certainly arouse the hostility of thousands, and I trust next month's "With the Publishers" will contain a correction of such a nature as to enable me to consider EVERYBODY'S a champion of the downtrodden.

Dayton, Ohio.

W. B.

PROTEST FROM A PRINTER

I HAVE just finished the second reading of your editorial, in the February EVERYBODY'S, captioned "The Strike." Allow me to congratulate you on your evident intention to present an unbiased statement of the existing conditions, but allow me to call your attention to some parts which do an injustice to the International Typographical Union.

In the beginning of the summing-up for the employers you assume that the Typothetæ is composed of the employers, whereas that organization comprises only about one-tenth of the em-

employing printers of the United States. Employing printers who are not members of the Typothetæ are called by us "Independents," and it is a remarkable fact that nine-tenths of these independent employers have granted the eight-hour day, work in perfect harmony with the union, and are thoroughly satisfied with the changed conditions.

The statement is also made: "A practise of the unions which seems to the employers utterly bad and full of menace to the working men themselves is the deliberate curtailing of the output." This charge has not the slightest foundation in truth, yet you have used it as a basis for a severe arraignment of the union. Not, however, through malice; for you have believed it as it was intended you should. I have been a member of the International Typographical Union and a great many of its subordinate branches for over twenty-two years and during all that time I have never encountered a law, rule, or precedent—local or international—that in any manner limited or was intended to limit or by any stretch of the meaning of words could be construed into limiting the output of any working member or members. The reason is simple: Such a law has never existed.

Do you on second thought believe that any body of men endowed with the intelligence and foresight you seem willing to grant the membership of the International Typographical Union would for a moment consider a regulation not only so manifestly unfair to employers, but of such positive injustice that it would inevitably destroy their own organization?

The Typothetæ (not the employers) are the aggressors in this matter. For eighteen months prior to January 1, 1906, it persistently refused to arbitrate the question. It would not meet our representatives. The union made innumerable advances to the Typothetæ for a peaceful settlement, but was invariably met with: "We have nothing to arbitrate." The public generally does not know it, but they spoke the truth. They were about to begin a war of extermination on the printers' union, and in such a war there is no quarter, nothing to arbitrate, only greed to be appeased. The Typothetæ does not object to the eight-hour day as such—it objects to the union.

But the International Typographical Union absolutely refuses to go. We have a membership of about 50,000, and are growing every day; we are now paying \$60,000 per week into our treasury, and will pay two or three times that amount to preserve our organization. We know our demands are just. We know they will work injury to no one, and the fact that in nearly 450 cities of this country and Canada this matter has been amicably adjusted on the eight-hour basis is overwhelming proof of my contentions.

About employers not giving all the union asks—George W. Child's Philadelphia *Ledger* always paid five cents per thousand ems more than the union asked. W. R. Hearst on all his papers pays not less than fifty cents per day more than

the union asks, while nearly all the job offices here, from September, 1905, to January, 1906, paid \$1.50 per week more than the union asked. There are many others.

I believe your heart is in the right place, but that you have been designedly misled in this matter. You have been a champion of the people against the money sharks. Do not, I pray you, be inconsistent now, and champion the cause of the labor sharks. G. W. W.

St. Louis, Mo.

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

In your February number I find about two pages devoted to the printers' strike, in which you say you have tried to give a fair summary of both sides of the controversy. It is a pity your effort was not more successful. You say among other things that we want a reduction in hours, but no reduction in wages. Well, there are at least two answers to that. It is a matter that is susceptible of demonstration that in such work as printing a man can do as much work in eight hours a day as in ten hours, year in and year out. A few years ago an employing printer in your city said in a published letter that after the nine-hour day had been adopted in his office, the output per man was more than it had been under the ten-hour system. That being the case, a man ought to be able to do as much in eight hours as in ten. And that is perfectly logical. A man who works ten hours a day and spends about two hours coming and going, always begins the next day's work tired. Working eight hours a day he has a chance to get rested up from day to day and keep himself in working order. And then the working man has the temerity to think that he should be privileged to enjoy some of the benefits and comforts of civilization. The output of a large portion of the printers is now at least five times what it was a few years ago; but do they get five times the wages? Do they get twice the wages? Do they get any more wages? Not if the employers can prevent it. When our capacity for work has been increased fivefold, we thought a small reduction in hours would be cheerfully conceded, but—well, we have discovered differently.

You say the open shop is consistent with free institutions. From your point of view, I suppose that is correct, but the working man knows that the open shop means death to the union, followed by industrial slavery. For an employer to say that he believes in unionism but insists on the open shop is like saying that he believes in law but objects to its enforcement. E. G. E.

Minneapolis, Minn.

MIGHTIER THAN THE "BEEF TRUST"

I WAS very much interested in what EVERYBODY'S Publishers had to say, in the February number, about the printers' strike. But it struck

me as very singular that in an article covering almost three pages of *EVERYBODY'S*, not one word was said about the rights of the non-union printer.

Has a man a right to live in America without submitting to the dictation of "Union No. So and So," or has he not?

In your article you say that "the Big Six tries to exercise a wise control over the number of apprentices," etc. Now, by what authority does the Big Six or any other organization assume control over others? If twenty or fifty or a hundred American boys wish to learn the printer's trade, what right has the Big Six to say that only two or eight of those hundred shall be allowed to learn the trade they wish to learn?

The very highest idea of liberty which I can conceive is this: "The right of every man to do just exactly as he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the right of some one else to do as he pleases." That is perfect liberty.

Now the very fundamental idea of unionism is—interference with the rights of others. Hence unionism means tyranny on one side and slavery on the other. And yet no one seems to pay any attention to this hideous system of slavery which has been brought over from "Darkest Europe," and planted on American soil—a slavery as much worse than negro slavery as can be imagined.

Mr. Russell has written up in a graphic manner the "gentleman's agreement" known as the Beef Trust, which he styles "The Greatest Trust in the World." But if he or some one else would write up the bare facts in regard to the various "gentlemen's agreements" known as labor unions, the Beef Trust would sink into insignificance.

J. H. W.

Chicago, Ill.

A DISPUTED PALM

THE article by Hartley Davis in the February number of *EVERYBODY'S*, entitled "Reporters of To-day," makes a rather unfair distribution of credit for the exploit in the Luetgert case. I do not know who first conceived the idea of using the air-shaft as a means of securing the jury-room secrets, but it was the understanding at the time that the plans were worked out jointly by W. H. Stuart (to whom Mr. Davis gives practically entire credit), Eugene B. Palmer, now of the *Salt Lake Herald*, and Frederick A. Smith, now of the *New York American*. While Mr. Stuart worked on the case from the beginning, Mr. Palmer was the man in charge and responsible to the office for the story, and he was in command of the *Journal* forces at the time of the incident in question. The real hero of the occasion was Mr. Smith, who risked his life and underwent great discomfort for hours as he hung at the end of a rope in the dark air-shaft listening to the deliberations of the jury. The least slip on the

part of the men above, clinging to slippery tin, would have resulted in his death. Without attempting to belittle the part played by Mr. Stuart, I do not believe he should be elevated above the man who directed the operations or the man who risked his life to do the most important work of all—who personally secured the vital information.

L.

Chicago, Ill.

THE THREE R'S

I WAS very much surprised to see in the December "Straight Talk" a letter with the heading "Down with the Little Red Schoolhouse."

I thought that the bone and sinew of our land were the product of the "little red schoolhouse."

It seems evident that the children of the past generation were better spellers and readers and writers than the children of the present time. A knowledge of the English language seems to hold a secondary place in the plans of modern education. The old-fashioned three R's are essentials of education, and are superior beyond comparison to the useless stuff which the poor children are taught nowadays.

Not long ago at the request of the Comptroller of New York City, Mrs. M. C. Ford investigated the teaching of special subjects in the public schools. She said in her report that "by the time the teacher has done all that is imposed upon her by the music supervisor, the physical training supervisor, the drawing supervisor, etc., there is little time left for reading, writing, and arithmetic."

It is evident that the ornamental and useless studies have usurped the place of the essential and fundamental ones. It may be that the old-time teachers erred in the opposite direction from the modern, and that like Mr. Gradgrind they put too much stress on "facts," but they were practical and thorough, and it is surely better for children to have a thorough knowledge of a few useful studies than a smattering of a number which will be of no use to them in future years.

Marietta, Ohio.

S. R. W.

"THE TREMBLING BRAVE"

I SHOULD be interested to know whether women who read the story entitled "The Trembling Brave," in the January number of *EVERYBODY'S*, sympathized with the point of view of the heroine who preferred to have her lover kill himself in an automobile race, rather than admit that he was afraid to enter it. The natural assumption of the reader as soon as he sees whither the plot is tending, is that the lady will realize that she has confused the fearlessness that ordinarily passes for bravery with the real bravery that, on needful occasion, defies fear. But no such thing. The

lady shows no evidence of having understood the distinction. One readily imagines her being surprised more than ever when he again declines to kill himself for the mere fun of it; and one grieves that the lover does not scorn her after the classic example of him who rescued a lady's glove from the lions. In my opinion a woman does not prove love by urging her lover to risk his life needlessly; on the contrary. And a man does not prove his courage by needlessly doing it. There is tradition a-plenty for woman's demanding that "a man must be brave before he is anything else," for regarding bravery as "the foundation of the masculine." But it would seem that we have come to a stage of civilization where we should recognize that a lack of fear of a real danger argues a certain absence of sensitiveness, of imagination, even of sense, rather than a lack of courage; that there is no bravery in doing what one does not fear to do, and that, moreover, the modern recklessness of danger is abnormal and pernicious. Your brave man is he who acts in spite of fear, if, and only if, occasion calls for action. The only cowardice with which Martin need have been reproached was that which kept him from acknowledging his fear of road races.

New York.

C. N. L.

AMERICA DOESN'T NEED COOPERATION

INTERESTING as is Mr. Russell's article on co-operation, when he comes to compare the conditions in England with those in our own country he shows a lack of complete knowledge of conditions in this broad land of ours.

You will probably be glad to know that the Rochdale plan has for some years been in successful operation here in California. There is a chain of Rochdale Cooperative Stores, as they are called, all through the small towns of the interior, with a central wholesale house in San Francisco. My knowledge of this comes simply from observation, as I have never been a member of any cooperative organization.

These concerns all seem to be fairly prosperous but have never grown to any large proportions. The reason for this, it seems to me, and the reason also that this system will not in this country for a long time to come attain any such growth as it has in England is that, as a people, we are too prosperous to demand it. There is not a crying need among any large number of us for small economies and the careful guarding of every penny. Cooperation is markedly successful in England because it has met a need. It is only moderately successful in America because we don't, *as a people*, feel the need of it. But it is possible in "free America." If the American people really want a thing, it is a pretty safe bet they will get it.

L. S. G.

Berkeley, Cal.

TORE OUT "OLD-TIME REVIVAL"

DEAR EDITOR AND FRIENDS: I wish to ask each of you this personal question—Are you a Christian? It was with the greatest humiliation on receiving my March number of your valuable publication, EVERYBODY'S, that my eyes fell upon the article, "The Old-Time Revival," written by Eugene Wood and illustrated by John Conacher.

If you gentlemen are believers in Jesus Christ, you know that the March number of EVERYBODY'S—with that article in it—is not worthy its usual place "on the center-table" of our American homes, and for that reason I have removed the article from my copy and enclose it to you. Out of courtesy to you gentlemen—editors—*Men*, as president of our Village Library Board, I have expunged the article from our library copy.

I presume all the richest blessings that both Mr. Wood and Mr. Conacher are enjoying to-day came from this Christian religion. Whether Old-Time or New-Time Revival—it matters not. The American people have no use for the Scoffer—for he is usually the greatest hypocrite, and his influence is far-reaching. Some scales are so delicately adjusted that the balance can be disturbed by merely darkening one side—so the balance of the sensitive scales of reputation, character, influence will be disturbed if the shadow of an evil report shall fall upon them. Do you really want such an article as this to be as a shadow on the minds of millions of young men and women in our fair land to-day? For Mr. Wood's perusal I attach a report of the results of a meeting at Edgar, Neb.—such as, perhaps, Mr. Wood would term an "Old-Time Revival," and leave the decision with him as to which has done and is doing most for humanity to-day—the scoffer or the honest, plodding Christian Endeavorer.

Scribner, Neb.

C. G. B.

The clipping enclosed by C. G. B. is as follows:

REVIVALS STIR TOWN OF EDGAR

More than 250 People Converted—Big Sum Raised for Y.M.C.A.

[Population of Edgar, 1,500 people.]

EDGAR, NEB., February 20. — Evangelistic meetings at the opera house are still in progress. More than 250 people, young and old, have decided for a better life. Lincoln McConnell, of Atlanta, Ga., is proving himself to be a great leader. This city is being turned "up-side-down," as some express it. At the meeting for men over \$15,000 was raised for a Young Men's Christian Association building. People for ten miles around are feeling the effect of this great meeting. "Lonny" Jones, with his choir of seventy-five voices, leads all the services.



With "Everybody's" Publishers

THE TRUTH AT PANAMA

For ten years to come, perhaps for twenty, the greatest enterprise yet undertaken in the world will be carried on by the United States Government on the Isthmus of Panama. After a series of political and financial catastrophes the direction of the work of building the interoceanic canal at Panama has been committed to the hands of two eminent Americans, Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft, whose best energies it has engaged for months.

Persistent and vehement reports of inefficiency and fraud in the administration of the canal affairs have been circulated in the United States. Not a few of these reports have borne the apparent impress of truth. On the other hand, there has been evident a variety of disingenuous motives for the exploiting of these reports. To account for many of them it is only necessary to consider how the completion of the canal will affect the traffic of the greedy and legislation-meddling transcontinental railroads; to consider the envy and wrath with which senatorial and congressional job-brokers regard the personal assumption of Isthmian administration by men of the independence and stamina of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft; to consider the emotions of certain contractors for materials and machinery when they contemplate the comparative difficulties of bargaining directly with the President and Secretary of War, instead of with a commission created by, of, and for professional politicians; and finally

to consider the glee with which our typical politician tries to put his opponent in an embarrassing position and keep him there despite all considerations of fairness, statesmanship, or patriotism.

A Panama Canal scandal crippled the French nation and marked it with disgrace of which the stain will be visible for many a generation. The possibility of such a scandal confronts the people of the United States and will confront them for at least a decade. Yet the United States must build the canal. It is unthinkable that another nation should dig it and control it. The Germans, alert to move in, imperturbably slow in moving out, sit in every South American and Central American port, waiting, waiting, smilingly placid. The regenerated Japanese, having struck right hands with the British, watch with a cold, oriental eye for the moment when they may reach out the left hand and wrest away England's grip on the commerce of the world. We hold the Great Key. It is not well that we quarrel over it among ourselves.

If the big task is started with honesty, with a well-considered plan, and with a fair economy of resources, the American public should offer all its help and encouragement. If mistakes are being made, the correction of them should be set about soberly and earnestly. If there have been bad faith and wrong-dealing, it is just that exposure should come swiftly.

Where, then, does our work on the Isthmus of Panama stand? What is the truth? These are important questions, to answer which Mr.

Lindsay Denison, now an associate editor of this magazine, has gone to the Isthmus of Panama. The publishers felt that the truth would shine most clearly through a plain report of conditions as a thoroughly experienced and reliable American newspaper reporter sees them. Mr. Denison was for nine years in the news department of *The Sun* of New York, an institution acknowledged to be the best practical school of journalism in the world. For two years before joining EVERYBODY'S he was at the head of *The Sun's* staff; he enjoys the confidence of men conspicuous in public life throughout the United States. He has gone to Panama armed with extraordinary and unreserved credentials from the President of the United States and with private letters laying open to him sources of the hostile criticism of the great undertaking. Moreover, President Roosevelt so broadly appreciates the spirit of the work undertaken by EVERYBODY'S that he has ordered all prominent officials on the Isthmus to tell Mr. Denison "the whole truth, no matter whether it hurts or not," and has promised to "see that no man is harmed in any way for telling it." Finally, the freedom from bias of Mr. Denison's observations is furthered by his having the advantage of visiting the Isthmus with Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, who, as a Democratic New York member of the Fifty-eighth Congress, was conspicuous as an opponent of the administration program of governing the canal zone and of controlling the work.

In the May EVERYBODY'S, therefore, the editors promise the plain American truth about the American people's Panama Canal—"the whole truth, no matter whether it hurts or not."



SOMEHOW we do have the greatest luck. Or is it a gracious, beaming Providence? Ever since we bought EVERYBODY'S there has been a continuous procession of good things coming our way. We have talked over most of them with you. The latest is our department of Classified Advertising. Now, don't stop reading just because the name Classified Advertising is Greek to you. It's worth your while to translate it. Classified advertising is small advertisements grouped in classes, like Help Wanted, Lost and Found, Exchange and Sale, Real Estate, etc. You have seen oceans of such ads in the big daily papers. Strangely enough, the profits of a big newspaper are

almost in direct proportion to the amount of this small business the paper carries. If you hear that a certain newspaper is a great "want" medium you can put it down right off as immensely profitable. Everybody "wants" something, and so everybody must have the paper that will tell him where to find the position he wants or the help he wants or any one of a thousand other wants.

Classified advertising, in addition to being profitable in itself, makes a lot of readers for the paper. Department-store advertisers and other general advertisers wish to reach these readers, so the paper that has the little classified advertisements gets the big fellows too. Do you see? About five months ago the following dialogue took place in the sanctum:

Mr. Thayer—"What do you say, Erman, to trying a classified advertising department in the magazine?"

Mr. Ridgway—"Great Scott, Jack! Why don't you lead up to such a proposition instead of plumping it right at me? You take my breath away. I have never dreamed of such a thing. Has anything like it ever been tried? I can't see a thing in it. Have you worked it out?"

Mr. Thayer—"I have been mulling over the thing for a long time, and every time I come back to it, it hits me harder. In fact, it looks mighty good to me. People all over the country want things they haven't got and have things they want to sell. My idea is to make EVERYBODY'S the great national "want" medium. A classified department ought to be a bigger success in a magazine of large general circulation than it is in a daily, however large, covering a limited territory. If you warm up to the notion at all, let's give it a trial."

Mr. Ridgway—"Frankly, Jack, I can't see it at all, but if you are so strong for it there must be something in it. You threw out the objectionable advertising. That was the right thing to do and it's proved to be good business. You established the index for your advertisers. A new thing and a mighty good one. And it's a good gamble that you're right about the classified department even if I can't see it. I'm with you for a trial."

And so it was tried. We ran two pages the first month, four pages the second, and ten the third. We are simply de-lighted with the way it has caught on. You are interested in new and successful things. Just take a look through the classified pages (76 to 88). You may strike something there to satisfy more than your curiosity, who knows?